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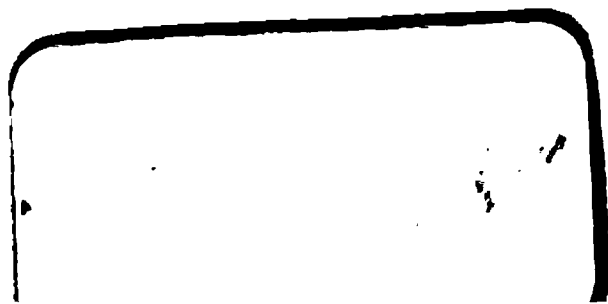
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FOR 1879.

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THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GLOVER, BRISTOL.

WE pause as we cross the line between the Old and New Years. The Past rounds itself into a more perfect whole: The Future takes more definite and exacting proportions. A sense of loss rises with the retrospect, and of solicitude with the forecast. In the best efforts of the past there is something to regret, and in its best joys something to impair our satisfaction. As life advances we become less sure of being equal to the strain we may meet with. "We fear as we enter into the cloud" of sacred vagueness and uncertainty which lies before us. And yet, deeper than any regret, and stronger than any solicitude, should be the gladness of the hope with which we march onward. The Past has been more full of mercy than of faults. We do not sorrow for the loss of time as those that have no hope. We bury it in hope of a resurrection in which all its better activity shall reappear in blessed rewards and in eternal results of good. The flight of time itself comforts us. "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." The Night is far spent—the Day is at hand. With the flight of years, the Morning comes on apace. Home grows nearer. We are Pilgrims of the Light—daily

nearing the everlasting joy. And as we go, the Brightness increases and the Hope rises higher.

Leaving much behind us, there is one thing we do not leave—we do not leave our God. “Be content,” says the sacred writer, “with such things as ye have; for He hath said, I will never leave thee.” Fortune may have vanished—He is left; friends may be stricken down—He survives; strength may be impaired—He remains; there may be a lonesome and weary path before us—He will be with us throughout it all. And as we shall have His presence, so our circumstances shall be of His ordering. We shall not meet all we wish in the future, but we shall meet all we need. It will be sometimes Green Pastures, and sometimes the Valley of the Shadow. But the selection will be marked by Divinest Wisdom and Infinite Love. No least trial will light on us without our Father; so that we move onward to a succession of mercies carefully adjusted to our need. “No good thing will He withhold from those that walk uprightly.” If we are labouring for Him—in our families, shops, churches, in any of His many ways of usefulness—we shall find He deems “the labourer worthy of his hire;” and very richly cares for those who care for Him. So that we may go forward to the New Year without sorrow that so much of life is gone, and may look forward without regret that so little of power is with us for our work. “Lo, I am with you always,” is His gracious, heartening word—sufficient itself to change the Shadow of Death into Morning.

Unsolicitous about our experience, we ought yet to be solicitous about our duty and our action. “Teach me Thy law graciously” is the prayer of David and of every wise man. To see our duties is to see the things which are the safety, the honour, yea, the very essence of life. We lose more than gold when we miss the sight of any duty. We need not be afraid to inquire into it, for each man’s duty is measured out according to his power. The duty of a child is not the duty of a man, nor the duty of the unlettered that of the refined. No more is expected of us than can be easily done. God does not exact the full tale of bricks were He has not given straw. But a gracious reasonableness governs all His requirements, and all He asks of us is what we can easily render. The good Shepherd does not

overdrive the sheep. He says, "Come and rest awhile," as well as "go and work." We need not, therefore, fear any excessive demand. He is not a hard Master; but His yoke is easy and His burden light. And not fearing to ask our duty, it is above all things wise to do so. There will be little well done, if there be no wise planning previously. The single eye, the clear aim, fills the whole body with light. A course carefully thought out would make action progressive instead of desultory. There would be the cumulative wealth of a continuous purpose. There would be freedom from the variable-ness of those who act on impulse or from force of circumstances. There is always something to improve, something which we should endeavour to avoid repeating, some neglect that we should remedy.

We have never discharged all our debt to our Redeemer, nor met all the legitimate claims of our fellowmen. The mood has been too secular, and the example too dull and selfish. It were not wise to continue so. All goodness is, like mercy, twice blessed—to him who practises, and him who profits by it; and all neglect is twice cursed, to ourselves first, and to others who more immediately are affected by it. How much might be done in the New Year if, without any undue strain, we calmly set ourselves to the task set for and revealed to us by our gracious God! If we loosed ourselves from the bands of our neck, and shook ourselves from the dust of indolent repose, and tried to hallow life, and use its talents, how much of good would be accomplished? Our effort would brighten our own existence. Our doing the will of our Father in heaven would be meat and drink to us. Joys that had fled our sluggish spirits would return with their nobler activity. Peace would pervade the spirit when compassion begins to flow.

The Blessed Spirit of all Grace enters more largely the life that is obedient to His impulse, and fills the heart the more he uses it. There is no safety except in obedient action. Sluggish neglect lays the soul open to all kinds of injuries—to doubt, and sin, and back-sliding. It were, therefore, greatly wise that we should look forward to the New Year—with less solicitude about our experience, and with more solicitude about our duty. Let us begin the year with the penitent purpose of avoiding former faults,—with the feeling that

we are here as servants under orders, to do another's will not our own—and with the grave and prayerful decision to endeavour to achieve the highest usefulness we can attain; and the New Year, whatever it brings, will be indeed a happy one.

Let us especially fix our thoughts on the great lines of Christian duty. We are not under a Levitical code requiring manifold observances, but under two great commandments—to love God and love our neighbour. In both to love as Christ loved. Let us cherish love to our Redeeming God. Real love to Him. Fondness, preference, enjoyment, trust—let these enter into our affection for God, as they are prime elements in all true love to our fellow men. It is easier to love Him now that we have seen, in the face of Christ, His glory. But too often we have neglected that fellowship, without which affection invariably declines,—have only come to Him for what we wanted Him to give, not for Himself.

Let us walk with God more closely in this New Year. Let us wait for the pillar of cloud and fire to start before we move: let us be on the move immediately it starts and shows the way. Let us be long enough with Him for His influence to impress and mould us. Let our life have the safety and force and beauty which come from the nearness of God's friendly presence. Let us arise and shine in the glory of the Lord, that would then arise and shine upon us. Let us meditate on all His doings—from Bethlehem to Calvary: on all His teachings: on all His dealings with our soul. If the opening year should find us thus increasingly imbued with God, living and moving and having our being in Him, walking with Him, because loving Him, the first great element and condition of goodness would be realized in us. And then let us try, in this New Year, and walk more closely with Man,—loving him and seeking him. There is no test more subtle and true of rightness of feeling than this power of getting lovingly near our fellows. Selfishness divides us from them by sowing suspicions, pride by inflaming contempt. Passion divides us from them, by creating impatience. Unbelief, by forbidding respect and hope.

But every man, however sinful, is our Father's child—prodigal son, perhaps—but still son, with some divinity about him; the lowest

have some latent powers of a better life, while in varying degree multitudes that none can number exhibit some approach to the beauty of God's likeness. Let us get closer to them all. Have more interest in men—in individuals; more reverence, more charity for their failures; more help for their necessities; more hope of their waking to the better life of goodness and of faith; more appreciation and imitation of their goodness. If, in the coming year, we could live in neighbourly affection with all we meet, how inestimable would be the value of the constant unconscious service of our life! Let us try it; so that when the eye sees us it may bless us, and when the ear hears us it may bear witness to us. Let us, as God throws opportunity in our way, seek to share our Gospel hopes, our common mercies, with our fellow men; and the new activities of love and joys of usefulness will make for the New Year a sort of new heavens and new earth; so bright will the former glow above us, and so beautiful will the latter appear in its genial response to Christ-like love. Such a Happy New Year be to every one of us.

SCENES FROM CHURCH HISTORY.

I.

MONICA AND AUGUSTINE.—PART I.

IN the annals of the Christian Church there is no greater name than that of Aurelius Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. The age in which he lived was remarkable both for its intellectual and its political unrest. The conflict with Arianism was, in one sense, virtually closed; its abettors were diminished in numbers; it had egregiously failed to establish itself as the orthodox faith, and henceforth it was branded as a heresy and schism. But while Augustine was still a lad, another and, as it appeared, a more deadly struggle had been commenced. The Emperor Julian regarded both the *Homoiousians* and the *Homoousians* with haughty contempt, and directed against Christianity itself, in all its forms, the great influence of his imperial position, and the subtle and, perhaps, more dangerous strength of his polished but prejudiced intellect. Julian exerted himself to his utmost, both as a political ruler and as a philosopher, to destroy the religion of the Nazarene, and to revive the old Paganism.

For a time it seemed as if he were likely to succeed. The Church had been weakened by internal dissensions. The patronage of Constantine had lowered the tone of its spiritual life, made Christianity fashionable, and attracted to it vast numbers who would have scorned to look at it had it not received the stamp of royal approbation. The apostacy of Julian naturally produced an extensive falling away. In the estimation of courtiers, and of all devotees of fashion, the merit of Christianity had vanished with the royal favour, and its claims were now nullified. Many who had been outwardly attached to the Church passed over into the ranks of its enemies, and were more bitter and unscrupulous in their opposition than the old Pagans.

The prospects of the Church were dark and cheerless, but events subsequently proved that this winnowing time was a source of incalculable good, directing attention to that which was deeper than all outward diversities, and more momentous than all forms. The apostacy of Julian was, in fact, a means of purifying and strengthening the Church, of hastening the more complete triumph of Christianity in the Empire, and of heralding a brighter day.

The graphic pages of Gibbon bear witness to the political turbulence of the age—the plots and counterplots in reference to the occupancy of the imperial throne—the lawlessness, the licentiousness, and the cruelty of the army—the movements of the young and vigorous nations of the north, the Goths and Vandals, and other Teutonic tribes who menaced and at length destroyed the Empire. The sacking of Rome by Alaric sent a shock throughout the whole civilized world. The prevalent feeling in regard to it was expressed in no exaggerated form by Jerome. “A terrible rumour reaches me from the west, telling of Rome besieged, bought for gold; besieged again, life and property perishing together. My voice falters, sobs stifle the words I dictate; for she is a captive—that city which enthralled the world.” It was this event which occasioned the greatest of all Augustine’s writings, the *De Civitate Dei*, in which he reveals the splendid vision he has had of the City of God descending out of heaven as a bride adorned for her husband, and shows how, that notwithstanding the crumbling away of old and venerable institutions, there is a kingdom which cannot be moved. But we refer to it here only as an indication of the conditions amid which his life was spent.

He was a remarkable man, and the contemporary of remarkable men. Athanasius—a grand and stately figure, who proved that he could hold his faith *against the world*—died when Augustine was three and twenty; Jerome was, according to one account, eight or nine years, and according to another, twenty-five years his senior. He was eight or nine years younger than the renowned Chrysostom, and among other venerable names of the same epoch are those of Basil, Gregory of Nyssa, and Gregory of Nazianzus. But in this

brilliant galaxy, Augustine's is the brightest name. It is not too much to say that he shines "as a sun amid the stars."

We are far from being unqualified eulogists of this great Father. With many of his opinions we utterly disagree. His ecclesiasticism and sacramentarianism were unscriptural and pernicious. His conceptions of the physical structure of the earth and the heavens were crude, and in some respects childish; his scholarship was far from perfect. But to characterise his works as the semi-Mohammedan, Dr. Draper has done, as "an incoherent dream," is simply absurd—the result of unpardonable ignorance or invincible prejudice. If Augustine had not the scientific enlightenment of our modern *savants*, he could handle the profoundest metaphysical problems with an ease and agility which few men of any age have rivalled. His subtle intellect anticipated in a surprising degree some of the boasted speculations of recent days. As a dialectician, a reasoner of broad grasp and keen logical force, he has had few equals and no superior. His lofty genius, his fine spiritual insight, his shrewd practical sense, should, at any rate, protect him from small-minded sneers. It is an easy thing for men to assume for themselves an exclusive possession of wisdom—a more difficult thing to give proof of the assumption; and it would be well if our advanced critics would modestly remember this, and abate somewhat of their pretensions. The doctrines of Augustine have been as widely accepted in the Protestant churches as in the Romish; and no man could have retained the influence which he has exercised for fifteen centuries if he had been nothing better than an incoherent dreamer. The breadth of Augustine's worldly culture was as conspicuous as his intense and fervid zeal. It has been truly contended that, "Whatever is said in Plato lives in Augustine," and the Church of Christ owes to this African bishop a debt of gratitude which cannot easily be discharged. In the days when Rome was relapsing into the old and effete Paganism—when the framework of political and social life was shaken to its very base—he successfully mediated between the old and the new, between reason and faith, and prepared the way for other and higher developments than he himself clearly saw.

The earlier part of Augustine's life was, as is well-known, spent in gross and debasing sin. His *Confessions*, which unveil to us the struggles of his inner being, may be classed among the most wonderful productions of the human mind. We seem to know him better and more intimately than we know many of the men with whom we are in daily contact. The doors of his heart are here thrown open. Without reserve or disguise he shows us who and what manner of man he was, and we can follow him minutely through all that part of his strange and eventful career to which his *Confessions* refer.

The story of his conversion is exceedingly beautiful. But the most touching and suggestive part of it is that which relates to his mother, Monica, who was certainly, under God, the main instrument in effecting

this great change. In his *Confessions*, Augustine has given us a delightful sketch of this saintly woman, on which all succeeding ages have gazed with rapt and reverent attention. The son became more illustrious and renowned than the mother, but their names are inseparably linked together, and both will be held in eternal remembrance. Augustine has, in more places than one, expressed the sentiments embodied in the lines of holy George Herbert :—

From thee my birth : through thee my second birth,
Twice mother to me—showing heaven on earth,
That, here and there, I might thy praise
In song still grateful raise.

Great men, we are told, have, as a rule, had remarkable mothers, and the rule operates as widely in the spiritual, as in the intellectual sphere. Not to mention instances supplied by the Scriptures, students of Ecclesiastical History will remember how Nonna, by her devout and consistent life, won over to the faith of Christ, her husband Gregory, who became a devoted bishop, and that their more distinguished son, Gregory of Nazianzus, was led to give himself to Christ through the same means. Not many teachers of the early church are more deservedly honoured than Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed orator. For his noble Christian character he was, humanly speaking, indebted to the careful education, the pure and unselfish example of his mother Anthusa, who, after the death of her husband, when she was but twenty years of age, resolved to devote herself wholly to this great aim. Innumerable instances of a similar kind are furnished by mediæval and modern biographers. The lives of Alexander Ewing, William Brock, and James Hinton—to take three of the most recent—strongly confirm this old rule ; nor can we be wrong in saying that greatly as Christianity has been advanced by learned defences, scholarly expositions and eloquent sermons, it owes far more to the quiet and unobtrusive influences of domestic and social piety—to the prayers, the pleadings, and the Christ-like lives of the faithful who were not famous.

Of Monica's early life we know little. Augustine tells us that her home was the house of one of God's faithful ones. She was brought up under Christian discipline, " Yet this good discipline did she not attribute so much to the diligence of her mother as that of a certain decrepid maid-servant, who had carried about her father when an infant, as little ones are wont to be carried on the backs of elder girls. . . . There was committed to her the care of her master's daughters, which she with diligence performed, and was earnest in restraining them when necessary with a holy severity, and instructing them with a sober sagacity."

Monica's husband, Patricius, was a burgess of Thagaste, a municipal town of Numidia—a man of some education, but of a violent temper and immoral habits. Monica patiently endured the evils which his ill-conduct inflicted on her, never resisted him either in

deed or in word when he was angry. "But as soon as he was grown calm, and she saw a fitting moment, she would give him a reason for her conduct should he have been excited without cause." In like manner her mother-in-law, who had been cruelly prejudiced against her, was won over to a cordial and affectionate regard. All who knew her recognised in her holy conversation the presence of God, and in her case as in so many others it was found that—

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Some time before his death, Patricius was converted to Christ, and great was Monica's joy at this answer to her prayers. As a loving and faithful wife she felt her happiness complete, and the next great longing of her life was that she might be similarly blessed in her children.

Augustine was born in the year 354, and from the first Monica regarded him as a gift from God, and sought to train him for His service. At school, if we may believe his own testimony, he was idle, neglectful of his studies, and in other ways indifferent. Once he had, while yet a boy, a dangerous illness, and solicited baptism. But to this his mother would not consent—wisely, as we think, although there can be no doubt that she shared with her son unscriptural and superstitious notions of "the life-giving sacraments," and of sins committed after baptism. In his sixteenth year he was removed from Thagaste to Madaura, a distance of twenty miles, where the educational advantages were greater, and the temptations also keener. The counsels of his mother were, for the time, forgotten. "Behold with what companions I walked the streets of Babylon, in whose filth I was rolled as if in cinnamon and precious ointments." His father died about this time (371), and having left Madaura, Augustine proceeded to Carthage "where a cauldron of unholy loves bubbled up all around" him, and his way was beset with snares.

Carthage was now the second city of the empire—an essentially Roman city, the Rome of Africa. It was renowned for its material splendour, its streets glittering with gold and gay with marbles. It vied with Rome in the grandeur of its theatrical and gladiatorial shows, in its sensuality and luxury, and formed a very sink of iniquity. It was, perhaps, an over-dangerous experiment to send this fiery and impetuous youth into a city so utterly given over to amusement and vice; at any rate, he could not resist the temptations by which he was surrounded. When he was only eighteen years of age he took a concubine, who lived with him thirteen years, and who bore him a son, Adeodatus—a youth of rare genius and noble character.

Augustine was awakened to more serious thought, and led to desire a higher good than pleasure; the needs of his spiritual nature were brought clearly before him, by his perusal of the "Hortensius" of Cicero—a work which awakened though it was powerless to satisfy his noblest desires. He diligently pursued the sacred Scriptures, but

despised them on account of their simplicity of style. "They appeared to me unworthy to be compared with the dignity of Tully: for my inflated pride shunned their style, nor could the sharpness of my wit perceive their inner meaning. Yet truly were they such as would develop in little ones; but I scorned to be a little one, and, swollen with pride, I looked upon myself as a great one." He was next entangled in the snares of the Manichæan heresy, and for the next ten or eleven years of his life continued in association with these ancient rationalists—teaching rhetoric, lecturing and writing on the fair, the beautiful, and the good, but remaining far away from the spirituality of Christ.

And what, in the meantime, do we learn of Monica? Her early and constantly-repeated instructions were apparently in vain; her warnings and persuasions were alike ignored. But not for a moment did she lose heart, or desist from her efforts and prayers. Her confidence in her son's conversion remained unshaken. Let us listen to that son's testimony on this point:—

Thou sendest Thine hand from above, and drewest my soul out of that profound darkness, when my mother, Thy faithful one, wept to Thee on my behalf more than mothers are wont to weep the bodily deaths of their children. For she saw that I was dead by the faith and spirit she had from Thee, and Thou heardest her, O Lord. Thou heardest her and despisedst not her tears, when pouring down they watered the earth under her eyes in every place where she prayed; yea, Thou heardest her. For whence was that dream with which Thou consoledst her, so that she permitted me to live with her, and to have my meals at the same table in the house, which she had begun to avoid, hating and detesting the blasphemies of my errors. For she saw herself standing on a certain wooden rule and a bright youth advancing towards her, joyous and smiling upon her, whilst she was grieving and bowed down with sorrow. But he having inquired of her the cause of her sorrow and daily weeping (he wishing to teach—as is their wont—and not to be taught), and she answering it was my perdition she was lamenting, he bade her rest contented, and told her to behold and see that "where she was there was I also." And when she looked she saw me standing on the same rule.

Whence was this, also, that when she narrated this vision to me, and I tried to put this construction on it, "that she rather should not despair of being some day what I was," she immediately, without hesitation, replied, "No, for it was not told me that where he is there shalt thou be, but where thou art there shall he be." I confess to Thee, O Lord, that, to the best of my remembrance (and often have I spoken of this), Thy answer through my watchful mother, that she was not disquieted by the speciousness of my false interpretation, and saw in a moment what was to be seen, and which I myself had not perceived before she spake, even then moved me more than the dream itself, by which the happiness to that pious woman, to be realized so long after, was for the alleviation of her present anxiety so long before predicted. For nearly nine years passed, in which I wallowed in the slime of that deep pit and the darkness of falsehood, striving often to rise but being all the more heavily dashed down. But yet that chaste, pious, and sober widow (such as Thou lovest), now more buoyed up with hope, though no whit less zealous in her weeping and mourning, desisted not at all hours of her supplications to bewail my case unto Thee. And her prayers entered into Thy presence, and yet Thou didst still suffer me to be involved and re-involved in that darkness.

In the meantime, another ground of assurance was given to Monica. In her anxiety for her son's salvation she had recourse to a

certain learned bishop, whose name is not mentioned, entreating him to reason with Augustine and refute his errors. This the bishop declined to do, because he saw that Augustine was still unteachable and inflated with the novelty of that (Manichæan) heresy. "But leave him alone for a time," said he, "only pray God for him; he will of himself by reading discover what that error is, and how great its impiety." The bishop further disclosed to Monica how he had himself been entangled in the same snares, and had come to see, without argument from any one, that "that sect ought to be shunned." Still the loving and wistful mother persisted in her request, urging her entreaty with copious tears. "Go thy way," exclaimed the bishop, "and God bless thee; for it is not possible that the son of these tears should perish." And this answer she accepted as a voice from heaven.

In the year 383 Augustine left Carthage, where he had gained a high reputation as a teacher of rhetoric, for Rome. He had written his first work—*De Pulchro et apto* ("On the Beautiful and Suitable")—and had contended successfully for the prize for poetry, which he received in the theatre amid the acclamations of the people. He was honoured also with the friendship of the pro-consul Vindicianus. But still he was not at rest. The Manichæan system could not satisfy the demands either of his intellect, his conscience, or his heart. He saw through its hollowness and unreality. He could not obtain "the precious draught for which he thirsted." He was, too, on other grounds, weary of Carthage. His pupils were rude and boisterous; there was among them a shameful and intemperate licence. They were accustomed to interrupt their teacher with "almost furious gesticulations." He therefore determined to go to Rome for the sake of the greater advantages and dignities which his friends assured him he would there secure. When his mother heard of his purpose she at once sought to dissuade him from it. Failing in that, she determined to accompany him. To this Augustine was strongly averse, and practised on his mother a cruel deception, pretending that he had a friend whom he could not quit until he had a favourable wind to set sail. "I lied unto my mother—and such a mother—and got away." He then with difficulty persuaded her to remain that night in a place quite close to the ship, "where there was an oratory in memory of the blessed Cyprian."

That night I secretly left, but she was not backward in prayers and weeping. And what was it, O Lord! that she with such an abundance of tears was asking Thee, but that Thou wouldest not permit me to sail? But thou, mysteriously counselling, and hearing the real purpose of her desire, granted not what she then asked, in order to make me what she was ever asking. The wind blew and filled our sails, and withdrew the shore from our sight; and she, wild with grief, was there on the morrow, and filled Thine ears with complaints and groans which Thou didst disregard; whilst by means of my longings, Thou wert hastening me on to the cessation of all longing, and the gross part of her love to me was whipped out by the just lash of sorrow. But like all mothers—though even more than

others—she loved to have
paring for her by my side

joy Thou wert pre-

Shortly after his
dangerous illness, and
of his life with feeling

is attacked by a
sake of this crisis
stened gratitude.

"Had I then gone hence, whither should I have gone but into the fiery torments meet for my misdeeds?" His recovery he unhesitatingly ascribes to his mother's prayers, which she had not for an hour ceased to offer. Absent from, she yet prayed for him, and God, everywhere present, hearkened to her, where she was. Very beautiful is it to note the great writer's confidence in prayer. His mother travailed for him in spirit with a far keener anguish than when she bore him in the flesh. His death would have been to her an incurable wound.

But couldst Thou, most merciful God, despise the contrite and humble heart of that pure and prudent widow? . . . Couldst thou—Thou by whose gift she was such—despise and disregard without succouring the tears of such a one wherewith she entreated Thee not for gold or silver, nor for any changing or fleeting good, but for the salvation of the soul of her son? By no means, Lord. Assuredly thou wert near, and wert hearing and doing in that method in which Thou hadst pre-determined it should be done. Far be it from Thee that Thou shouldst delude her in those visions and the answers she had from Thee which she kept in her faithful breast, and always petitioning pressed upon Thee as Thine autotype. For Thou, because "Thy mercy endureth for ever," condescendest to those whose debts Thou has pardoned to become likewise a debtor by Thy promises.

Augustine did not long remain in Rome. He had escaped from the rudeness and incivility of Carthage only to encounter other and more intolerable evils. His new pupils, though more cultured than his old ones, were less honest, and unscrupulously kept back the fees which they had agreed to pay. It was not apparently the custom for the professors of those days to require payment in advance, nor were the young rhetoricians willing to abide by the modern rule of payment by results. They attended the lectures, suddenly became dissatisfied, went to another master and paid nothing. They were, as their indignant teacher records, breakers of faith, who, for the love of money, set a small value on justice. Such sharp practice was intolerable, and Augustine was not the man to put up with it. Fortunately for him, a teacher of rhetoric was at this juncture required at Milan. He applied for the appointment and secured it. To Milan he therefore removed, and shortly after his mother joined him there. He had, by this time, entirely abandoned his Manichæism, but had not embraced the truth as it is in Jesus. He was, in fact, when he reached Milan, an agnostic, rapidly settling down, as he imagined, into a state of universal scepticism, and in despair of ever finding the truth. It was another instance of Monica's strong and unconquerable faith that, even when Augustine was thus involved in the deepest darkness, she was as hopeful and confident of his conversion as ever. She rejoiced at his disentanglement from his

old toils, and told him "She believed in Christ, that before she departed this life she should see him a Catholic believer." Her hope was indeed on the eve of fulfilment. But in what manner this result was brought about we must relate in another article.

A YOUTH AND HIS PARENTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SAVIOUR FOR CHILDREN."

"And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."—LUKE ii. 51.

"**A** CHILD!" said a boy the other day, "I am not *a child*." "Then, pray, what are you?" he was asked. "I don't know," he replied, "but I am not *a child*." And that, as he meant it, was quite true. He was not "a little child," nor was it right to treat him as such. Was he a man, then? No; and he had good sense enough to know it. I'll tell you what he was—"a youth." He was about thirteen years old. A Hebrew father would have declared that his son, at such an age, was fully responsible for his actions. Well, Jesus Christ was no longer "a little child," but "a youth," when He behaved to His parents in the beautiful manner which is described in the words of the Bible, "And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."

There is no period in the history of the young more important than when they are passing from "childhood" to "youth." They are no longer to be treated as *little* children, nor yet can they be expected to have the knowledge and wisdom of grown-up people. They have lessons to learn which cannot be mastered in a day or two. As, when they were younger, they had to learn to walk; so now, they have to begin to think and act for themselves.

I dare say some of you fancy that you could do that easily enough if those who are older would only let you. Before you try, however, let me ask you to look at the example of Jesus. When a youth He listened to His parents, and, in His behaviour to them, He is a perfect pattern for all young people. I am sure that, unless, like Him, you submit to those whom God has appointed, not only to take care of you in childhood, but to guide you in youth, you will make many mistakes; and while other folk are laughing at your blunders, you will be ready to weep over them. Perhaps you have found it so already. It may be said to you: "There, since it is difficult and dangerous for the young to think and act for themselves, don't try

again. Besides, it causes so much anxiety, that you had better let us decide for you, as we used to do when you were younger." No wise parent or teacher would thus check the growth of what is hopeful and beautiful in the young. We can hardly suppose that Mary, the mother of Jesus, meant to do so when she said to Him: "Son, why hast thou dealt thus with us?" But her question shows how deeply she felt, and how hard it was for her to understand, at first, the change that had taken place—that Jesus had passed, or was passing, from childhood to youth, and was beginning, like other youths, to think, inquire, and act for Himself.

Young people must be allowed to do this. If a mother didn't let the feet of her little child touch the ground until he could walk, or until she was quite sure that he wouldn't stumble, and fall, would he ever walk? No. Or if a father didn't allow his little boy to get into the water until he could swim, would he ever be a swimmer? No. If children are to walk, if boys are to swim, they must learn, notwithstanding the difficulties and dangers. And if you young people are to decide and to act for yourselves you must try again and again, until you can think wisely and act rightly.

I hope, however, that you have too much good sense to suppose that you can do this without any help. For, as when a child is learning to walk, or a boy is trying to swim, the watchful care of those who are older is needful, so, when young people are beginning to inquire and to decide for themselves, they need the wise counsels of father and mother; but above all, of One who was once Himself "a youth," and whose behaviour to His parents is pictured in the beautiful words of the Gospel which I will ask you to read again: "And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."

I dare say some of you have seen a young artist sitting before a great picture trying to copy it; and it will take him, as you know, weeks, months, perhaps years, to finish his work. He has to look at the grand old picture carefully, and to copy a little of it every day. Sometimes he is discouraged, for he has to undo what he did the day before. I shouldn't wonder if he began such a morning with tears in his heart, if not in his eyes. But it may be that in the evening he is delighted with the progress which he has made. Thus, amidst sadness and gladness, his copy of the beautiful painting is perfected. Well, now, here is a picture. It represents Jesus, the pure-hearted and noble minded youth of Nazareth. It is so drawn, by an inspired man, as to show you how He behaved to His parents. If you glance at them you see that they are troubled; and you may fancy His mother saying, "Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." Perhaps it was because they didn't quite understand Him. How could they?

But when we turn, as we must, from them to Him, and listen to His reply—"How is it that ye sought Me? wist ye not that I must

be about my Father's business?"—charming but mysterious beauties, belonging to the "beloved" Son of God, add infinite grace to the simple, gentle, and submissive bearing of the perfect youth. He who was so great listened to His parents: "And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."

It is possible for you to read this as some people look at a picture, and then pass on, thinking no more about it. But that is not enough. It must be thought of daily. It must be studied carefully. Jesus was a youth about your own age. In this description of His behaviour to His parents there is a picture of imperishable beauty. It is here in the temple of truth, not only to be looked at and admired, but to be patiently copied.

Are you looking at the picture which the evangelist Luke has given us in this verse of the Bible? Well, what do you see in it? One says: "I was looking up there at what appears to be a city." Yes; don't you know the name of it? It is Jerusalem. There it is, with its great Temple. Joseph and Mary had been up there with Jesus to keep the Feast of the Passover, but they were now returning to their home in Galilee. "And He went down with them." Another says: "I am looking at the other side of the picture, and fancying a long way off, and in the midst of the hills, a little town." Yes; you are thinking of Nazareth, where Jesus lived when He was a child, and whither, after a brief absence, He returned with the clear visions and grand hopes of holy youth.

But now, never mind about the city of Jerusalem, or the little despised town of Nazareth; but, think of Jesus, until you begin to feel that you have before you more than a picture:—a living example, a loving One, who will help you, if you ask Him, to behave to your parents as He did to His. And:—

I. He was led by them.

That, I think, is what is meant when it says:—"And He went down with them." Fancy it. You may almost see Jesus accompanying His parents. He went with them, as they wished Him. Or, as I have said, He was led by them. But how? If He had been a little child, His mother would, perhaps, have led Him by the hand; but He was a youth, and didn't need to be helped in that way. How, then, was He led? I'll try to tell you. There was what His mother said. Her words took hold of His mind. There was, too, His mother's love. It was strong, gentle, and true. That took hold of His heart. Besides, He was not unmindful of a father's care for Him. What His parents said, and did, appealed to His will. Thus, they took hold of Him, and led Him, in a manner that was suitable to His youth.

You have seen, I dare say, a mother leading her little boy by the hand; and when he wouldn't be led she took him up in her arms, and he was safe. But think now of a boy as led by his parents. Does he begin to feel that he is too old to listen to what his mother says; or that he is getting too big to care about her love; or that he ought

to be permitted to do just as he pleases, whether his parents like it or not? That is a great mistake. It is the first step to ruin. His father and mother will have aching hearts, for they will see him going further from them every day. It is a pity when young people think to show that they are no longer little children by paying less attention to the wishes of their parents. Let them read of Jesus Christ. What a contrast between their behaviour and His! It is enough to make them quite ashamed of themselves. I hardly think that they can sing about Him, as they have been in the habit of doing, without first confessing their fault, and praying for help to copy His beautiful example. Sometimes a youth is so unruly that his parents feel obliged to use more force with him than is pleasant for them, or for him. I need not take up any time to describe such a scene. I would rather turn from the thought of it to ONE who is a perfect pattern for the young. If boys and girls try to be like Him, then, as they grow older, their friends will find that in dealing with them they have only to use good and reasonable words, such as the parents of Jesus addressed to Him.

Well, you are thinking of Him and of them. "And he went down," not before them nor after them, but "with them." There is no better company for young people than their parents. They may go with them where it would, perhaps, be unsafe for them to go alone. When a boy says to another in the same shop, "I am going to-night, you know where, but I shouldn't like my father to know;" or, when a girl, attended by youthful companions, goes where she could not ask her mother to take her, such young people expose themselves to great dangers.

Suppose we think again of Jesus and His parents:

II. He lived with them.

You have read what the Bible says about this: "And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth." After he had visited Jerusalem, and had seen its grand temple, and had conversed with the great and learned men of the city, He returned with Joseph and Mary to their home in Galilee. Would you have liked that? Perhaps not. Going up to Jerusalem would, I dare say, have pleased you very well; but not the coming back again to Nazareth.

Some young people who have lived but for a short time in the chief city of the land, have felt it to be such "a coming down" when they have had to return to a little despised town in the country, and to live once more with their parents in the humble home of their childhood. They may think, however, of Jesus. He had to do the same. Let them learn of Him.

I dare say, some of you have heard how much is to be done in the great city; and, perhaps, you are becoming dissatisfied with your native village. People, too, are always saying: "It's a grand thing for a youth to leave home; there is a golden future for him, if he can push on, and make his way in the world." Now, there is a deal of

truth in that. I shouldn't like a boy to suppose that it is only a delusive fancy. For, by hard, honest work, and with God's blessing, he may make it all real. But the road is harder than it looks. Only listen to the story of some who have walked it, and then, instead of being in great haste to leave home, you may wish to stay there a little longer, that you may be all the better prepared to go forth. Those who spend their youthful days with parents at home escape temptations and sorrows which often fall to the lot of others who are obliged, in early life, to seek employment far away from all who know and love them. I can almost hear one of you saying: "But, suppose we have to stay in a poor little town nearly all our life, what then?" Well, it doesn't matter so much *where* as *how* we live. Don't be afraid of obscurity. The Lord Jesus Christ lived for years with His parents at Nazareth. In that despised town the most gifted youth that ever appeared in the world opened up into a perfect manhood, which has been, for near two thousand years, the pattern of whatever is great, and good, and beautiful, to all mankind. Now I want you to think of how Jesus behaved to His parents in that quiet home at Nazareth.

III. He was obedient to them.

The Bible says: "And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them." Jesus is a great King. He is Lord of all. We are His subjects. But, when He was a youth at home, He obeyed His parents. Some, while they are little children, are obedient; but not as they grow older. Do they suppose that the bigger they get the greater right they have to disobey? If so, it is a great mistake; for God disapproves of such conduct. Notice what He says about it. He classes those who are disobedient to parents with the vilest characters. Hence we read in the Scriptures of "Covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, *disobedient to parents*, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God" (2 Timothy iii. 2, 3, 4). What a crowd of bad people! Where is the youth who would like to be in the midst of them? Then, let him not be "disobedient to parents," or that is where he will find himself. Are you tempted to this sin? If so, think of Jesus Christ. He is an example of perfect obedience to parents. Do you say: "If our parents were as some are we could easily obey them, but they have had little or no education. We know a great deal more than they do. True, they are pious, but they cannot read and understand the Bible as we can. And we find it hard, if not impossible, to obey them"? Look again at Jesus of Nazareth. Didn't He know a great deal more than His parents? And yet, He "was subject unto them." His example teaches you what to do; and He will help you to do it, if you ask Him. Some youths fancy that they are

superior to their parents. A boy finds that he can do something that his father cannot do ; and he begins to say to himself, " I am cleverer than my father." But I shouldn't wonder if that's a great mistake. Many a father has forgotten more than his son ever knew, and, when a youth, he could do more and better than any of his children are doing. There is, on the part of some young people, a deal of supposed excellency that might be thus scattered to the winds. If, however, you do surpass your parents, what then ? It is no more than you ought to do. Those who start from the middle of the mountain should sooner reach the top than others who had to begin at the bottom. You began higher up than your father and mother. You owe it to them that you did so. For a good education, and for the position you occupy, you are for ever indebted to them. No youth, with common intelligence, or "natural feeling," will think of paying a debt of love by disobedience.

I am supposing that you have outstripped your parents ; for a boy may learn more than his father ever learnt. It is quite possible for a girl to be taught more than her mother was ever taught. What then ? May they be unruly and disrespectful at home because they have received a more liberal education ? Not at all. Such conduct would be no mark of refinement, but a sign of vulgarity, and a proof of ingratitude. The Bible says : " Honour thy father and mother." And that is what Jesus Christ did. When a youth, He was beginning to know infinitely more than Joseph and Mary. He was superior to His parents as you can never be to yours, and yet, " He was subject unto them."

Do you know, I am not quite sure that pious youths have always behaved to irreligious parents in a becoming manner. Let me say to them : " Unless your father and mother wish you to do some thing that is sinful, it is no evidence of piety, nor of good sense in you to disobey them. Think once more of Jesus Christ. He was perfectly holy. That could not be said of Joseph and Mary. And yet He obeyed them as His parents. How peaceful and happy it would make many a humble home, and other homes, too, if the young people in them were more like the perfect youth of Nazareth ! Oh, think of His beautiful example, and try to copy it. Then will you glorify God, obey your parents, and become the hope and joy of your home.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE HISTORY OF WOOBURN.

III.

LORD WHARTON, the distinguished magnate of Wooburn, died, as we have said, in 1695, and was succeeded by his celebrated son, Thomas, who was born during the Civil Wars, and entered Parliament in the stormy times of Charles the Second. He was blessed with a very gifted and pious wife, whose literary talents were extolled by the poet Waller, and whose religious character is eulogised by the illustrious John Howe, who dedicated to her one of his sermons.

The following is a brief account of his lordship's notable political career:—On the landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay, in November, 1688, he and his father were among the first who joined the prince; and Thomas Lord Wharton was made Comptroller of the Household and sworn of the Privy Council. In April, 1697, being now a peer, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Oxfordshire, and also one of the two Chief Justices in Eyre, then an office of some importance. On the accession of Anne, he was removed from his places by the Tory Ministry; but after Whig principles re-acquired the ascendancy, his eminent abilities again came into request, and, having given his assistance as one of the Commissioners in arranging the Treaty of Union with Scotland, he was, in December, 1706, created Viscount Winchendon and Earl of Wharton. In 1708 he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and he held that post till after the overthrow of the Whig Administration of Lord Godolphin, in the autumn of 1710. During the remainder of the reign of Anne he was one of the most active leaders of the Opposition. In September, 1714, immediately after the arrival of George the First, he was made Lord Privy Seal, and on the 1st of January, 1715, he was created Marquis of Wharton and Malmesbury in the peerage of England, and Baron Trim, Earl of Rathfarnham, and Marquis of Catherlogh in that of Ireland.

But intense bitterness blended itself with these personal honours; there was a grim skeleton in his house. Like Naaman the Syrian, he was a great man with the king his master, and, unlike him, the "*but*" was incurable. In a few short months after these many honours were heaped upon him he died of a broken heart, caused by the misconduct of his son and heir—his countess dying from the same sad cause not very long after.

This ill-fated son possessed intellectual abilities of the very highest order, but they were combined with a moral character of the most defective and disgraceful kind; his first public act being a marriage in the Fleet before he was sixteen years of

age. It was this untoward event which, by breaking his father's heart, placed him in possession of wealth that hurried him onward in the path of ruin. When about eighteen years of age he illegally took his seat in the Irish House of Peers, having by some means—perhaps pecuniary—been allowed to indulge in this strange senatorial freak. A few years passed on, in which he displayed great public talent combined with the most censurable moral conduct; and, while he was yet in early manhood, reduced himself to comparative poverty, although his paternal estates yielded at least £16,000 a year. "The rest of his history reads like an account of a long fit of drunkenness—which, indeed, it no doubt, in great part, actually was." He moved about as whim, or hope, or sometimes desperation drove him; first to Paris, then to Orleans, then to Nantes, whence he took ship for Bilbao, and, leaving his duchess there, went to join his regiment, stationed at Madrid. Some time after, he is stated to have been in garrison at Barcelona, where he got into a quarrel with the Marquis de Risbourg, Governor of Catalonia, in consequence of which he received orders from Court not again to enter Barcelona, but to repair to his quarters at Lerida. On this, we are told, giving way to melancholy, he fell into a deep consumption; so that, by the beginning of the year 1731, he had lost the use of his limbs, and was not able to walk from his bed to the fireside without assistance. After about two months he rallied somewhat from drinking a mineral water in the mountains of Catalonia; but in May he became again as ill as ever, and, going back to the mineral spring, "he fell into one of those fainting fits to which he for some time had been subject. Here he was destitute of all necessities, till some charitable fathers of a Bernardine convent, which happened to be near the place where he lay, hearing of his miserable condition, offered him what assistance their house afforded." After languishing in the convent for a week, he died there on the 31st of May, 1731, and was buried the next day by the monks in the same manner in which one of themselves would have been interred. His widow survived in obscurity till 1777, when she died in London, and was buried in old St. Pancras Churchyard.

Thus ended the noble family of the good Lord Wharton, and thus perished his grandson at the early age of thirty-three years, who, steeped in misery and loaded with infamy, richly deserved to be termed by Pope—

"The scorn and wonder of our days."

The failure of the Wharton peerage was soon followed by the dispersion of the property connected with it. The old palace was pulled down, a modern mansion erected on part of its site, and nothing but a portion of the stabling remains to tell the story of its ancient fame.

The lands of the Wooburn Estate, of course, remain, and after being successively occupied for six or seven centuries by Popish

bishops and Puritan peers, are now rented or possessed by "A. Gilbey, Esq., J.P.," whose residence at Wooburn is probably as beneficial to his neighbours as was that of the mediæval bishops and Protestant peers.

Our reference to the annals of Wooburn would be defective without some few remarks upon the existence of Dissent within its borders. In the sixteenth century it felt the heavy yoke of Papal persecution; in the seventeenth it was a segment of the great circle of Puritanism; and in the eighteenth it had its share in the great blessings of that revival of religion which is represented by the honoured name of John Wesley. For a century after the restoration of the Stuarts, there existed in England a most lamentable state of religious declension and darkness. The pious fervour of Cromwell's time had well-nigh died out, and the opinions of the leading Puritans, concerning the divinity of Christ and His atoning work, ceased to be held by many of those who claimed to be their spiritual descendants.

Oliver Heywood, one of the gifted and orthodox ejected clergymen of 1662, established a Nonconformist church in a flourishing town in the North of England; which church is now, we believe, Unitarian, and in the meeting-house of which church we have seen a tablet dedicated to the memory of the pious founder. In the neighbourhood of London we have visited a meeting-house, which was erected before the accession of William III., in which at that time Puritan theology was so powerfully preached that the place was crowded with hearers, and the aisles of the chapel still contain forms, on which can be read, marked in brass nails, the initials of persons who were glad to secure sittings there. Other doctrines, first of an Arian, then of a Socinian complexion, were afterwards preached by two ministers whose united pastorates extended through the space of a hundred years; the congregations gradually declined, and, when we attended part of a service there some forty years ago, we found less than ten persons present; and we learned afterwards that the place was kept open by an endowment of £20 per annum, provided by a Unitarian gentleman out of respect to the memory of a pious ancestor who worshipped in the place in the time of its spiritual prosperity. These two examples might be multiplied by scores of similar ones, to prove the assertion that, for sixty or seventy years previous to the accession of George III., Puritan piety and Puritan theology had sadly declined in the land.

As a proof that the declension was not confined to Nonconformists, but was national and almost universal in its extent, we may remind our readers of the preface to Butler's "Analogy," in which the good bishop laments the general decay of religion in the Church of England, proved by the fact that the upper classes of society for the most part looked upon Christianity as a worn-out superstition. So thoroughly was Butler dispirited by this state of things that, on being offered the Archbishopric of Canterbury, he declined the honour,

adding, "It is too late to attempt to save a falling Church." But brighter days were in store for the land. In less than twenty years after the honoured bishop had been buried in Bristol Cathedral, an event occurred which led to a second Reformation in England, and is proving of incalculable spiritual advantage to the English-speaking race throughout the world. The event to which we allude is the expulsion of John Wesley and his five companions from Oxford, which led to the existence of Wesleyan Methodism and a general revival of religion in all sections of the Christian Church. The following quotation, describing the event, is from a tract, entitled, "*Pietas Oxoniensis*," written by Sir Rowland Hill, a relative of the late pious minister of "Surrey Chapel."

"In 1768, Mr. Heyton, the tutor of Edmund Hall, who had long laboured under insanity (and for which he was obliged to leave the University), and a man withal of a very proud and revengeful disposition, preferred a charge against six of the young men who were in the habit of meeting at Edmund Hall, to Dr. Dixon, Principal of the Hall, alleging that they were enthusiasts, and talked of Regeneration, Inspiration, and Drawing unto God; and Mr. Thomas Grove, one of the number, was specially charged with having preached to a mixed assembly of people called Methodists, in a barn, not being in orders; and likewise that he prayed extempore,—which was a false accusation, as far as regarded his preaching in a barn. Sentence of expulsion from the University was passed against these exemplary young men." We cannot say much in praise of the clearness of Sir Rowland Hill's composition; but the event he records is now one of world-wide interest.

The "Mr. Grove" mentioned in the above extract was a native of Wooburn; and thus this village, whose annals are mingled with the history of Papal persecution and Puritan piety, has the honour of helping to contribute to Protestantism the blessings of a second Reformation. On Mr. Grove's expulsion from the University, he returned to his paternal estate, situated in part of Wooburn parish, called Core's End, and soon adopted plans for the promotion of the spiritual welfare of his neighbours. He commenced preaching the Gospel in his own house, and, when the assembly became inconveniently large, he fitted up one of his barns as a meeting-house. This was twice enlarged, and at length gave place to the convenient chapel and commodious schoolrooms which now exist. Mr. Grove was a

man, and his life, therefore, was in harmony with which procured him the high honour, as we have from the University in company with the truly able.

and two other respected names in connection with lay down our pen. The Rev. Joshua Harrison, of Den Town, was born in Wooburn, and spent a portion of his life there. Fifty years ago another Congregational

minister was in the midst of a useful career at Portsea—the Rev. Mr. Griffin—and he also was a native of Wooburn. He was not only a teacher of others, but willing to be taught, as the following anecdote will show:—Making in one of his sermons rather frequent use of the word “Deity,” a sailor rose up in the congregation and said, “Do you mean God Almighty, sir?” To which the preacher properly and promptly replied, “I do, and thank you for the question.” The late Rev. Timothy East, of Birmingham, once told us that the three most pious men he had ever known were Rowland Hill, Mr. Jay, of Bath, and Mr. Griffin, of Portsea.

Historical families are accustomed to use heraldic mottoes, and we see no reason why “historical” villages should not do the same. We take the liberty of suggesting to our Wooburn friends a French legend—“*Noblesse oblige*”—which may be thus Englished:—

Good men and true have hence gone higher ;
Then let the son climb as the sire.

And thus we wish the favoured village a hearty farewell.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

BY THE REV. G. McMICHAEL, B.A., DUDLEY.

OUR time for it is “when day is done and evening calms the mind.” We believe, with Lord Bacon, that “every man is a debtor to his profession,” and so, in engagements of various kinds incident to our vocation, we seek to meet and fulfil our indebtedness. But after supper, we maintain, every man’s time is his own. If the proper work of the day has not been done then, it has a poor chance left for it; and if from ten o’clock to half-past eleven a man cannot follow his own bent, give scope to his literary impulses, and gratify his reading fancies, there certainly requires a new regulation of “things as they ought to be.” We assert and claim the privilege; and our bent is, when all are retired, to dip into miscellaneous literature, take at choice or at hazard anything that strikes the moment’s taste,—read carefully perhaps some parts, pass cursorily over others, but from all to gain some information and profit. We seek to enlarge our breadth of view, deepen our interest with the unfamiliar, expand the realm of imagination, and multiply the topics of future thoughtfulness and reference.

We vary our topics very greatly. Sometimes a book of travel engages attention; then history claims her right; anon science spreads

out her marvels ; and then poetry exerts her spell. Seldom or never are we the slaves of fiction. Truth to say, we have little taste for it—we get impatient. We prefer facts that ring real, and experiences about whose naturalness and certainty there can be no doubt. Especially we are on the look-out for facts, descriptions, or striking incidents that may help in the impression of truth, that may point a moral, give “hooks of steel” to an appeal, supply something forcible for a Sunday-school address, or give weight and momentum to an attempt at personal dealing with those for whose spiritual interests we are anxious.

It is interesting to find how much comes to the ready mind resolved to glean in all open fields, and how useful solitary and unconnected circumstances and events may often prove when pressed into religious service—a service that can utilise so much, and can sanctify and elevate even the unworthy and insignificant. As the experience of one may help others ; serve, perhaps, to suggest an aim to the desultory, and prompt to useful pursuit in the same line, this paper is attempted. We only, however, scratch the surface of a mine whose variety and resources are unbounded.

We well remember a book of travels in Siberia, that country whose miseries have painful connection with many of the victims of Russian oppression. Natives of the gaunt and rugged mountains of that drear region, its treacherous paths and perpendicular precipices, there are to be found some strange birds. Among them is a bearded eagle, whose habits, in one respect at least, exhibit a malignant intelligence. Whenever it may see a goat tempted to the edge of some sheer wall of rock, to crop, perhaps, the scant herbage to be found there, with dashing swoop it descends, and flaps against its intended prey. Overbalanced by the sudden and unexpected assault, the goat falls headlong down the rock, and, helpless or dead at its base, becomes the victim of its strong and designing assailant. It is said a man would stand no more chance than a goat, and that, not unlikely, some hapless wanderers have met there a terrible fate.—What a picture rises before us of the danger to the unwary of venturing near the edge of temptation,—how, in the moment of their perilous hardihood, near to some sinful abyss, the dark destroyer may come in Apollyon-like sweep, and make the heedlessness of the moment the occasion of destruction. “Take ye heed, watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.”

A pleasing book, though, of course, tainted with Romish superstition, is one written by the Abbé Dominique, a narrative of a mission in Texas. Among his descriptions of plants, he tells us of a deadly creeper, called *Barbe D’Espagnol*, that climbs, and enfolds, and hangs in pendant festoons about certain trees ; poisoning as it goes, it drinks the sap, sheds its destructive seeds, and multiplies its power of injury and death. It is called, in South America, the “murderer,” for its well-known and fatal qualities.—We cannot fail to think of

the destroying power of sinful habits: how they commence in little things, yet creep and grow, spreading and hanging about character and life, drinking the strength, poisoning vital energies, and increasing their power of corruption and destruction. Sin has its "seed within itself," and all moral agencies of destruction are ever self-multiplied.

Not without its application, relating to the subject of sin, is an account by Baron Humboldt concerning an Indian whom he wished to convince of the folly of his faith in interdicting as an article of food anything that once possessed life. Bringing the revealing power of his microscope to bear on the water he drank, it was shown that even that was full of living things, though he had before been so entirely unaware of it.—Shall not a sense of sin be brought powerfully home to a self-righteous heart by the revealing spiritual power of the law of God? Was it not thus that Christ used the law and Paul felt it? The proud complacency that hardens many a heart may be convincingly dealt with then, though unhappily, in many cases, the result would be the same as it was with the Indian, who gave no thanks, but bitterly upbraided the philosopher that he had disturbed his former confidence.

An instance of gratitude suggestive of how, in regard to the greatest blessing, thanksgiving and joy should be ours, was come upon in reading a work on Africa. An Arab guide who had conducted a party of travellers, when about to leave them, desired the principal to intercede with the Bey of Algiers for him, that he might be made a Sheikh. The man was not deserving, but still his entreaties were unremitting until he obtained the advocacy he wished. He received the white robe called *jibbah*, distinguishing him henceforth in the honour for which he craved. "It is impossible to describe," says the writer, "the delight and rapture with which he received the announcement of his success, nor shall I ever forget the exhibition of unfeigned gratitude he displayed."—Shall we be "covered with the robe of righteousness," and show less appreciation of the distinction and favour conferred? Shall He who "justifies the ungodly" find in us less evidence of thankfulness and devotion than was shown for so insignificant a matter of worldly honour by "this stranger."

Concerning the New Year, the urgency of seeking such a blessing might be impressed by a custom in Borneo. The natives who undertake the perilous ascent of the mountain of Banda are always careful, writes Mr. Keppel, to array themselves in white before setting out, so that if they lose their lives in the attempt, they would be dressed in the robes required by their creed, and at once be taken to Paradise.—What perils attend on every New Year! As we climb from week to week, and month to month, who can tell what a step, or a day, may "bring forth"? How important to be prepared for all events, whatever may come. Can the young do better than seek that Divine preparation by which,

if called hurriedly or otherwise to "meet their God," they may, without fear or danger, appear before Him.

New courage is sometimes wanted to resist the power of menacing, but empty, fears. We feel this on reading the account in Moham-medan history which Mr. Taylor quotes of Antar the Redoubtable. An arrow had pierced the hero's side, and he, who had been the object of most abject dread, was dying. But he still caused himself to be carried out upon the march, that he might strike terror as men gazed on him. At a moment when an assault was made he raised himself, showed his hand from his palanquin, and his voice, loud as thunder, wrought dismay among his foes. He then resumed his armour, and remounted his charger; but presently checked his steed, and remained motionless. All appearances tend to prove the death of Antar, yet no one dares approach, so great is the fear he inspires. An aged sheikh at last puts an end to the irresolution. He pricks his steed with the point of his lance, and drives him down the defile. Antar's charger, with a loud neigh, dashes towards him. Like an undermined tower Antar falls, and the clash of his arms echoes through the hills.—Does it want, frequently, anything more than a spirit of courage to prove that many old alarming fears are but dead falsities, and, however they may have lived in the past, are nerveless and harmless now? It requires but a little thing to prove that many fears of the heart are but phantoms, and a resolute spirit shall bring about their complete exposure. But fear, sometimes, beclouds memory. Christian, in Doubting Castle, for some time forgot the "key of promise," and so believers are often prone to forget the resource they have in God and His Word.

A traveller in Brazil describes how, in one of the dense woods, he was attacked by one of the large wild creatures there. Surprised and confounded as it leaped upon him, he forgot for a time in the stern conflict the pistol which he had at his girdle. He had but to remember that, and the contest was soon at an end.—Might we not prove in spiritual contests a speedier and surer victory, if we remembered the effectual weapons which God, in His Word, has given us against all our dangerous foes? To use them would be to prove that they are mighty through His name for their discomfiture.

Speaking of Brazil, the same traveller tells of a beautiful palm, the *Maurandia vinifera*, which, though graceful and beautiful as it is, its chief distinction only when it has been cut, when dealt with for the purpose, yields a reddish sap having much the flavour of wine. Very supply is often to the thirsty and wayworn traveller. appear, moreover, to be connected with it.—How the emblem may be, can we help thinking of that which only could be enjoyed as the great Source of it, His life a ransom for many? The cup of the New

Testament could only be put into our hands by the "death of the Testator." But now there is refreshment and abundance, new life and health, for the thirsty and the stricken.

But the cocoa palm to the Polynesian is a more striking symbol of the "Beloved among the sons." Emphatically, says Mr. Melville, in his account of Omoo, it is the tree of life, transcending even the bread-fruit in the multifarious uses to which it is applied. Its aspect is imposing. Asserting its supremacy by an erect and lofty bearing, it may be said to compare with other trees as man with inferior creatures. The blessings it confers are incalculable. Year after year the islander reposes beneath its shade, both eating and drinking of its fruit. He thatches his hut with its boughs, and weaves them into baskets to carry his food. He cools himself with a fan plaited from the young leaflets, and shields his head from the sun by a bonnet of the leaves. Sometimes he clothes himself with the cloth-like substance which wraps round the base of the stalk, whose elastic rods, strung with filberts, are used as a taper. The larger nuts, thinned and polished, furnish him with a beautiful goblet. The dry husks kindle his fires. Their fibres are twisted into fishing lines and cords for his canoes. He heals his wounds with a balsam compounded from the juice of the nut, and, with the oil extracted from its meat, embalms the bodies of the dead. The noble trunk itself is far from being valueless. Sawn into posts, it upholds the islander's dwelling; converted into charcoal, it cooks his food; and supported on blocks of stone, rails in his lands. He impels his canoe through the water with a paddle of the wood, and goes to battle with clubs and spears of the same hard material. In pagan Tahiti a cocoa-nut branch was the symbol of regal authority. Laid upon the sacrifice in the temple it made the offering sacred, and with it the priests chastised and put to flight the evil spirits which assailed them. The supreme majesty of Oro, the great god of their mythology, was declared in the cocoa-nut log on which his image was rudely carved. Upon one of the Tongu Islands there stands a living tree revered itself as a deity. Its fruitfulness is remarkable. As long as it lives it bears, and, without intermission, two hundred nuts besides innumerable white blossoms of others may be seen upon it at one time.—What a figure of the excellency and exhaustlessness of Him who is the "chiefest among ten thousand"? "It hath pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." Everything for life, hope, power, satisfaction, and salvation, we find in Him, and "out of His fulness," as our "all in all," we may receive continually, and "grace for grace."

Forms of scepticism and their re-appearance could not but be forced upon our attention as we read the Greville Memoirs. In his "History of Philosophy," Mr. G. H. Lewes, so recently departed, has shown how old systems had their day, then disappeared, then rose again. Throughout the centuries there has been this alternate rise and fall. We have an illustration in our own day, in the resuscitation of the Lucretian

theory, endorsed by Professor Tyndal, and sung by Mr. Tennyson. The catacombs of the Capuchins at Rome, Mr. Greville tells us, are a series of chapels in the cloisters, or rather compartments, entirely fitted up with human bones arranged symmetrically with all sorts of devices. They are laid out in niches, and each niche is occupied by a skeleton of a friar in the robes of his order. A label is attached to it, with name of skeleton and date of death. Beneath are mounds of earth, each tenanted by a dead friar with similar labels. When a friar dies, the oldest buried friar, or rather his skeleton, is taken up, and promoted to a niche, and the newly-defunct takes possession of his grave, and so they go on in succession.—Just so, we thought, old forms of scepticism, theories once dead and buried, are yet produced and paraded afresh; and no sooner does one depart but a former one seems to reappear as from the grave to which the last is relegated. Thus it has been, and probably will be to the close. Yet truth shall triumph. The Word of God shall fulfil its destiny, and conquer all adversaries.

When Tarik the Saracen went to vanquish Spain, he informed his followers that he had been favoured by Heaven with a dream which had given him the fullest assurance of success. He had seen the prophet Mohammed surrounded by those holy saints and faithful companions who had adhered to his cause while he was an exile in Medina. They stood close by his couch with their swords unsheathed and their bows bent, and he had heard the prophet say, "Take courage, O Tarik, and accomplish what thou art destined to perform." He then saw the prophet and his companions entering Spain as if to herald the way for the faithful followers of Islam.—With a truer vision and more confident assurance may we enter the lists, go on to the struggle, and engage in the warfare of those who are fighting beneath the augury of the Cross. For as surely as day conquers night, the cause of Heaven shall prevail, and "He shall reign whose right it is to reign."

Thus have we read, and mused, and here give only a small handful of those suggestions which we might almost indefinitely multiply. But we hasten to a close. We have merely wished to show how a closing hour at the end of the day may be profitably utilised, and how a wide and varied field may be traversed with pleasure and interest, leaving pleasing reflections for after-thought and improvement. Of such an effort to "redeem the time" all who try it may unfailingly say—

"A consciousness remains that it has left,
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed."

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.

THE heart of the nation has been deeply touched by the death of the Queen's second daughter, the Grand Duchess of Hesse Darmstadt, always known and loved by the community at large under the old English name which her many virtues had made a household word throughout her native land. The scraps of intelligence that filtered through the different channels of information respecting the infancy and childhood of the Princess had rendered her already a universal favourite, but her devotedness in the death chamber of her sainted father made her only second to the Sovereign in the sympathies and solitudes which many millions of people felt on behalf of the royal house in that crisis of their history. The appearance of the Princess Alice at the bedside of the Prince of Wales, in the time of his perilous illness, gave fresh testimony to her heroism as a true sister of mercy, and she has at length surrendered her life in its early bloom as a sacrifice to maternal love. After nursing her husband and six infant children through all the perils of diphtheria, the kiss of her troubled boy, as far as human intelligence can determine, was the means of communicating the fatal contagion. In moving the address of condolence with Her Majesty, passed by the House of Lords, the Prime Minister thus narrated the occurrence :—"My Lords, there is something wonderfully piteous in the immediate cause of her death. The physician, who permitted her to watch over her suffering family enjoined her under no circumstances whatever to be tempted into an embrace. Her admirable self-restraint carried her through the crisis of the terrible complaint in safety. She remembered and observed the injunction of the physician, but it became her lot to break to her son, quite a youth, the death of his youngest sister, to whom he was devotedly attached, and the boy was so overcome with misery that the agitated mother clasped him in her arms and received the kiss of death. My Lords, I hardly know a subject more pathetic or one which poets and professors of the fine arts, whether in painting, sculpture, or in gems, might find more fitting to commemorate." The coincidence of the date of the death of the Princess with that of the decease of the Prince Consort has served to intensify the public feeling, as no doubt it has the sorrows of the royal house. That second Saturday in December marks also the

critical time in the illness of the Prince of Wales. It will need no element of superstition to make that day memorable in the annals of the British Empire. All classes of her subjects mourn with the Sovereign, and from many a heart and many a home intercessions on her behalf are continually ascending that the all-sufficient Saviour may be pleased to comfort, sustain, and strengthen her, so that her shadowed royalty may shine forth in the great glory of the King of kings, who was Himself "made perfect through sufferings," and for His followers, lofty or low, prescribes no other way.

THE BRISTOL ELECTION AND THE GOVERNMENT.

It is no exaggeration to say that the whole country was greatly interested in the recent contest for the seat vacated by the retirement of Mr. Kirkman Hodgson from political life. The return of Mr. Lewis Fry, the Liberal candidate, by the large majority of 1,547, is a very significant expression of the state of feeling in the ancient city with regard to the policy of the Government. This was the issue distinctly recognised by the competitors in this struggle, and the "certain sound" sent forth by the Bristol ballot-boxes will, we believe, preponderate among the constituencies at the election which looms at no great distance. It is true that the majorities obtained by the Government in both Houses have been so large that it *seems* to have a secure hold of office. But security often dwells hard-by danger, and there are factors in the measurement of political support which no arithmetical data can indicate. We are not without intimations that the country gentlemen are waning in their loyalty to the Hughenden flag, and falling off in the docility with which they have hitherto submitted to their education. The want of spirit manifested on the side of the Government in the recent debates; the ominous and sudden collapse of the proposed parliamentary grant for the Rhodope sufferers; the well-timed question of Mr. Hubbard, asking "whether the Home Secretary could correct or corroborate the report that we were almost face to face with such a crisis of distress as this generation had never known, a distress affecting even the metropolis, but operating with greater intensity in the cotton, coal, and iron districts," are so many symptoms of enfeeblement in the ranks of the majority which any turn of events may construe into a dispersion. The country gentlemen will amuse themselves with their Christmas festivities a while, but, before the mistletoe and the holly are taken down, the great *prestidigitateur* must shuffle the cards, or shift the thimbles, and with his "Hey, presto!" astonish his party once more

into a proper subordination and an orderly consent. What new piece of tinsel can be patched on the British crown? Can we annex Iceland and lay on hot water from its geysers, or is there already too much of that commodity at hand? Is there nothing to buy? No territory in need of a scientific frontier? Some surprise there must be in store for the fertile brain that so powerfully affects English destinies deals and delights in surprises. The wonder of the world would be copiously drawn forth if any scheme for purifying what is corrupt, repressing what is extravagant, or any measure rectifying what is wrong, entered into the programme that must be submitted to the closing session of the present Parliament.

THE PARLIAMENTARY VOTE OF CONDOLENCE WITH HER MAJESTY.

The recent brief session of the Legislature, which was called to sanction the Afghan war, included in its procedure a vote of condolence with the Queen on the sore bereavement she has sustained in the loss of her beloved daughter. The exact language of the vote was, no doubt, dictated by the precedents which scrupulously regulate the proceedings of Parliament. In the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced the resolution with the appropriate words, "I feel convinced that the House will agree unanimously to this address, which will testify at once to our personal affection for the Sovereign, our deep sorrow for her loss, and our earnest prayer that God may support her in her affliction;" but in the Upper House no mention was made of the Divine name, no recognition was given of the Divine Providence, no prayer was invited for the Divine support. However beautiful the language may be deemed with which the Earl of Beaconsfield introduced the vote, it was at best but a cold atheistical wail. Not one of the six bishops who supported the Afghan invasion interposed a word to rescue the proceedings of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal from this godless aspect. We believe that in the most degenerate times it has been customary in the High Court of Parliament to refer events of national importance to the agency of Divine Providence. For our own part, we should deplore the day when such a recognition was abandoned. It is gratifying to find, from the terms in which the address of the Lord Mayor and Corporation is clothed, that the civic authorities still believe there is a God. To say the least, it is a remarkable anomaly, that the branch of the Legislature, which is so constructed as most emphatically to set forth the alliance between the State and Religion, should, on such an occasion, altogether adopt an irreligious choice of language. But there is no saying what is the belief of the Mystery-man who is at the head of affairs.

HARD TIMES.

From all parts of the country we are accosted by the tidings of privation and distress consequent upon the depressed condition of trade. It is not one or two branches of industry merely, nor one or two localities, that are included in the area of suffering. A terrible paralysis seems to have fallen upon the entire commerce of these British Isles. The over-production consequent upon improved machinery, the occupation of foreign markets by competing nations, the uncertainty of feeling and want of confidence caused by the present Government, are amongst the most obvious germs out of which this state of things has been developed. The evil has been precipitated by the restlessness of the labourers, and is intensified by their lamentable unthriftiness; it will be mitigated only by a universal spirit of helpfulness on the part of those who are blessed with a sufficiency of worldly goods; it will become a blessing if prodigality and wastefulness are everywhere exchanged for scrupulous carefulness, and if boastful self-reliance is displaced by humble confession of our dependence on the blessing "that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow."

The Commissioner of the *Daily News*, who has been sent to Sheffield to enlighten the Home Secretary on the condition of more than a quarter of a million of people who were a few months since the most flourishing and prosperous of our great centres of industry, describes them as presenting a pitiable appearance of destitution, more terrible because at present only in its initial stage. "The Sheffield operatives are probably neither more nor less provident than their class generally; but the badness of trade and the scarcity of employment have now lasted so long at Sheffield and elsewhere that savings are beginning to be exhausted, the credit of working families with tradesmen is coming to its limit, and the people are being forced to the last resource of the poor law or public charity. But these are not inexhaustible. The alarming circumstance is that they should be already drawn on to the utmost while the winter is still before us, and the prospect of improved trade is as yet beneath the horizon. The relief committees in Sheffield are distributing bread and flour and giving dinners to the children. In All Saints' parish 641 families, including 2,638 persons, were relieved last week. Work is to be found for a large number of men in breaking 2,000 tons of road metal; and there are proposals for laying out new streets near a recreation ground which the Duke of Norfolk has lately presented to the town."

* The Manchester papers have published sad stories of privation. At a meeting in the Council Chamber of the Salford Town Hall, the Bishop of Manchester described the amount of suffering as "being to his mind beyond conception." The Salford Provident Society, which has 5,800 persons on its books in one district, none of whom are in

receipt of poor law relief, is obliged to erect barriers in its waiting room to moderate the pressure of the hundreds needing help. From Blackburn, Burslem, Birmingham, Stockton, Stoke-upon-Trent, and Hull, similar reports reach us. Of Stockton-on-Tees, with about 40,000 inhabitants, we are told that "hundreds of families of iron-workers are in a state of utter destitution." The disastrous consequences of the collapse of the City of Glasgow Bank are working ruinously on Scottish commerce, and the smaller but very serious catastrophe in Bristol is spreading its ever-widening circles of disappointment, loss, and sorrow. A sad Christmas indeed is this in many a household. To be brought to poverty, to suffer days and nights of heart-destroying care, to sit weeping among the ruins of domestic happiness, is very very, grievous; but if God's hand be seen in all, if men believe that all things shall work together for good; in prayerful patient waiting upon Him they shall find that "out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong comes forth sweetness."

THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

There has been a recent lull in the progress of events on the Indian border land. The resistance which seemed likely to begin at Peiwar and be protracted, has not again been definitely mentioned. Since General Roberts' brilliant achievement at Peiwar—an achievement quite in the old form of Anglo-Indian warfare—there has been no important news about actual fighting. The various commanders appear to be ready to advance when the time comes for forward movement, and so far the speed has been as great as circumstances permitted. It is more than doubtful whether we ought ever to have got into this war, but once commenced everything is in favour of a speedy conclusion. The sooner the war is over the better.

But rumours are very contradictory, and even when from rumour we apply with confiding faith to the telegrams from correspondents, we are met by conflicts of testimony which perplex the ordinary reader. Sometimes we hear that forward movements will wait till the spring, and sometimes we read that immediate progress is contemplated. Kandahar, Ghuznee and Kabool being almost within reach, are we to go on or wait until delay has strengthened them all? Answer of course dependent upon two items—camels and communications: we have to maintain great quantities of both, and the supply of the first is limited. The movement of troops and supplies is not an easy matter in Europe, with many appliances and much machinery to help; in the Khyber and Bolan such movement is of extreme difficulty. The camel, albeit a hardy and enduring animal, succumbs under some circumstances, and many have perished in the northern Punjab. And this means that stores cannot be so promptly sent on to the front as they should be, and that advance is thereby

delayed. Requisitioning does not appear productive in the country which we are endeavouring to humble.

Then as to the communications. Perfectly peaceful and innocent people have begun to talk about "the maintaining of connection with a base," and such like things, as if they had long been familiar therewith. Our advanced posts are beyond the Passes. We have an army already west of the Khyber, and we have to keep open that Pass in order to be safe beyond. There is always an item which is unable to be accurately measured, and that is the fidelity of the tribes adjacent to the Pass. We have avoided one evil; by prompt advance we have prevented any vengeance upon the Khyberees from the Afghan people, and now we have to insure ourselves against our friends. For this purpose, troops are moved up from other parts of India to occupy the mountains and the plains near the Pass; and, strange to say, instead of picked Europeans being put upon this important duty, it seems that divisions of troops from the dependent states are detailed upon such service. If these men are sent to the front merely to prevent any disturbance on their part at home, then we have in a very peculiar manner insured the safety of our invading forces.

When the victory is assured and Afghanistan lies at our feet—supposing such result to be attained: and after all the boastings of Government have painted the lily of British bravery—what then? Shall we retreat from the province which we conquer, in order that the Russ may have an opportunity of intriguing with far greater reason and effect? If we go away, shall we not be with an uncomfortable frontier to defend against a most hostile neighbour, propped up by a really powerful European state? If we remain in a conquered province, how far shall we go? Can we stop short of the Russ-coveted Herat—right up by the frontier of the Shah of Persia? It will then be necessary to ascertain very definitely the nature of our interference-rights in Asiatic Turkey, or we might find the temptation irresistible to form connection between Van and Herat, in spite of the Tehran monarch. Perhaps, if we knew more about our powers in Asia Minor, we should think that an overland route to India, *via* Herat, is not an impossible result in the future. According to recent rumour, we hear that the Ameer has given us every facility for advance. He is reported to have retreated along with the Russian Mission, and, supposing that he wishes to give us as much annoyance as possible, he has adopted the most cunning course of action. Occupying a hostile country is always dangerous, whether done *per se* or *per alios*, and the existence of an adjacent pretender will involve the future management of Afghanistan in endless trouble.

EARLY LIFE OF ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D.

IN the highlands of Perthshire, in the parish of Moulin, not far from the confluence of the Tummel and the Garry, is situated the Pass of Killiecrankie, rendered memorable by the defeat which the troops of William III. sustained, on the 17th of July, 1689, at the hands of Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, who commanded the partizans of James II., but who fell in the moment of victory. At a short distance from this pass, lies the little village of Pitlochrie. About a mile from this village stood the old farm-house of Auchnahyle. It was in this old farm-house that Alexander Duff was born, on the 25th of April, 1806.

A few years before, the parish of Moulin had witnessed a deep religious awakening. During the long reign of spiritual apathy, or Moderatism, as it was called, when the policy of Robertson the historian guided the councils of the National Church, and sermons composed on the model of those of Blair the rhetorician were preached from its pulpits, Scotland presented the spectacle of a vast spiritual Sahara, relieved, no doubt, here and there, like that great desert itself, by oases of singular fertility and beauty. It was in the closing years of the last century, that Charles Simeon, of evangelical memory, visited the parish of Moulin, then under the spiritual care of Dr. Alexander Stewart, afterwards of Canongate Church, Edinburgh. From the pulpit of the parish church, Charles Simeon preached such sermons as the people had never heard before. From Sabbath to Sabbath they had listened to discourses on dry morality; and had imagined that the whole of Christianity consisted in the Ten Commandments, or, at best, in the Sermon on the Mount. Charles Simeon opened their eyes. He preached to the people the gospel, as well as the law. His preaching produced a revival. There was a shaking among the dry bones, and minister and people alike felt the glow of spiritual life. The beneficial influence of this salutary revolution reached the farm-house of Auchnahyle, and the father of Alexander Duff became an earnest Christian.

Alexander Duff received his elementary education at Kirkmichael, about twelve miles distant from his native village, where he saw as a boy those cairns and "Druidical" stones for which that parish is remarkable. From Kirkmichael he went to the Grammar-school of Perth, the head-master of which was one Mr. Dick, who was soon succeeded by Mr. Moncur, a good classical scholar. It was at the Grammar-school of Perth that Alexander Duff first contracted friendship with a gifted lad, two years younger than himself, the

lamented John Urquhart, of whom it may be said as of his prototype Henry Kirke White,—

“Unconquered powers th’ immortal mind displayed,
But worn with anxious thought the frame decayed ;
Pale o’er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
The martyr student faded and expired.”

In 1822, Alexander Duff was admitted into the University of St. Andrews, whither John Urquhart had preceded him a short time before. Duff prosecuted his studies with the utmost vigour, and distinguished himself in all the branches of learning taught in the University, but especially in Latin and Greek, for which he had natural predilections. In his classical studies he had the advantage of listening to the prelections of Professor Hunter, one of the best Latin scholars of the day in Scotland. But the man to whom he was most indebted for the development of his intellect and the formation of his character was Dr. Chalmers, who joined the University in November, 1823, as Professor of Moral Philosophy. The fervid genius of Chalmers, the highly philosophical character of his mind, his superb eloquence, his intense enthusiasm as a teacher, his sincere and unaffected piety, his deep earnestness, and his active benevolence, stirred the souls of his students to their inmost depths ; and Alexander Duff, like his friend John Urquhart and others, felt within him the throbbings of a newly-awakened life, and the uprisings of noble and lofty aspirations. Dr. Duff in after-life acknowledged that he “intensely admired, revered, and loved” Dr. Chalmers ; and endeavoured, “at however great a distance, to tread in his footsteps, and to imitate so noble a pattern.”

When twelve years old, Alexander Duff was presented by his father with a purse of twenty pounds, as the sum which he could spare for his son’s education. Before that sum had been all spent, he obtained by his diligence a scholarship in the University of St. Andrews ; and thus he was enabled to carry on his studies till he took his degree of Master of Arts. After finishing the Arts curriculum, he entered the Divinity Hall of St. Mary’s College, as he had resolved on becoming a minister of the gospel.

But for Thomas Chalmers, Alexander Duff, in all human probability would never have become a missionary. Some time after his coming to St. Andrews, Dr. Chalmers delivered in the Town Hall a series of lectures on Protestant missions throughout the world, tracing the rise and progress of the various missionary societies, and enlarging on their modes of operation and on their distinctive peculiarities. These lectures produced a deep impression on the public, and especially on the minds of the alumni of the university. The religious earnestness with which Chalmers had inspired some of his pupils induced them to form among themselves a Missionary Association, of which John Urquhart and Alexander Duff were the leading spirits. This Associa-

tion, which was at first frowned upon by some of the Professors of the university, received the warm encouragement of the Professor of Moral Philosophy, and was afterwards developed into the University Missionary Association. In this Association missionary intelligence from all parts of the world was communicated to its members, missionary subjects were discussed, missionary addresses were delivered, and essays on missions were read. It is, therefore, not too much to say that Alexander Duff, long before he left St. Mary's Divinity Hall, was at heart a missionary; while it is not a little singular, that from the same Divinity Hall, and in connection with the same Missionary Association, there should come forth four other Indian missionaries—Dr. Duff's two colleagues, William Sinclair Mackay and David Ewart, John Adam of the London Missionary Society, and Robert Nesbit of Bombay—the saintly John Urquhart having been too early transplanted into the paradise above to be useful in the Lord's vineyard here below.

It was while Mr. Duff was prosecuting his theological studies in the Divinity Hall of St. Mary's College that the Church of Scotland resolved, in its corporate capacity, to send a missionary to India. Of this missionary movement in the National Church of Scotland, Dr. Inglis was the soul. As the success of the proposed mission greatly depended, next to the blessing of God, which is all in all, on the character of the man entrusted with it, Dr. Inglis naturally wanted a man not only of talents, but also of deep piety and lofty enthusiasm; and as the University of St. Andrews had lately shown a livelier interest in missions than any other Scottish University, he as naturally directed his eyes towards that quarter. Principal Haldane was asked whether, amongst the divinity students at St. Mary's, there was any one qualified, as well by intellectual gifts as by spiritual graces, to take charge of so important a mission. The principal deemed Mr. Duff to be the best qualified. Duff was consulted as to his wishes; but the ingenuous youth, who had not then finished his theological studies, pondering on the awful responsibilities of the undertaking, and distrusting his own abilities, refused to accede to the proposal. After the lapse of a year, when he was going through his trials for license before the Presbytery, a second application was made to him for his services in India. This second application he regarded as a call from God. He did not decline the offer, neither did he at once accept it: he took time to think and pray over it. He looked at the matter in all its bearings; he prayed to God for guidance; he consulted with his friends, and especially with Dr. Chalmers—the man whom of all men upon earth he most admired and revered; and the result was, that he accepted the offer of the Committee of Foreign Missions, and resolved to devote his life to the preaching of the glad tidings of salvation to the benighted millions of India.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland ratified in May 1829, the choice of the Committee of Foreign Missions. On the 12th

of August, 1829, he was ordained by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, the ordination sermon being preached by Dr. Chalmers. In the following October, Mr. Duff, having previously married Miss Drysdale, embarked with his wife on board the *Lady Holland*, East Indiaman, and sailed for India.

In those days the power of steam had not been applied to the propelling of vessels; the Suez route had not been opened up, and the only passage to India from Europe was that discovered three centuries before by Vasco de Gama. But the Cape of Good Hope proved to the *Lady Holland* that which it was originally called—the Cape of Storms. She struck on a small island about thirty miles to the north of Cape Town, and became a perfect wreck. But though the ship was lost, the passengers were all saved; but they were barely saved. Alexander Duff lost a choice collection of books, chiefly classical and theological, about 800 in number. The only two volumes recovered from the ocean were a copy of Bagster's Comprehensive Bible, and a copy of the metrical version of the Psalms of David used in the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. Mr. Duff, who traced the finger of God in every event of his life, whether prosperous or calamitous, construed the submersion of his collection of the classics into a sort of punishment for his passionate love of the literature of Greece and Rome; while the recovery of Bagster's Bible and the Psalm-book he regarded as an admonition from heaven, to the effect that the inspired Word of God should be the only companion and guide of a missionary. For the Psalm-book picked up from the angry ocean he had great affection; he used it for years every morning and evening at family worship. I remember the book well. When I, as a young convert, had the privilege of joining him at the family altar, I often handled the book with reverence, and observed with interest the water-stains which it bore.

A strange fatality seemed to attend the voyage of the first Indian missionary of the National Church of Scotland. The second ship in which Alexander Duff sailed met with a similar fate. It was overtaken by a cyclone at the mouth of the Hooghly, and was dashed ashore; and Alexander Duff and his newly-married wife landed at Calcutta, on the 27th of May, 1830, with an inconveniently slender wardrobe.

When Duff arrived in Calcutta, there was peace throughout the whole of the Indian Empire. The Burmese war had ended with the treaty of Yandabu; the fortress of Bhurtpore, which seemed to the natives all but impregnable, had been stormed; a mutiny which occurred among the Sepoys at Barrackpore had been put down; and Lord William Cavendish Bentinck, one of the most beneficent of India's rulers, had begun his peaceful administration. Under the auspices of this enlightened Governor-General, important reforms had begun to be made in every branch of the administration. The public

expenditure had been reduced ; measures had been taken towards the suppression of wholesale murders, called *thuggee*, perpetrated under the holy name of religion ; the natives of the country had begun to be employed in responsible and honourable judicial posts ; and the cruel practice of the self-immolation of Hindu widows on the funeral pyres of their deceased husbands had been rendered penal by an act of the legislature. The agitation connected with the abolition of the last-named practice had roused the Hindu mind to its innermost depths. All these and other causes combined to produce a great change in Hindu society in Bengal. But that which exerted the greatest influence on the rising generation of the country was the progress which English education was making among them. And here it may not be deemed uninteresting, in writing the life of perhaps the greatest educator and missionary that India ever had, to review the state of English education in Calcutta, from its beginning down to the year 1830, when Alexander Duff opened the General Assembly's Institution.

During the long interval that elapsed between the year 1634, when the English first obtained permission to trade in Bengal, and the beginning of the nineteenth century, no Bengali seems to have made the English language the subject of earnest study. A superficial acquaintance, however, with that language, or rather with some of its words, must have been obtained by those Bengalis who came in daily contact with the foreigners for the transaction of business. Concerning the first English scholar among the natives of Calcutta, the following anecdote is related by my countryman, Ram Kamal Sen, in the preface to his English and Bengali Dictionary :—"Somewhere towards the end of the seventeenth century, an English man-of-war sailed up the Hooghly and anchored near Garden Reach. The captain of the vessel sent to the wealthy *Sets*, the only Bengalis who were then engaged in extensive mercantile business, and asked for a *dobhasia*. This term, *dobhasia*, which means a person who speaks in two languages, was used in those days on the Coromandel and Malabar coasts ; but the *Sets* had never heard the word. They sat in solemn conclave to ascertain, if possible, the meaning of the word and of the captain's request. After a world of debate and deliberation, it was decided that a *dobhasia* meant nothing more or less than a *dhobi*, or washerman. It was accordingly resolved to send a washerman to the ship. Furnished with *nuzzurs* (gifts) of plantains, sugar candy, and other Indian delicacies, the dauntless washerman—for in those days it was no joke for a Bengali to go alongside a ship—went on board the man-of-war, and returned laden with presents. The washerman, by frequent intercourse with the crew of the man-of-war, got a smattering of the English language ; and to him must be ascribed the honour of having been the first English scholar, if scholar he could be called, amongst the people of Bengal. This worthy man, whose name unfortunately has not been transmitted to posterity, soon

gathered around him a number of disciples, whom he initiated into the mysteries of the English language. But the knowledge of English thus acquired was necessarily defective. Utterly unacquainted with either the grammar or the idiom of the language, our first English scholars merely substituted English words for Bengali. They committed to memory a few sentences used frequently in common conversation, and learned the English names of the several articles of merchandise. The knowledge of persons was estimated by the number of English words they had learned; and the stock of words with which they managed to hold intercourse with their conquerors was often incredibly small. What they could not express by words was indicated by signs; and thus many a native contrived, by supplementing the inadequacy of his expression with the gesticulations of his body, to make himself intelligible to his European master with no ampler philological resources than the scanty stock of the four words, 'Yes,' 'No,' and 'Very well.'"

The establishment of the Supreme Court in Calcutta, in the year 1774, created in respectable Bengalis a desire to learn the English language. But this desire could not in those days be easily gratified. Schools, which in Calcutta are now as plentiful as blackberries, did not then exist; and to the European, who had come to these tropical climes only in search of gold, the idea did not occur that it was any part of his business to educate those whom he had conquered. In spite of these difficulties a few of the enterprising natives of Calcutta picked up a smattering of the English language, and turned it to profitable account by instructing others of their countrymen. The acquirements of these teachers were, of course, very limited. The only English books they read were Thomas Dyche's "Spelling-Book" and the "Schoolmaster." The most eminent of these teachers composed vocabularies, which contained several hundred of English words in common and daily use, with the corresponding terms in the Bengali language. In course of time some Eurasians in Calcutta lent their services to the cause of native education. They went to the houses of rich Baboos, and gave instruction in English. They received pupils into their own houses, which were turned into schools. Under the auspices of these men the curriculum of studies was enlarged. To the "Spelling-Book" and the "Schoolmaster" were added the "Tales of a Parrot," the "Elements of English Grammar," and the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The man who could read and understand the last-mentioned book was reckoned in those days a prodigy of learning.

The year 1817 is a memorable time in the history of English education in Bengal. In that year the Hindu College was established. The honour of originating that institution belongs to David Hare, a watchmaker in Calcutta. The rough plan which he had sketched of the institution fell into the hands of Sir Edward Hyde East, then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in Calcutta, who liked the proposal,

and took measures for reducing it to practice. This institution, which was at first a school of very humble character, rose into a college chiefly through the exertions of the great Sanskrit scholar, Horace Hayman Wilson, who was Secretary to the Committee of Public Instruction, appointed in 1823 by Government. The success of the Hindu College induced some native gentlemen to set up private schools, the most eminent of which was the Oriental Seminary. The attainments of the youths attending these schools, but especially the Hindu College, were considerable. They were familiar with the historical works of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon; with the economic works of Adam Smith and Jeremy Bentham; with the philosophical works of Locke, Reid, and Dugald Stewart; and with the poetry of Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Burns, and Scott.

Such was the state of English education when Duff reached Calcutta in 1830. He had been charged by the Committee of Foreign Missions in Scotland to found a college in Bengal, to be conducted on thoroughly Christian principles; but even if he had not received such instructions, we are sure that, on a survey of the field, he would himself have established one. When Duff arrived in Calcutta, the evil effects of a purely secular education were beginning to manifest themselves. He witnessed the revolution which the minds of the intelligent youth of the city were undergoing: the wildness of their views; the reckless innovations they were introducing; the infidel character of their religious opinions; and the spirit of unbounded liberty, or, rather, licentiousness, which characterised their speculations. He contemplated this scene with mingled feelings of joy and fear. He could not but observe with delight the influence which English education was shedding around—in opening up the dormant energies of the Bengali mind, in dissipating its prejudices, in relaxing the restrictions of caste, in diminishing the power of the priesthood, and in undermining the system of national superstition. On the other hand, he could not witness without alarm the spread of atheism and of religious indifference. He saw with regret that, though English education was mighty in pulling down the strongholds of error, it constructed nothing in their room. It is no doubt a pleasing spectacle to see the hoary fortresses of error battered down by the forces of knowledge; but, while the consequent scene of confusion and havoc cannot be looked upon without horror, it is heaven upon earth to see the fair temple of Truth erected on the ruins of Error.

It was to contribute towards the erection of the fair temple of Truth that Duff opened, on the 13th of July, 1830, the General Assembly's Institution. He had been told by the Committee at home not to set up the College in Calcutta, but in some neighbouring town. He ventured to disobey his instructions. On carefully surveying the field of work, he came to the conclusion, with characteristic decision, that the College, to be useful and influential, must be

set up in the capital of British India: and the wonderful success of that College has abundantly justified the wisdom of his choice.

On the first day there were only five boys present. But the eminent abilities of the missionary instructor, and the circumstance that education was given gratuitously, soon filled the school with hundreds of boys. The extensive and varied learning of Duff, the accumulated riches of his information, his powerful eloquence, his peculiar tact in developing the mental powers of his pupils, his boundless energy, the variety of his illustrations when expounding truth and enforcing duty, and, above all, the enthusiasm for knowledge with which he magnetized his pupils,—all these qualities combined to render him a rare instructor of youth, and to make the General Assembly's Institution highly successful.—*Recollections of Alexander Duff, by Rev. Lal Berari Day.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

AUTHORSHIP OF QUOTATION.

To the Editor of THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—In the very interesting sketch of the late Rev. Jonathan Watson of Edinburgh, in your December issue, there is the following sentence:—"The testimony which one of our greatest statesmen gave, on hearing the famous Ebenezer Brown of Inverkeithing, preach, might have been given of Mr. Watson: 'That man speaks as if the Son of God were at his elbow.'" To whom does the writer refer by the statement, "one of our greatest statesmen"? In *Horæ Subsecivæ* there is a most interesting letter, occupying 110 pages, to John Cairns, D.D., respecting the late Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, and others, by the son of Dr. Brown, author of "Rab and His Friends," and at pages 60 and 61 there is a note from which I make the following extract:—"It is related of David Hume, that having heard my great-grandfather preach, he said, 'That's the man for me, he means what he says; he speaks as if Jesus Christ was at his elbow.'" I presume that the writer of the sketch of Mr. Watson does not, by "one of our greatest statesmen," mean David Hume, the historian and essayist. If not, there is a discrepancy in the two statements. Another question arises, was the great-grandfather of the present Dr. John Brown, author of *Horæ Subsecivæ*, the Rev. Ebenezer Brown, or John Brown of Haddington? As so many mistakes are constantly made about important personages and events, I shall be glad to know which version of this interesting anecdote is correct.

I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,
Leeds, Dec. 19, 1878.

JOHN ANDREW.

FORM OF ANGLICAN ORDINATION.

MR. EDITOR,—In the form of ordination, as it stands in the Prayer Book, is this sentence: "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office, and work of a priest in the Church of God." Will some one of your readers please to give the Latin form, and say when it was translated into English, and adopted in the Church of England?

What is the word rendered "Priest"?

Dec. 11, 1878.

SENEX.

REVIEWS.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

CHAPTERS ON EVERY-DAY THINGS (by the Author of "Ten Steps in the Narrow Way"—four shillings) is a charming book, in which the industries that contribute the necessities and comforts of daily life are very accurately described, as well as some of the greater wonders in the structure of this Mansoul for whom all the "Double, double, toil and trouble" of the busy world make such continual ferment.—In TALES OF THREE CENTURIES (four shillings) Madame Guizot de Witt, daughter of the illustrious French statesman, portrays the sufferings of the Huguenots, the Pilgrim Fathers, and the victims of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Illustrated by Emily Millard and Mary Archer, Madame Guizot's vivid stories become quite an *article-de-luxe*.—FATHER'S MOTTO; or, The Cloud with the Silver Lining (A Book for Boys and their Sisters), price half-a-crown, is the work of an expert in the difficult art of writing for the young.—MRS. BURTON'S BEST BED-ROOM, by the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer," with coloured frontispiece, "The Snow Sweepers," by Sir

John Gilbert, and a hundred large engravings by eminent artists, comprising Nos. 1 to 12 of "Illustrated Books for the People" (two shillings, cloth boards), is an admirable present for a working man's family. The separate numbers of this series are published at one penny each.—1. THROUGH THE RAILINGS, one shilling; 2. WHERE A PENNY WENT To, ninepence; 3. THE ADOPTED SON, sixpence—represent (1) The Monthly Volume for the Young, (2) The New Ninepenny Series, and (3) The "Little Dot" Series;—so far-reaching are the numerous ramifications for usefulness in which the Tract Society pursues its multiplied labours.—THE ILLUMINATED WALL TEXTS, in floral designs, sixpence each, would adorn any dwelling.—THE SCRIPTURE POCKET BOOK (two shillings) and THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S POCKET BOOK (one shilling and sixpence) are prepared with the usual care bestowed upon these publications.—THE TRACT MAGAZINE, 1878 (one shilling and sixpence), will be dear to plain Christian folks. It always contains some good material, both in prose and poetry; and during the many years it has been a familiar friend with us it was never more valued than now.—THE

COTTAGER AND ARTISAN, 1878 (one shilling and sixpence), and **THE CHILD'S COMPANION** (two shillings and sixpence), with beautifully coloured cover (gilt edges), are unsurpassed by any publications of their class.

LECTURES ON BAPTISM. By the late William Shirreff, Minister of the Gospel, Glasgow. With a Preface by C. H. Spurgeon.

BAPTISM DISCOVERED Plainly and Faithfully according to the Word of God. By John Norcott. Corrected and somewhat altered by C. H. Spurgeon. London: Passmore & Alabaster. 1878.

INACTIVITY is happily an unknown quantity in the life of our dear friend Mr. Spurgeon. For some weeks past he has been physically disabled by intense suffering from undertaking any of his public duties, but he has been busily employed another way. He has during his illness prepared for the press new editions of Shirreff and Norcott on Baptism, two valuable works on the editing of which he has bestowed great pains. From the brief memoir prefixed to the former of these works, we learn that Mr. Shirreff was originally a minister of the Established Church of Scotland at St. Ninian's, near Stirling—one of the most learned, popular, and impressive preachers of his day. His study of the Scriptures led him to change his views on the question of baptism, and necessitated the resignation of his position. He was baptized by Dr. Innes, of Edinburgh, and subsequently became pastor of a Baptist Church in Glasgow, where he laboured with great success. The lectures in this volume were delivered shortly after his settlement in Glasgow on suc-

cessive Wednesday evenings. He did not apparently intend to commit them to the press, but his friends—wiser in this respect than he—issued them after his death, under the editorship of the well-known J. A. Haldane. We cordially agree with the estimate Mr. Spurgeon has formed of the lectures, and are glad that he has published them in so cheap and convenient an edition. They are the work of an able, scholarly, and upright man, anxious above all things to ascertain the will of the Lord, and determined to bow to it at all costs. His investigations were carried on with fearless and uncompromising honesty, his arguments are logical and incisive, his spirit is as generous and charitable as it is candid. As the lectures were not prepared for the press by their author, they were not altogether free from inaccuracies. These Mr. Spurgeon has corrected, and the book as he has issued it possesses greatly increased value.

Norcott was an exile in Holland, and wrote upwards of 200 years ago. His "Baptism Discovered" is a much smaller book than Shirreff's Lectures, but for popular use and for distribution among Pædobaptists, is decidedly more suitable. In seventy-nine pages we have a capital bird's-eye view of the whole subject—we know not where to look for so much solid thought, clear exposition, sound reasoning, and rich humour in so small a compass. Norcott evidently meant business. He knew the end at which he was aiming, and went straight towards it. He was thoroughly conversant with the letter of Scripture—a really powerful expositor, and his mind was as thoroughly saturated by the spirit of Scripture. There is a quaintness in his style which renders it very attractive, and every now and then

we come across flashes of fine humour. Mr. Spurgeon, indeed, tells us that he has modernized the language, and added a little here and there, but we are never sensible of the slightest incongruity either of matter or of style. Norcott and his editor are men of kindred mind. Whatever other works on Baptism our friends may possess we would urge them by all means to get this. It goes on lines of its own. It is full of pith and vigour. Its doctrinal fulness is quite exceptional, and if it does not furnish to every ministerial reader matter for at least a score of sermons, we shall be surprised. The book ought to be in the hands of every Baptist in the kingdom, *and of every Pædobaptist too*. Will our readers aid Mr. Spurgeon in his generous and self-denying efforts (for he publishes at his own risk, and can reap no profits) to uphold and extend the doctrines "which are most surely believed among us"?

THE ENGLISH REFORMATION: How It Came About, and Why We Should Maintain it. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D., Author of "The Life and Words of Christ." London: Strahan & Co., 34, Paternoster Row. 1879.

DR. GEIKIE is not only a Protestant, but a Protestant of the most staunch and fearless order. He has been impelled to write this history of the English Reformation by his sense of the evils inflicted upon the Established Church, and the danger which threatens our civil liberties, by what he rightly denominates the Ritualistic conspiracy. We are thoroughly at one with him in his denunciation of Popery in every form. We regard with feelings of grave apprehension the spread of Popish doctrines and

practices in the Church whose proud boast it is to be "the bulwark of Protestantism." That the English Church Union, which is simply a Ritualist league, should embrace among its members fully one-eighth of the English clergy, and that its principles should be making rapid progress among the younger clergymen, is indeed an ominous fact. There are many ways in which Ritualism should be met. Dr. Geikie, as an evangelical and Protestant minister of the Established Church, has adopted the historical method. He shows by historical facts and documents that the Church, as at present constituted, was intended to be distinctly and emphatically anti-Papal—a protest not only against Papal supremacy but against the corruptions which the Church of Rome has always more or less sanctioned, and which the Ritualists are now introducing into England. As a history, the work has very high value. Apart from its special polemical aim, it claims, and will, doubtless, receive the attention of all such students as are anxious to understand one of the grandest and most heroic periods of our national life. Dr. Geikie's habits of careful and scholarly research are well known. He has mastered all the great authorities, and ransacked every source of information. As a picture of the struggles which issued in the Reformation in England the work has no equal. It is written in a graphic and flowing style, and describes the course of events with a vividness which is quite picturesque. We are sorry that our estimate of the power and willingness of the bishops to check the Ritualistic conspiracy is not so sanguine as Dr. Geikie's. We believe, however, that the circulation of books like this will accomplish what these "right reverend fathers" will never

attempt. The whole narrative of the Reformation fires our enthusiasm, creates in us feelings of gratitude and pride in view of the priceless inheritance which was won for us at so great a cost, and strengthens our determination to "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free."

CONVERSION OF THE WEST. 1. *The Continental Teutons*. By the Very Rev. Charles Merivale, D.D., D.C.L., Dean of Ely. 2. *The English*. 3. *The Celts*. 4. *The Northmen*. By the Rev. G. F. Maclear, D.D., Head Master of King's College School, &c. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 77, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

THE Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has, during the last few years, published several series of books of the highest literary merit, such as those on "The Non-Christian Religions," "Ancient History from the Monuments," "The Heathen World and St. Paul," and now we have received an additional series on "The Conversion of the West." It is apparently the aim of the authors to present in a brief, intelligible, and popular form all that recent scholarship has been able to discover with regard to the periods of which they write. Of the high qualifications of Dean Merivale it would be impertinent to speak. His historical works are known and prized by scholars of every school, and in this small volume he has given us a really delightful and effective narrative of those events which lie at the foundation of our modern civilization, and to which we are indebted for all that is strongest and best in our European life. Dr. Maclear is also a well-known writer, especially in this branch of literature. We have

often read the narrative of the events described in these pages, but never with greater pleasure than here. Nor is there any source from which merely English readers can acquire so clear and comprehensive a view of these several epochs. The story of Ulphila and the conversion of the Goths; of St. Chad, St. Cuthbert, the Venerable Bede and the School of Jarrow; of St. Patrick, St. Columba, Olaf the Saint, Magnus the Good, and various other pioneers of missionary enterprise, is one of which we never grow weary. These are books which ought to circulate by thousands. No Christian and no Englishman should be ignorant of the facts which they narrate.

THE DESTINY OF THE WICKED. By the Rev. A. M. Wilson. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. Glasgow: Thomas D. Morison. 1878.

MR. WILSON'S volume is a reply to the Rev. Samuel Cox's *SALVATOR MUNDI*, and is the best reply we have yet seen. It is honest, straightforward, and truth-loving. *SALVATOR MUNDI* is a very specious but a very misleading book. Less rhetorical than Dr. Farrar's *ETERNAL HOPE*, it is quite as dogmatic in tone, and superficial in scholarship. We are thankful to Mr. Wilson for his masterly exposure of the fallacies by which the advocates of "the larger hope," as they style themselves, are led astray. The question must be decided by the authority of Scripture alone, and we must accept its statements in their natural and common-sense meaning. Mr. Wilson has submitted the arguments of Mr. Cox to a searching examination, especially in reference to the crucial words of the controversy. He is a careful investigator, a sound logician and an

incisive thinker. As a refutation of *SALVATOR MUNDI*, the work is practically complete. We shall be curious to see how Mr. Cox will answer it.

SCRIPTURE RIDDLES IN VERSE. By Richard Phillips. London: E. W. Allen, 11, Ave Maria-lane.

THERE are in this book upwards of a hundred and fifty enigmas intended to stimulate search of the Scripture by the young. They show great ingenuity and research on the part of the author, and we hope may produce some of the same in their students. To our mind, the author should not have aimed at making some of these riddles into poems, as an unjust estimate of the book might easily be made by a superficial reader expecting more than he had a right to look for. We also take exception to the eccentric use of some words, *e.g.*, "submiss" for submissive; or of archaisms as "aidance," "for-done," "certes." On the whole, we are pleased with the collection, and as a short specimen we quote the following:—

"Gained only by laborious strife
And strength of limb, and risk of life,
Yet cast away as soon as won
By him for whom the thing was done."

MARY WITH MANY FRIENDS. By Georgina M. Moore. London: E. Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey.

MRS. MOORE has written about a child for children. Her book will become a favourite with youthful readers—all the more so because it deals with matters of every day life—with things that are not too remote from the observation and apprehension of children. Her story is skilfully told, and is everywhere subordinated to the great ends of

religion and morality. She conveys many bright and helpful lessons, and instructs as truly as she delights.

NELLIE. By Lizzie Joyce Tomlinson. London: E. Marlborough & Co.

WE can heartily congratulate Miss Tomlinson on the increased power she here displays. Her incidents are well arranged, her style is more effective, and she has given us a beautiful illustration of God's care for children, and of the service children may render to God.

DANIEL QUORM AND HIS RELIGIOUS NOTIONS. Second Series. By Mark Guy Pearse. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle Street, City Road.

THE admirers of the first series of "Daniel Quorm" will hail with delight the appearance of a second series of these experiences. The popular and talented author has admirably succeeded in maintaining the original interest. For the benefit of those who have not made acquaintance with the first series, we may state that this volume contains some striking accounts of the progress of Divine truth amongst the humbler classes, often clad in the garb of provincial dialect and quaint speech, always full of the fire, zeal, and strongly marked experience of true Methodism.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S CRITICAL AND EXPOSITORY BIBLE AND CYCLOPÆDIA. By Rev. A. R. Fausset, M.A. Illustrated by Six Hundred Woodcuts. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. Price Eighteen Shillings.

THE learned author of this beautiful volume has placed the Christian church under obligations of gratitude to him for a most comprehensive yet compact Biblical Cyclopædia. Many subjects, which most of the Bible dictionaries omit, and which are of deep interest,

are handled ; as for instance, Antichrist, The Millennium ; and doctrinal subjects, such as Inspiration, Justification, Predestination. The treatment of these topics is such as will commend this work to the good opinion of all who value evangelical interpretations of sacred Scripture. We are not at one with him in all the details of his work, as for instance on the article "Baptism" ; but we thankfully recognise the rich erudition, surprising industry, and devout love to God's Word which pervade its contents. The results of the latest explorations in Palestine, and of the translation of the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylon and Assyria have, with other scientific elucidations of the Bible, been included in the admirable

labours of Mr. Fausset, and we can scarcely indicate a more welcome New Year's present for a Christian student or minister than this most useful volume.

LIFE OF THE REV. RICHARD KNILL, OF ST. PETERSBURG. By the Rev. C. M. Birrell. New and Revised Edition. London : Religious Tract Society.

WE should think that few of our readers can be ignorant of this charming memoir. If they are so, we are glad of the opportunity afforded by the appearance of this new edition to commend it to their notice. Mr. Birrell is one of the best of biographers, and Richard Knill was one of the most successful of soul winners.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPEL OPENED.

Sheerness, December 4th.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Davies, Rev. D. (Huddersfield), Newport, Monmouthshire.

Greenhough, Rev. J. G. (Bristol), Victoria-road, Leicester.

Harrison, Rev. A. (Warrington), Golcar, Yorkshire.

Jenkins, Rev. W. (Painscastle), Snailbeach, Salop.

Scorey, Rev. P. G. (Liverpool), Southsea.

Wainwright, Rev. G. (Waterbeach), Stockton-on-Tees.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Bermondsey, Rev. R. R. Finch, December 3rd.

Brompton, Rev. S. A. Swaine, November 22nd.

Grimsby, Rev. J. Manning, November 25th.

Peckham Rye, Rev. W. J. May, December 3rd.

Sarratt, (Herts), Rev. H. Channer, December 9th.

Sheffield, Rev. J. Bailey, B.A., December 9th.

Yarmouth, Rev. T. Hagen, November 28th.

DEATHS.

Bailhache, Rev. Clement, Secretary, Baptist Missionary Society, Dec. 14th, aged 48.

Jones, Rev. J., Briton Ferry, South Wales, November 18th, aged 55.

Snaith, Rev. R., Carlton Rode, Norfolk, November 6th, aged 59.

Wilkins, Rev. J., Brighton, November 22nd, aged 55.

THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

THE OLD AUTHOR ON BAPTISM.*

DEAR SIR,—I am sincerely obliged to you for the loan of the treatise of the Old Author “Of Baptisme,” and herewith return it. I have read it with very great pleasure, and think that it more than merits the highest eulogy you can pronounce upon it. A book containing sounder argument, more solid learning, and a finer Christian spirit, it has rarely been my lot to read.

In my former letter respecting the book, I ventured to say that I thought I could with the aid of a friend find out its authorship; and had it not been for this belief, I should not have troubled you on the matter. There is, so far as I can see, no reference to the work in any of the ordinary histories of Baptism, and it is a reason for regret as well as surprise that a book of such exceptional value should have been allowed to pass so completely out of sight. The friend to whom I refer—Mr. John Eglinton-Bailey, F.S.A., author of “The Life of Thomas Fuller”—is, however, a man of extensive scholarship, and of almost unrivalled diligence and power in antiquarian research. I showed him your book, and with him spent some three or four hours in endeavouring to discover its authorship. I need not detail all the catalogues, indices, histories, biographies, and other works we had to consult. Their name is legion, and for long it seemed as if our toil would be lost. At last, however, in a *Catalogue of our English Writers*, published in the earlier part of

* See BAPTIST MAGAZINE, December, 1878, p. 558.

the seventeenth century we lighted upon the name Henry Laurence, "Of Baptisme," 1649. The date 1649 did not agree with the 1646 of the work in our possession. But in course of time we saw a possible explanation of the difference.

We next referred to Anthony Wood's "Atheniæ Oxoniensis," article "Lawrence," and there found in a note by Bliss the information of which we were in search. The book, according to this note, was written by Henry Lawrence (or Laurence), for some time Lord President of Oliver Cromwell's Council. "There is," says this authority, "a work of his in Emanuel Library, 'Of Baptisme, 1646,' without name, but to which some hand has written below, 'By Henry Laurence, Esq., afterward Lord President of the Council to Oliver ye Protector.' The name of the place (of publication) is not added, but it must have been written on the Continent also."

This Lawrence was born in 1600 or 1601, and was descended from Sir Robert Lawrence, who was knighted by Richard I. for having scaled the walls of Acre. He was educated at Emanuel College, Cambridge, where he was admitted 1622, took his B.A. degree 1623, and his M.A. 1627. He died in 1664. He is said to have been nearly allied to the leading Republicans. "Cromwell the Protector was first cousin to Hampden the patriot, who was first cousin to Waller the poet, who was second cousin to Laurence the President, who was cousin to Sir G. Pickering the Chamberlain, who was brother-in-law to Montague (afterwards Earl of Sandwich) the Admiral." The father-in-law of Lawrence was Sir E. Peyton, author of *The Divine Catastrophe of the Kingly Family of the Stuarts*.

Lawrence was a man of learning, as is proved *inter alia* by Milton's reference to him. "I rejoyce to see in the list of those who have always adhered to our cause Montague and Lawrence, both men of the highest ability and of the best culture and accomplishments."

The following notice from Morgan's *Phoenix Britannicus*, p. 134, has been to a large extent appropriated by Anthony Wood. We must, of course, remember that it was written by a strong Royalist, and must be taken with more than the usual *granum salis*.

"Henry Lawrence, a gentleman of courtly breed, and a good Trencher Man: who, when the Bishops ruffled in their pride and

tyranny, went over to *Holland*, afterwards came back, and became a member of the Long Parliament, fell off at the beheading of the late king and change of Government, for which the Protector (then Lieutenant-General) with great zeal declared *that a neutral spirit was more to be abhorred than a Cavalier spirit; and that such men as he were not fit to be used in such a day as that when God was cutting down Kingship, root and branch*: yet came in play again (upon design) in the Little Parliament, and contributed much to the dissolving of them, as also setting up the Protector and settling the instrument of government and a single person: *affirming that other foundation can no man lay*. For which worthy services, and as a snare or bait to win over, or at least quiet the baptized people (himself being under that ordinance), he was made and continued President of the Protector's Council, where he hath signed many an arbitrary and illegal warrant for the carrying of honest faithful men to prisons and exile without cause, unless their not apostatising with them from just and honest principles. His merits are great and many, being every way thorough paced and a great adorer of kingship: so as he deserveth no doubt and is every way fit to be taken out of Parliament, to have the third place of honour and negative voice in the other House over the People of these Lands."

In addition to the treatise "Of Baptisme," he published—(1) *Of our Communion and Warre with Angells*. This work issued from an Amsterdam press in 1646. (2) *Vindications of the Scriptures and Christian Ordinances*. London, 1649. (3) *A Plea for the Use of Gospel Ordinances*. London, 1652.

The treatise "Of Baptisme" seems to be an Amsterdam production, and, as it bears the date 1646, it was probably issued at the same time as the *Warre with Angells*. It is at least possible that an English edition was issued in 1649, as is stated in the Index to which I have referred.

All these works are now very scarce. The *Warre with Angells* may occasionally be seen advertised in catalogues of old and valuable books, and sells at about four guineas. It is full of good solid thought and profound Christian wisdom. The dedication to "My most deare and most honour'd mother, the Lady Lawrence," is

singularly touching, and throws no small light on the writer's character. The other works I have never seen mentioned, and I have heard of no copy of the "Of Baptisme" except yours, and the one which is said to be in Emanuel College, Cambridge.

Materials for a life of Lawrence are somewhat scanty, but those who wish for further information may find it by consulting, in addition to the authorities I have quoted, *Gentleman's Magazine*, July, 1815; Brydges's *Milton*, vi., 140, 351; Masson's *Milton*, Note to Sonnet xx., also his *Life of Milton*, vol. iv., p. 602; and various numbers of *Notes and Queries*.

I fully share the regret expressed towards the close of your recent article, that we cannot procure this valuable treatise on baptism by ordering it at our bookseller's. It ought by all means to be reprinted, both on account of its intrinsic merits, and as the work of so distinguished and influential a man. Many of the charges made against Lawrence come from quarters where he and his principles were viewed with great dislike, and have, I suspect, been practically refuted by Carlyle's magnificent vindication of a greater than he. He was—if we may judge from all that is *known* of him—a man of upright and honourable character, courageous and independent; and his noble advocacy of our Protestant, our Nonconformist, and our Baptist principles should not remain unrecognised. Cannot his book be republished? Surely a sufficient number of subscribers could easily be obtained? If the work were edited by a competent scholar, and had prefixed to it a short memoir of Lawrence, its appearance would be welcomed by many outside the limits of our own denomination. My friend, Mr. Bailey, is not a Baptist, but he would, I think, furnish an introductory notice of Lawrence's life and writings; and a better man for the task we could not find. A few notes on the doctrinal part of the work would be necessary, which you yourself would be the proper person to supply.—I am, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

Stretford.

JAMES STUART.

Many thanks to Mr. Stuart and his learned friend. Mr. Stuart's suggestion of republishing this valuable volume shall have our best consideration. The British Museum authorities kindly inform us that they have it in duplicate, with the author's name inserted. Meanwhile, can any of our readers give us further information either of the book or its author?—EDITOR.

A SOCIAL ASPECT OF NONCONFORMITY.

IT will hardly be denied that Nonconformists pay a social penalty for their fidelity to their principles. They themselves are perfectly aware of the fact, and Churchmen tacitly acknowledge it when they accuse Dissenters of seeking disestablishment from personal motives. So far as Protestantism is concerned, the Episcopal is undeniably the fashionable Church of the land. Those who are not reckoned among its members are exposed to a suspicion of inferiority, and in some cases to actual disadvantage in the competition of daily life. Many Nonconformists laugh contemptuously at the petty indignities and trifling disadvantages to which they are exposed, and feel only contempt for those who are attracted by the social prestige of the Church. Nevertheless, the social inferiority to which Nonconformists are exposed produces some serious evils, and imposes a distinct duty on parents and teachers.

To a man of strong character, warmly attached to his principles, the trifling annoyance he endures in maintaining them is a matter of indifference. If, however, such a man ignores the power which fashion exercises over the many, he is singularly unobservant. Canon Kingsley speaks of white fools—of men, that is, who would gladly do right, but dare not, unless it is the fashion. These white fools form a large part of all communities. Men and women of this class are constantly attracted to the Established Church, not by any regard for its tenets, or its order of worship, but from a general indifference to religion and a high regard for social position. Of course, if a man is convinced that either the Roman or Episcopal is the true Church, he must join it; only by so doing can he be true to himself. We are concerned with those who turn to the Established Church, because, being indifferent, in some cases, to all religious considerations, in others to ecclesiastical questions, they wish to adopt the fashionable faith.

When a young man of middle-class Dissenting family reaches manhood without any deep religious feeling, he is often tempted to connect himself with the Established Church. The question he asks himself is whether he shall sacrifice his interests as a member of society to his affection for parents and friends, or his affection to his interests. This is no fiction, no mere supposition. There are many who avowedly attend Nonconformist places of worship only for the gratification of those about them. They declare that to them all theological and ecclesiastical differences are matters of little moment, if not of contempt. They do not profess any great admiration for the Episcopal Church; indeed, its superiority in their esteem lies in the fact that it forms a step on the social ladder. Thus, in many

When the religious interests of a family are divided. When such divisions are the result of conviction, they must be endured, however painful. When, on the other hand, they result from the social prestige of a Church, it is no unworthy personal feeling which leads a parent to resent that prestige. A man need be no bigot to regret that his children have cast aside the religious associations of their youth, and forsaken the order of worship with which they have been familiar from their earliest years. Even the most catholic of men must regret such a step when it is dictated by motives of policy.

Undoubtedly, a man may worship as truly in Westminster Abbey as in any chapel; but the man who leaves the latter to attend the former simply because it is respectable has undergone a moral degradation. No one will deny that a clergyman may inspire as true and deep religious feeling as a Nonconformist minister. Yet, if a clergyman despairs of any man, it must be of one who, having listened to spiritual truths from his earliest years, is so indifferent to them that his choice of a Church is determined by social considerations. The relative merit of the communities has nothing to do with the question. If a man has no regard for religion, there is no moral distinction between his serving political ambition by embracing Romanism abroad, or seeking social promotion by adopting Episcopacy at home. In either case he converts the house dedicated to the worship of God into a mere stepping-stone for his own advancement.

Others are drawn to Episcopacy, not at the commencement, but towards the close of their career. They forsake Nonconformity, when they have secured the fortune, to the accumulation of which life has been devoted. They have risen, and the fact is painfully obvious. They fancy they can escape one token of their origin by forsaking the church of their fathers. So the Established Church receives a constant influx of the most worldly Nonconformists. It may be said that we need not complain of this, inasmuch as it tends to preserve the purity of our communities. To this view of the matter there are several objections. We are bound to some of those who leave us by sacred ties. A son and daughter, or a brother and sister, may hinder rather than promote the prosperity of a Church; yet, whilst they remain in it, there is a possibility that their feeling may undergo a change. Their indifference may yield to influences brought to bear in another community, but this is less likely, as, in joining it, they have separated themselves from the incalculable influences of family and early associations. Apart from this, to preserve the spirituality of one Christian community to the detriment of another is no great matter for rejoicing. Episcopalians tell us that those Nonconformists who join them are to be found, for the most part, in ritualistic churches. This is natural. The man who enters a Church because it is respectable will soon connect himself with that section of it which is fashionable.

while, we have overlooked those who remain in Noncon-

formist communities without being in sympathy with them. To them all matters of religion are of secondary importance, but family feeling keeps them in their place. Whatever social penalties they suffer are endured for a faith with which they have no sympathy. They know that their Episcopalian friends cherish in relation to them as Nonconformists a feeling which it is difficult to define accurately, but in which they detect a trace of something like contempt. They know, too, that they are suspected of bigotry. So, not unfrequently, Nonconformist bodies are hampered by the presence of those who will neither forsake their friends nor submit cheerfully to the suspicion of social inferiority which allegiance brings.

If these assertions are well founded—if, that is to say, the prestige of the State Church brings discord into many families, draws men from their old religious associations, and unites them in an association to which they are a source of weakness—that prestige, so far as it is artificial, should be destroyed. It will be generally admitted that the pre-eminence of the Church is due to its establishment. The numerical preponderance of the Church is maintained by the bonds which hold together such men as Archdeacon Denison, Dean Stanley, and Canon Ryle. In a second respect its prestige is yet more directly due to its union with the State. We are told that many concessions have been made to us. True, our forefathers were persecuted—we are simply snubbed; but the fact that the Church ill-used its power grossly in the past does not reconcile us to the petty injustice of to-day.

So long as the State Church exists, it will attract from other communities those to whom religion is of no moment, and whose visits to a place of worship are paid in deference to the demands of society. It has already been pointed out that to a thorough Nonconformist any annoyance to which he is exposed seems very trivial. Indeed, so trivial is it in some cases that those most influenced by it would ridicule it were it described. In other cases, and especially in rural districts, it is a more serious matter to incur the displeasure of the clergyman and those about him. To a poor man it may mean dismissal from his work; to a well-to-do man, social ostracism. That some submit under such circumstances is not wonderful. But how is it that many are drawn from the ranks of Nonconformity in our large towns? It must be remembered that we are no longer speaking of those who are avowedly indifferent to religion. The penalty for fidelity to principle is small—so small that some Nonconformists forget its existence. Yet, so long as any penalty is incurred, those who pay it must understand the distinctive principle in question. A halfpenny toll is a trifling matter; but the man who pays it day after day, when by so doing he gains nothing, is a simpleton. So the penalty which seems very unimportant to the man who really grasps his principles, is a very different matter in the esteem of one wholly untutored in those principles. A preacher has

no right to ask his hearers, a parent no right to ask his children, to remain in the ranks of Nonconformity without acquainting them thoroughly with the distinctive principles it maintains. When this duty is neglected, the hearers and children in question either betake themselves to the Church, or remain half-hearted Nonconformists.

The duty is, nevertheless, very frequently neglected. Many parents are hardly competent to instruct their children in the principles of Nonconformity. They themselves are the sons and daughters of Dissenters, and remain in the Church of their fathers because in it they find the spiritual instruction and religious fellowship they need. From a religious point of view, there may be no more reason why a Baptist should study the claims of Episcopacy than those of Methodism, Presbyterianism, or Romanism. Yet, as the Church of the majority, the Establishment has a certain claim on the consideration of a man who is not bound by conscientious conviction to any other community. Unity is a duty where no principle is at stake; Nonconformity a duty when principle is involved. Therefore every Dissenter should know why, in matters of religion, he has separated himself from the strongest of our Protestant Churches. If he once grasp the principles of Nonconformity, he will feel that any sacrifice he is called upon to make for them is insignificant. On the other hand, though he, as an individual, may be prepared to take his stand as a Nonconformist without any special inquiry as to the why, as a parent he has no right to call upon his children to follow his example. The fact that he chooses to make some slight sacrifices for a system the distinctive merits of which he does not appreciate, by no means makes it incumbent on his children to do the same.

Happily, there are very many thorough-going Nonconformists who appreciate their position, and take care that their children shall not attribute their absence from the parish church to caprice. As a rule, the children of such men are in turn intelligent Dissenters. If they are not, the fact is generally due to ill-advised zeal which sometimes outruns charity and discretion alike. When a man supports his Nonconformity by detailing petty abuses in the Established Church, he is likely to inspire those about him with a contempt for religion rather than with reverence for his own community. This, however, is not the general failing in the present day. Exaggerated liberality is more common than intense narrowness. "It is the fashion to abuse religious journals, to deprecate all care about the 'isms,' to insist on having a platform open for the discussion of the most sacred verities of our religion, and to treat everything that savours of strong attachment to ecclesiastical principles and organisations as a little out of date," says the Rev. J. G. Rogers, in an editorial address. Just as some men, in their anxiety to show their superiority to those barbarous prejudices which our continental neighbours attribute to us, depreciate everything English, certain Nonconformists underrate

everything associated with their own Church. Large communities seldom grasp one phase of truth firmly without losing, or at least relaxing, their hold on its counterpart. It is not wonderful, therefore, that in the prevailing admiration for liberality, fidelity to the principle should be somewhat slighted. The two feelings are, however, compatible, or rather inseparable, for there is no liberality in speaking well of all creeds, so long as all are indifferent.

Many Nonconformists carry their complaisance to a dangerous extent. Repeated accusations of bigotry have stung them into somewhat feverish expressions of liberality. As a matter of fact, have they any reason to fear the taunt? Is it not notorious that at our popular watering-places Nonconformists form a large proportion of the clergyman's congregation? At home, is it not a far commoner thing to find Nonconformists worshipping amongst Churchmen than the converse? If we proceed a step farther, and examine our popular literature, do we not find that the coarse caricatures which disfigure it are not portraiture of clergymen, but of Dissenting ministers drawn by Churchmen? A novel written by a Nonconformist, in which clergymen were exposed to vulgar ridicule, would be very severely handled, and its circulation exceedingly limited. On the other hand, from Ben Jonson's "Tribulation Wholesome" to the "Chadband" of Charles Dickens, the Dissenting minister of fiction has been, for the most part, a canting and illiterate vagabond. Why do Nonconformists permit this? How is it that, though they form a half of the reading public, the obscurest scribbler feels safe as he caricatures their teachers or parodies their creed. We honour the feeling which leads Churchmen to resent any burlesque of their tenets; whilst we feel only contempt for the feeling which induces some of them to caricature Nonconformity. Humility is an admirable quality when the individual is concerned; it is a more than doubtful one when principle is at stake. The man who allows his creed to be misrepresented, and his fellow-worshippers to be ridiculed, is not necessarily meek when he himself is attacked. Let clergymen receive the honour which is their due. We are grateful to such men as Liddon, Stanley, and Farrar for works which are serviceable to men of all communities. In our own circles we are grateful to those who, though less famous, have done good work faithfully. All this, however, is compatible with the feeling of the most decided Nonconformist. When clergymen and Dissenting ministers meet, such a man will render to each the respect due to age, attainments, and character, whilst refusing to recognise the claim of the former to any special consideration.

Parents—and in some cases preachers—who never dream of educating those under their care in the principles of Nonconformity, are bitterly disappointed when forsaken by children and hearers. Stranger still, men who boast their liberality, and who display it, by vaunting the beauties of the Church service and giving the place of

honour to its teachers, whilst they denounce the illiberality of political Dissenters and deplore the dogmatism of their own ministers, are surprised when their children forsake the community in which they have been brought up. To indicate the essential unity which underlies our differences is a duty; to ignore the difference, or to underrate its importance, a mistake—and a dangerous one. To recognise the measure of truth in the teaching of each Church, to accept words of wisdom even when they fall from the lips of those very widely separated from us, is a duty. Yet, to attach a special value to truths thus discovered, to lessons thus learned, is absurd. If a man constantly talks to his children of the good in every creed, and makes no mention of his distinctive principles, they will not greatly admire his position as a Dissenter. They will see at once that his stand is illogical, and that to alienate himself in religious matters from the majority of his neighbours without a motive is absurd. Of every ten persons not wholly indifferent to spiritual matters whom Nonconformists lose, probably nine go because they have not been educated in the distinctive tenets of their communities.

The matter resolves itself to this—if the principles we maintain as Nonconformists are of any value, inculcate them; if they are not, conform. By the inculcation of our principles we do not mean petty attacks on the Church. We are not Nonconformists because certain clergymen are arrogant and indolent; were this the case we might be Churchmen because other clergymen are unpretending scholars and indefatigable workers. Our Nonconformity is based on our belief that the union of Church and State necessarily produces certain evils, and our inability to accept the teaching of the Church on certain points.

J. MILNER MACMASTER.

SCENES FROM CHURCH HISTORY.

I.

MONICA AND AUGUSTINE.—PART II.

AUGUSTINE'S removal from Rome to Milan was an event of the greatest moment, and led to consequences of which at the time he little dreamed, but for which one faithful soul continually prayed. Although he had been previously disentangled from the errors of Manichæism, he had no distinct apprehension of Christian truth, and was apparently no nearer its acceptance. He was, in fact, a thorough sceptic. His eager and inquisitive spirit had been baffled

on every side. He was surrounded by a darkness which he believed to be impenetrable, and was certain only of his uncertainty. In relation to truth, his mind was in a condition of blank despair.

Had he remained in Rome, his darkness would, in all probability, have grown deeper, and his subjection to a tyrannous self-will would have become more complete. It was well for him that at a juncture of his experience in every way so critical, on which the ultimate issues of his life might be said to depend, he had the opportunity of another beginning. He was thrown into new circumstances and associations, brought under happier and more helpful influences, and led unwittingly in the right way. He was nearer to Christ than he knew.

Milan was at this time the scene of the episcopal labours of Ambrose—a name which has gathered around itself feelings of mysterious veneration, and which needed no canonisation to ensure for it the enthusiastic reverence of all who can appreciate the worth of great talents consecrated to noble ends. The eloquence of Ambrose in the pulpit was equalled by the charm of his unselfish and benevolent life. He united in his character the gentleness of the lamb with the courage of the lion; was tender and sympathetic towards the poor, the weak, and the suffering; but resisted with unflinching fortitude the designs of evil men, defied the threats of emperors, and would at any moment have welcomed death rather than sully his conscience or be disloyal to his Lord. Augustine had already heard of the fame of Ambrose, and speaks of him as “known to the whole world as among the best of men.” His reputation for eloquence awakened the curiosity of the young rhetorician, and induced him to go and listen to his discourses.

To him I was unknowingly led by Thee, that by him I might knowingly be led to Thee. That man of God received me like a father, and looked with a benevolent and episcopal kindness on my change of abode. And I began to love him, not at first indeed as a teacher of truth, which I entirely despaired of in Thy Church, but as a man friendly to myself. And I studiously hearkened to him preaching to the people, not with the motive I should, but, as it were, trying to discover whether his eloquence came up to the fame thereof, or flowed fuller or lower than was asserted. And I hung on his words intently, but of the matter I was but as a careless and contemptuous spectator; and I was delighted with the pleasantness of his speech, more erudite yet less cheerful and soothing in manner than that of Faustus. Of the matter, however, there could be no comparison, for the latter was straying amid Manichæan deceptions, while the former was teaching salvation most soundly. But “salvation is far from the wicked,” such as I then stood before him; and yet I was drawing nearer gradually and unconsciously.

The preaching of Ambrose was not without its influence. Admiration for the man created a sympathy with his doctrine, and once more there arose in Augustine’s nature a struggle between light and darkness, the issue of which could only be, as he well knew, life or death.

It was at this crisis that Monica joined Augustine at Milan, encouraged him by her confidence and enforced by her frequent

prayers and tears, and above all by her saintly example, the teaching of the eloquent and learned bishop. She also held Ambrose in profound veneration, and at his instance ceased to offer bread and wine in memory of the martyrs—a custom which had become prevalent and was fruitful of abuses. Ambrose, on the other hand, recognised Monica's "most religious conversation," her intense fervour of spirit, her abundant good works, and often congratulated Augustine that he had such a mother, "little knowing," he adds, "what a son she had in me."

It would, doubtless, have contributed to Augustine's peace if Ambrose had known him better. It would have been a simple thing to tell him of his embarrassments, and to seek his wise and faithful counsel. Augustine, indeed, wished to do this; but was prevented by a fear lest he should encroach on the bishop's too scanty leisure, and increase the burdens of one who was already overstrained. It was impossible to request of him what he wished, because of the crowds of busy people "to whose infirmities he devoted himself." So fully occupied was his time, that he was never to be seen disengaged except during the brief intervals in which "he was either refreshing his body by eating or his mind by reading"; but the sermons, which Augustine assiduously attended, were of inestimable service to him, and by their lucid exposition and emphatic commendation of the truth tended, in no small measure, to clear away his doubts.

Augustine, as a Manichæan, had acquired a contempt for that faith which alone could restore health to his soul, and had been led away by an audacious promise of knowledge. The mental process by which he was convinced of his folly in this respect may be inferred from the paragraph which follows, to which many among ourselves would do well to take heed:—

After that, O Lord! Thou, by little and little, with most gentle and most merciful hand, drawing and calming my heart, didst persuade me—taking into consideration what a multiplicity of things I had never seen, nor was present when they were enacted, like so many of the things in secular history, and so many accounts of places and cities which I had not seen; so many of friends, so many of physicians, so many now of these men, now of those, which, unless we should believe, we should do nothing at all in this life; lastly, with how unalterable an assurance I believed of what parents I was born, which it would have been impossible for me to know otherwise than by hearsay—taking into consideration all this, Thou persuadest me that not they who believed Thy books (which with so great an authority Thou hast established among nearly all nations), but those who believed them not, were to be blamed.

But this process—however natural and simple it may appear—was not a rapid one. The intellectual and spiritual struggles of Augustine had assumed a new and more hopeful form, but their severity was as great as ever. His experience was an incessant oscillation to and fro. He was subjected to alternations of light and darkness—of hope and despair. Utterly dissatisfied with himself, he was yet unable to find rest in Christ. The deep pathetic yearnings of his heart could not be

stilled. We need not here minutely describe the questions by which he was agitated—questions concerning the nature of God and the origin of evil, complicated by the remembrance of his former pantheism and his pernicious belief that sin is not the act of the human will, but of some dark and undefinable subsistence which dwells within us. He gradually obtained clearer views of God and of His relationship to the world, as well as of Christ the Redeemer.

His moral difficulties were as stubborn as his intellectual, and it seemed for a time as if the old sinful nature could not be subdued. He longed for honours, gains, and wedlock, and much as in his better moments he despised himself for it, he was still the slave of carnal pleasure. And now, also, his mother counselled him from mistaken motives to adopt a course of conduct to which he was strongly averse, and against which the higher feelings of his nature as well as the lower (though on other grounds) must have rebelled. He had been accompanied both to Rome and to Milan by his concubine and their natural son Adeodatus, and cherished for them both an unconquerable affection. Their relation was a guilty one, and, as Augustine's conscience was quickened by contact with Christian influences, he felt that it could not continue on its old footing. Monica urged him to marry, which was right; but instead of urging him to marry the companion who for so many years had proved faithful to him, she, along with other friends, sought out a maiden who was too young to marry, and insisted on a separation from the only woman who, in view of the past, ought to have become Augustine's wife. That Ambrose demanded the severance of this connection before he would consent to meet Augustine as an inquirer, there is not a particle of evidence to prove, and the efforts of Roman Catholic and Anglican writers to defend the step are utterly futile. Augustine's words (*Conf.* iii. 13) plainly imply that Monica did not see clearly and decisively what course she ought to recommend, and the probability is that she yielded to the claims of propriety rather than to those of absolute right. She wished her son to contract a respectable marriage, a marriage which would be approved by society, and so lost sight of the higher demands of the Divine law. She, and those who aided her counsel were—perhaps unknowingly—guilty of a cruel injustice. The formation of the unlawful union thirteen years before was on every ground to be deplored, but as Augustine had sinned with another, and caused her to sin with him, he was bound to do all in his power to reclaim her from sin—to place her outside the power of temptation, and to infuse into the rest of her life whatever brightness and happiness he could. He could not surely make amends either to God or to the companion of his guilt by casting her off and sending her forth defenceless into the world. And by what moral right could he sever her from her son, whom she also loved with a true and deep affection? Some ecclesiastical writers have depreciated the character of the mother of Adeodatus as vain, frivolous, and wanton. How far even that would have released

Augustine from his obligation to make her his lawful wife may be a question for some minds, but it is not for us. There is, however, no ground for the opinion. On the contrary, there is reason to affirm that at the time of the separation she shared the aspirations of Augustine's better nature, and would by her own spiritual growth have proved a true helpmeet to him. He has narrated in his *Confessions* how bitter a trial it was for him to part from this woman. "My heart which clave unto her was racked and wounded and bleeding." Not only so, before she returned to Africa she made a vow unto God that no other should ever take the place of Augustine. And what was the effect of the severance on him for whose good it was designed? The reverse of what had been anticipated. He sought to soothe his sorrow by contracting another union equally illegal, and so added sin to sin. He did in time obtain a complete self-mastery, and after his conversion welcomed a life of celibacy. But this episode can never appear even to his fervent admirers otherwise than painful. Our veneration for the name of Monica is so great that we have had some difficulty in overcoming our reluctance to refer to her mistaken counsel. But we are bound to give a faithful representation of her character, and to mention the gravest defect in her almost unsullied excellence. There have, moreover, been so many weak and maudlin sentiments uttered on this and kindred subjects by the advocates of celibacy, and so much evil has sprung therefrom, the happiness of so many lives has been sacrificed at the shrine of respectability, and one class of rights has been so heartlessly ignored in professed zeal for another, that we cannot join the eulogists of a deed which contravenes the highest principles of manliness and fidelity, to say nothing of the spirit of Christ, nor can we by silence give an implied sanction to what we so completely disapprove.

Among Augustine's friends were Alypius and Nebridius, who had followed him to Milan, that they might live with him "in a most ardent search after truth and wisdom." The companionship of these three men, "who sighed out their wants one to another and waited upon God," was extremely beautiful, and forms one of the most delightful chapters in the history of Augustine's spiritual developments. His conferences with Alypius are especially memorable. After one of these conferences, in which Augustine's soul was stirred to its inmost depths, and his misery stood heaped up before him, he burst into a flood of tears, and thereupon stole away from Alypius that he might be absolutely alone with God. He felt himself enthralled by his iniquities, and sent up these sorrowful cries:—"How long, O Lord, how long? To-morrow and to-morrow? Why not now? Why is there not now, this hour, an end to my uncleanness?" The sequel we must give at length in his own words. It describes the real turning-point of his life:—

I was saying these things and weeping in the most bitter contrition of my

heart, when lo ! I heard the voice as of a boy or girl, I know not which, coming from a neighbouring house, chanting and oft repeating "Take up and read ; take up and read." Immediately my countenance was changed, and I began most earnestly to consider whether it was usual for children in any kind of game to sing such words ; nor could I remember ever to have heard the like. So restraining the torrent of my tears, I rose up, interpreting it no other way than as a command to me from Heaven to open the book and to read the first chapter I should light upon (then follows a reference to Anthony, who was converted by such an oracle). So I quickly returned to the place where Alypius was sitting ; for there had I put down the volume of the Apostles when I rose thence. I grasped, opened, and in silence read that paragraph on which my eyes first fell :—"Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying ; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lust thereof." No further would I read, nor did I need ; for instantly, as the sentence ended—by a light as it were of security infused into my heart—all the gleam of doubt vanished away.

Closing the book then, and putting either my finger between, or some other mark, I now with a tranquil countenance made it known to Alypius. And he thus disclosed to me what was wrought in him which I knew not. He asked to look at what I had read. I showed him ; and he looked even further than I had read, and I knew not what followed. This it was, verily, "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye," which he applied to himself and discovered to me. By this admonition was he strengthened ; and by a good resolution and purpose very much in accord with his character (wherein, for the better, he was always far different from me) without any restless delay he joined me.

Here, then, we have the supreme crisis in Augustine's life. The long conflict, in which victory had inclined now to the one side and anon to the other, was past. The wrestler with grim darkness had emerged into the light. The slave of evil habit had cast off his fetters, and his cries for emancipation were no longer baffled. The storms of passion had, at the bidding of Christ, subsided, and there was a great calm. The prayers of the faithful Monica were at length answered ; her hopes were more than fulfilled. Not even in the ecstasy of his delight and the tumult of his gratitude could Augustine forget her who more than any other human instrument had led him unto God.

Thence (he adds) we go in to my mother. We make it known to her—she rejoiceth. We relate how it came to pass—she leapeth for joy, and triumpheth and blesseth Thee, who art "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think" ; for she perceived Thee to have given her more for me than she used to ask by her pitiful and most doleful groanings. For Thou didst so convert me unto Thyself that I sought neither a wife nor any other of this world's hopes—standing in that rule of faith in which Thou so many years before had showed me unto her in a vision. And Thou didst turn her grief into a gladness much more plentiful than she had desired.

The greatness of the change, which Augustine so vividly describes, showed itself in many ways. It was now an easy task to him to put away the things in which he had delighted. God Himself was his exceeding joy, his true and highest sweetness. He resolved among other things to abandon his position, and the lucrative prospects which grew out of his position as a teacher of rhetoric. To this step he was prompted partly by enfeebled health, but

still more by a lofty spiritual enthusiasm and a desire to devote himself utterly to the service of Christ. But he did not at once enter upon a course of active work. He needed time for meditation and prayer, and gladly availed himself of the courtesy of his friend Verecundus, who invited him to his country house at Cassiacum, near Milan. Along with Alypius, Adeodatus, Navigius—his brother—and several others, he retired to this peaceful residence, and there, he says, “from the fever of the world, we found rest in Thee, with the perpetual freshness of Thy paradise.” In this retirement, he and his friends were preparing themselves for baptism, and on Easter Eve, 387, this ordinance of Christ was administered to Augustine, Adeodatus, and Alypius by the venerable Ambrose. “They were thrice plunged in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.” An old tradition says, that as Augustine came up out of the water, Ambrose and he sang by the power of a common inspiration given to them at the time alternate verses of the *Te Deum*—the grand hymn which, in accordance with this tradition, is often ascribed to Ambrose, and called in the old offices of the English Church “The Song of Ambrose and Augustine.” We wish it were possible to accept the tradition. It is in itself so beautiful, and harmonises so well with the circumstances of that eventful day, that we are sorry to call it in question. But the *Te Deum* is unquestionably the production of a much later age, and its origin is still unknown.

Augustine’s feelings were, however, on the day of his baptism, such as might fittingly have been expressed by that sublimest of human compositions. We cannot endorse all that he has written about “the life-giving sacraments,” but there can be no doubt that his loving obedience to Christ in regard to this great command, and the bold stand he took for Him, ensured a special manifestation of the Saviour’s presence. The joy of the Lord was his strength. Many in our own day can sympathise with his fervent delight.

We were baptized; and solicitude about our past life left us. Nor was I satiated in those days with the wondrous sweetness of considering the depth of Thy counsels concerning the human race. How greatly did I weep in Thy hymns and canticles, deeply moved by the voices of Thy sweet-speaking Church. The voices flowed into mine ears, and the truth was poured forth into my heart, whence the agitation of my piety overflowed and my tears ran over, and blessed was I therein.

There had been baptized shortly before this time a young man of the name of Evodius, also a native of Thagaste, who not only became acquainted but formed a close intimacy with Augustine. He had been an agent for public affairs, but relinquished his secular employment in order to devote himself to the service of God. Evodius and Augustine being of one mind, they determined to return to Africa, and there carry out their purpose. They left Milan, in company with Monica, Adeodatus, and Alypius, in the August of A.D. 387, and reached the Tiberine Ostia, where they were to rest for a few days before embarking for Africa. Their stay there is in some

respects the most memorable of all the incidents in the life of this illustrious father. The account he has left of it, though touching in its simplicity, rises to a height of eloquence which has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. Never did that kingly intellect soar to loftier regions of contemplation, or gaze with a keener eye on the splendours of the uncreated light. His words are the utterances of a rapt seer, and roll out with the stately grandeur of choral music. Then, as the lofty meditations are followed by the bitterest of sorrows, as the angel of death hovers about the house and carries off the dearest treasure, the heart of the strong-minded man wails out its grief; but the grief is chastened by a calm and sweet resignation, and the feeling of an eternal triumph in Christ.

The incident forms a fine study for the artist, and has more than once been graphically represented. It affords ample scope for the genius of the poet, and holds the cultured imagination under a spell. What more beautiful or impressive picture could we have than the garden of the house at Ostia arrayed in colours of rich and varied loveliness, Monica and Augustine leaning on the high window-sill, the tall and stately pines in the background, the heavens above them bright and cloudless, and in front of them a sea glittering like burnished gold, their eyes turning away from all these things and eagerly looking to their true home in the infinite beyond, as if already they saw the King in His beauty and the land that is far off?

There is but one pen which can set the scene before us:—

As the day now approached on which she was to depart this life—which day Thou knewest, we did not—it fell out, Thou as I believe by Thy secret ways arranging it, that she and I stood alone. . . . We were then conversing alone very pleasantly; and “forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which were before,” we were seeking between ourselves in the presence of the truth, which Thou art, of what nature the eternal life of the saints would be, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man. . . .

. . . . And when our conversation had arrived at that point that the very highest pleasure of the carnal senses, and that in the very brightest material light, seemed by the very sweetness of that life not only not worthy of comparison, but not even of mention, we, with a more ardent affection, lifting ourselves towards “the Self-same,” did gradually pass through all corporeal things, and even the heaven itself, whence sun and moon and stars shine upon the earth; yea, we soared higher yet by inward musing, and discoursing and admiring Thy works; and we came to our own minds and went beyond them, that we might advance as high as that region of unfailing plenty where Thou feedest Israel for ever with the food of truth, and where life is that Wisdom by whom all things were made. . . .

We were saying then, “If to any man the tumult of the flesh were silenced—silenced the phantasies of earth, waters, and air—silenced too the poles of heaven—yea, the very soul be silenced to herself and go beyond herself by not thinking of herself—silenced all dreams and imaginary revelations, every tongue, and every sign, and whatsoever exists only in transition, since if any could hearken, all these say, ‘We made not ourselves but were created by Him who abideth for ever;’ if having uttered this they now should be silenced, having only roused our ears to Him who made them, and He alone speak—not by them but by Himself, that we may hear His word, not by fleshly tongue, nor angelic voice, nor sound of thunder, nor in the dark riddle of a similitude, but might hear Him—Him whom in these

things we love—might hear Him without these, as we two now strained ourselves, and with rapid thought touched on that Eternal Wisdom which remaineth over all; if this could be sustained and other visions of a far different kind be withdrawn, and this one ravish and absorb and wrap up its beholder amid these inward joys, so that his life might be like that one moment of knowledge which we now sighed after—were not this ‘Enter into the joy of thy Lord’? And when shall that be?”

Such things was I saying; and if not after this manner and in these very words, yet, Lord, Thou knowest that in that day when we were talking thus, this world with all its delights grew contemptible to us, even while we spake. Then said my mother, “Son, I have no longer any pleasure in aught in this life. What I do here any longer and why I am here I know not, now that my hopes in this world are accomplished. One thing indeed there was for which I desired to tarry a little in this life—that I might see thee a Catholic Christian before I died. My God hath exceeded this abundantly, so that I see thee despising all earthly happiness—made His servant. What do I here?”

The end was not far off. About five days after this heavenly converse, Monica was stricken with a fever. As Augustine and Navigius were near her, she one day fell into a swoon, became unconscious of visible things, and when she regained her senses, asked, “Where am I?” She saw that her two sons were stupefied with grief, and said to them, “Here shall you bury your mother.” Navigius, unable to accept this suggestion, gave utterance to his wish that she might be permitted to die in her own country, not abroad. “She, when she heard this, with anxious countenance arrested him with her eye, as savouring of such things, and then, gazing at me, said, ‘Behold what he saith.’ Shortly after to us both she saith, ‘Lay this body anywhere: let not care for it trouble you at all. This only I ask, that you will remember me at the Lord’s table wherever you be.’” Augustine knew that it had formerly been her desire to lie in the same grave as her husband; but believes that, through her increasing sense of nearness to God, she had come to see the uselessness of it. He afterwards learned that one day, at Ostia, in his absence, when some of his friends asked her if she did not dread leaving her body at such a distance from her own city, she replied, “Nothing is far to God, nor need I fear lest He should be ignorant, at the end of the world, of the place whence He is to raise me up.”

And now the end had come. Here is Augustine’s record of it:—“On the ninth day of her sickness, the fifty-sixth year of her age, and the thirty-third of mine, was that religious and devout soul set free from the body.”

The sorrow of Augustine was great, but not uncontrollable. Not without pain could “that most sweet and dear habit of living together be suddenly broken off.” But he could heartily join in the psalm of praise, “I will sing of mercy and of judgment; unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing.” No one can read unmoved of the joy he had in Monica’s testimony, when in her last illness she called him “kind,” and said, with great affection of love, that she had never heard him use any harsh or reproachful word against her. He felt that any honour he had paid to her could not be compared with her “slavery” for him.

There was imprinted on his mind the image of a beautiful and saintly life which no lapse of time could efface, an image that was ever after present with him as a star in the midst of earthly darkness, a solace in his sorrows, an incentive in his life-long toils and struggles, and a power urging him to be faithful even unto death. The memory of such a mother was an inheritance of priceless worth, and happy beyond all reckoning was the man who had it.

We cannot accept, even on the great authority of Augustine, the practice of prayers for the dead, or share his anxiety that Monica should be remembered in the intercessions of the Church. But we can appreciate the tender affection which prompted him to write—

Little by little did I bring back my former thoughts of Thy handmaid, her devout conversation towards Thee, her holy tenderness and attentiveness towards us, which was suddenly taken away from me; and it was pleasant to me to weep in Thy sight, for her and for me, concerning her and concerning myself. And I set free the tears which before I repressed that they might flow at their will, spreading them beneath my heart. And it rested in them, for Thy ears were nigh me—not those of man, who would have put a scornful interpretation on my weeping. But now in writing, I bring it unto Thee, O Lord! Read it who will, and interpret it how he will; and if he finds me to have sinned in weeping for my mother during so small a part of an hour—that mother who was for a while dead to mine eyes, who had for many years wept for me, that I might live in Thine eyes—let him not laugh at me, but rather, if he be a man of a noble charity, let him weep for my sins against Thee, the Father of all the brethren of Thy Christ.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARIES OF REV. WILLIAM WARD, OF SERAMPORE.

I.

“JOURNAL BEGUN ON BOARD THE ‘CRITERION,’ CAPT. WICKES, MAY 25TH,
1799.—W. WARD.”

MAY 26TH, 1799.—Blessed be God that I have seen this hour! and that I am now on board a vessel which will, I trust, carry me to India to print the New Testament. “Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should [print] amongst the millions in India the unsearchable riches of Christ.”

* There are several English translations of Augustine's *Confessions*—e.g., in the Oxford Edition of the Fathers, in Messrs. Clark's series of his writings, and a small (abbreviated) edition by Messrs. Parker. Our quotations are from Messrs. Clark's edition, which is certainly the best and most generally useful. We have, however, made one or two slight alterations. There is also a cheap Latin edition in the Tauchnitz series.

Some time since [a month] Bro. Fuller came to London to seek for a vessel going to India. All the Danish ships were gone; Mr. Etheridge at the Bank had heard of an American vessel, the *Criterion*, Capt. Wickes. It was found convenient as to time, and we engaged it. After which the Capt. wrote to Mr. Fuller, expressing his joy at being privileged to carry missionaries to India. Providence shone on our path. We obtained a letter from the Danish consul to the Governor of Serampore, introducing us into India, and thus one great difficulty was removed. Letters arrived from India informing us that Mr. Carey had bought a printing press, and thus another great difficulty was removed, as the carrying over a press might have exposed us to still greater danger. We found a godly Capt., and thus our passage to India was smoothed. O Lord! what a multitude are Thy tender mercies!

On Friday we entered our ship. Near twenty friends came on board to take leave of us by five o'clock on Saturday morning. After staying some time they took leave in the most affectionate manner. A young man (one of them), named Nathaniel Burgess, living with Mr. Smith, Houndsditch, was desirous of going with us, though he occupied the meanest place in the ship. He gave me a book of Romaine's, and I gave him my tooth-pick. Three friends—Mr. Weare, at Mrs. Vowel's; Mr. Browne, a young man lately converted, and sitting under Mr. Shenstone's ministry; and Mr. Asprey, of Olney—dined with us, and accompanied us down the river. We had some very comfortable chat after dinner, in which Mr. Browne gave me an account of his conversion. Blessed be God! His Word is quick and powerful. Solomon's description of the lewd woman—"Her steps take hold of hell"—laid hold of his conscience, and never let him rest till they brought him to cry for mercy. We were so enchanted with the beautiful views by the side of the Thames, that I almost forgot what I was leaving behind. I felt, however, that tender melancholy which it was impossible to get rid of:

"For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This highly-favoured country e'er resigned;
Left Fuller, Pearce, and Ryland in a day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind."

When we arrived at Greenwich I was sensibly struck with the Frenchman's remark on comparing this hospital with St. James's Palace—that Englishmen built workhouses for kings and palaces for beggars. The sight of the gibbets on the side of the Thames brought home to my feelings the ignominy of Christ's death:

"Was it for crimes that I had done," &c.

before we arrived at Woolwich we retired to prayer in our cabin. I aged, and I concluded, in which we commended each other to our Saviour. We sang—

"O Lord, my best desires fulfil,"

"From all that dwell below the skies."

It was necessary we should part. One gave me his pocket-knife, another his watch-ribbon ; Mr. Weare exchanged seals. We cheered them again and again on the waters. Their hearts were overcharged. We again cheered, and saw them no more. We cast anchor for the night a few miles from Gravesend.

This morning I rose after taking little sleep. We began, between 10 and 11, public worship in our cabin. Bro. Marshman being the eldest, gave out the hymn and prayed, when we were called to go on shore to Gravesend, opposite which we lay at anchor, and to which place we came pretty soon in the morning. We went to the Alien Office, where our names, residences, trades, and intentions were taken down in a book. Capt. Wickes paid the expense, and would not have it refunded. The Custom-house officer afterwards came on board, and, after he had received the account of the passengers, bid us a good voyage. In the afternoon, Bro. Marshman finished his service, by preaching from—"He that will observe these things, even he shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." Mr. Francis, the supercargo, Mr. Meredith, and Mr. King came on board as we were concluding. In the evening we committed ourselves to God, in company with the Capt., and retired.

MAY 27TH.—Left Gravesend this morning early, and sailed down the river to Margate, where we cast anchor in the evening. Two or three friends began to feel sea-sickness. I wrote letters to Greenwood, Johnson, Sedgwick, Hughes, Burla, Stennett, Fuller, Fawcett, Church at Hull, King, and Prite, in answer to one received at Gravesend. Mr. Fuller, Mr. Davis, and Mr. Sutcliffe came on board this morning, and took leave.

MAY 28TH.—Slept well. Saw on entering deck the coast of France. The sea became wider, and opened to us a most interesting prospect.—"Vast as eternity His love." Passed Margate, Sheerness, Ramsgate, &c. Mr. and Mrs. Marshman and son, Mr. and Mrs. Grant, Miss Tidd, and Mr. Brunsdon have been very sick, so that we were not able to attend to the appointed service. This day our pilot left us. We have had several smuggling-boats alongside, but the Capt. sent them off. Sent our letters by pilot.

MAY 29TH.—Hitherto we have had a very favourable voyage. A fair wind has carried us forward in the most pleasant way. This morning we were opposite Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. Here our Bro. Carey was obliged to return, and no doubt his ardent mind felt the shock. We, however, less capable of bearing disappointment, are permitted to go forward without interruption. This morning we were at a loss to know whether we should call at Portsmouth for the convoy. We committed, in company with our beloved Capt., the business to God. He resolved to proceed by himself, trusting in Omnipotence to guide. I know not whether it was right, but the Capt. seems to think, because he has missionaries on board, no evil shall befall him. He is very much tried with dejection of mind. Once he gave his body in charge to the Capt. of the vessel of which he was supercargo, under the fear that the devil might fetch him away in the night.

He is an elder in Dr. Smith's church at Philadelphia. My mind has been hurried lately with infidel thoughts. I suppose the Wicked One labours to discourage me, by showing me how little progress the Gospel makes, considering its importance; whereas, if it were of such infinite consequence, why does it meet with no more success even amongst Christians? After such a provision, must 9-10ths of the world be damned? Except these exercises, I have been extremely comfortable. Though I have not felt the overflowings of joy, yet my comforts are solid and my mind serene. I bless God for His glorious Gospel, as all my salvation, all my happiness, and all my desire. God in Nature, in Providence, and in Redemption, appears worthy eternal regard. I am sorry I have so little boldness and firmness in the midst of this graceless crew. O Lord, pardon my unbelief and shamefacedness, and save some of these poor souls!

MAY 30TH.—Our company are all better. We make little progress; the wind is contrary. Still in sight of the Isle of Wight.—Since writing the above, we have made some progress, and passed a great number of ships. The ship's motion begins to be much stronger, and we find it difficult to walk about the room and on deck. The wind is very cold. Some of our crew do nothing from morning till night but eat, drink, sleep, and saunter on the deck. This speck of time, which is passing away like the vapour, seems absolutely a curse to them in the absence of the vanities of a town. To what a state of degradation is the vast mind of man reduced—spending itself on vanities, a drudge to bodily appetites, and never fed at the feast of reason and truth. I have translated a few verses of Latin, looked over my Greek grammar, copied some interesting parts of Doddridge's Translation into my interleaved Testament, and some excellent pieces from Hunter's Lectures into my Book of Extracts. But many interruptions take place on board ship amongst young children, and means are wanting to give action to the various springs of the soul. After our friends were retired to rest, the Capt. and I had some very pleasant and profitable chat about Divine things. I suppose we sat more than an hour. Our temptations, doubts, and various exercises—our hopes and fears respecting the not too long eternity to which we are going, were the themes which occupied our conversation.

MAY 31ST.—We have steered a tolerably fair course to-day, seeing scarce any vessels or land. I have read, with renewed pleasure, Miss Williams' Letters from France. Her style is enchanting. She finds a way through every avenue to the heart. Oh! that all her speculations had been realised respecting France. But

our ship's crew is proof sufficient that man is naturally a tyrant, republican governor, a monarch, or a petty shrimp of the fore—men this day beat one of our little pigs so unmercifully that, and then chucked him into the sea. Who possessed of the moral order but pants for heaven! Fowls and fishes and beasts dilution of earth and sin. The shark of the sea and the wolf at pictures of what man is towards all over whom he can sway

the iron sceptre. Every view of human nature nauseates. "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove; then would I fly away and be at rest." My God! when shall I see the torrent of iniquity flowing in my own heart subside? When shall I see no more of the mean and of the paltry in the saints? When shall the conflicting passions have repose? When shall every creature enter the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness? "Hasten, Lord, the general doom; leave this worthless globe, and take us to the skies." I thank Thee for the twinkling light darting its cheering ray into the moral gloom with which I am surrounded. Like the star, it guides to Bethlehem.

"In His life I see the way,
And in His death the price,
And in His great ascent the proof
Supreme of Immortality."

Gracious Father! I cast myself at Thy feet. I am a poor worm in Thy boundless immensity—frail, sinful, dying. I pour my soul out before Thee. Give me Thy counsel for my guide.—We passed the Start Point this evening.

JUNE 1ST.—A wet and boisterous morning. Fine day. The wind rather contrary. We have made but about 30 miles this day (24 hours). Mr. Grant has eat scarce anything these 4 days, and several others have been nearly as bad. My health has been good. I have felt nothing of the sea-sickness, so that I have been able to wait on others; for this sickness incapacitates for almost everything. I have copied into my Extracts Bro. Pearce's Address to the Lascars. It is a charming piece. Oh, my God! what would I give for his restoration to health? Oh! if it be possible, spare, spare, oh! spare his most precious life. This evening we passed Plymouth, the birth-place—and, I fear, the dying-place—of Bro. Pearce. O, heavenly Father! let the wind be tempered to the shorn lamb. Let him have dying comforts if he must be torn from us. Support his dear partner. Let great grace be upon her, and let the orphans be provided for. How glad should I be to adopt one of his children as my own, and provide for it. If I could have walked on the waters, I would have made long strides to Plymouth to-night, and laid his dear head on my throbbing bosom. Blessed be God! nothing can separate our spirits from the love of Himself, the love of each other, and from eternal blessedness. In making some sago to-day, I was providentially preserved from a dreadful scald. A very sudden motion of the ship threw over the sago and a large pot of soup, but I was enabled to get out of the way an inch or two, and was thereby saved.

JUNE 2ND—LORD'S DAY.—This morning we are opposite Eddystone Lighthouse. The wind is violent and squally. In the forenoon we had a tolerably-acceptable opportunity. I spoke from "Our Father, which art in Heaven." Still our friends are sick, and it requires a little patience to bear with them, for they are very fanciful about what they shall eat and what they shall drink. In the evening the water came on deck. Bro. Brunson and I went to the bow, and

watched the waves dashing with a tremendous fury against each other and against the ship. It was a fine sight. "Why do the heathen rage?" Jehovah, at any time and in the height of your fury, can say effectually, "Peace, be still!" The Lighthouse! Blessed Jesus! Thou art my Lighthouse; and, while I look at Thee, "No fatal shipwreck do I fear."

MONDAY, JUNE 3RD.—Our vessel pitched so last night, that it formed a complete cradle. . . . My bed is not much wider than a coffin. It would do excellently to teach a person to keep down his knees. When I went on deck this morning we were opposite the Lizard Point, where two lighthouses are placed. I suppose this is the last piece of land we shall see of England. Well—

"I would not drop a murmuring word
Tho' the whole world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness
In Thee, and Thee alone."

We have got but a little way from the Lizard. The wind is a-head, and very rough. A fleet of ships, going to England, passed us this afternoon. We have had a comfortable prayer-meeting to-night. Ward, Brunsdon, and Marshman engaged. Our brother B. appeared to have the spirit of prayer. It was refreshing to me to think of the many prayers put up for us this evening in our native country. O Lord! hear the prayers of the thousands of Israel.—Last week the poor little kid of the goat was killed. My heart yearned over it; its dying cries resembled those of a young child. We eat of it two days. It was good food. What a callous heart is that of man! He weeps over the victim one day, and eats it the next. The milk of the old goat is very useful for the children. We had when we set off a goat and its kid, 30 dozen of fowls, 10 sheep, 14 pigs. We have killed one pig. We find it very difficult to get out of the Channel; the wind is violently in our teeth.

TUESDAY, JUNE 4TH.—Last night was tremendous. I got scarce any sleep. . . The wind drove us back again all the way we had got in two days, so that this forenoon we had Eddystone Lighthouse before us. In the night the waves beat against the vessel in such a manner that everything seemed to be giving way. I held myself, afraid of tumbling out of bed every now and then. The vessel itself seemed to crack in a hundred places at once, yet I believe none of us were much afraid of sinking. Thank God, we were all mercifully preserved; the waters were not permitted to overflow us. This evening, after a very stormy day, on which the waves beat into my room, and covered my bed, we are opposite Plymouth. So near to Bro. Pearce! and yet unable to see him. Such is the nature of all earthly enjoyments. In heaven, however, we shall go no more out, but serve God, day and night, in His temple.—The wind becomes calmer.

JUNE 5TH—WEDNESDAY.—Had a refreshing night's rest, and several of our company appear better. A boat came alongside this morning before I was up, that would have carried me a letter to Bro. Pearce. The loss of a few moments

sometimes prevents the accomplishment of our most anxious wishes. There will be no lost opportunities in heaven. A fine forenoon to dry my bedding, and to refresh the spirits of our sea-sick friends. The wind is in a tolerably favourable point. Perhaps we may get out of the channel now.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6TH.—Wind changed unfavourably in the night, and drove us back again in some measure. Capt. saw 4 sail this morning, he supposes, of Frenchmen. It seems rather unfortunate to be so long opposite the French coast, in the absence of the British Fleet, formerly stationed off Brest ; but Jehovah, I trust, will save us from the hands of our enemies, and suffer none to touch us. I finished last night "The Voyage of the Duff." Upon the whole, the undertaking appears grand and noble ; and yet, I apprehend, it made no part of the object of the first missionaries to diffuse a knowledge of secular arts. Undoubtedly the difficulties are prodigious, and the probability of ultimate success is not quite clear. May our Saviour preserve them, and give them all the success which His infinite merits claim ! Mr. Brunson is very poorly, indeed. My mind has been preserved pretty calm. I have no wish to be anywhere but here, or employed anyhow but as I am and expect to be. The idleness, the inanity, the enmity to good, the blasphemies of those around me, endear the Bible to my soul, and give an answer to the host of infidel thoughts which so often attack me. I will not ask Thee any more, O my God ! what Thou intendest to do with the world lying in wickedness. It is more than ever I can deserve to have a filial part in Thy love. Several of our friends begin to look up. This evening we had a most precious hour at prayer. Capt. Wickes read from the 12th verse of the 33rd of Exodus, and then joined in prayer. Our hearts were all warmed. We shook hands with our dear Capt., and clasped him to our hearts in design. With what affection did he pray for us—for our sister Brunson—for our missionary success—for everything we could wish in our circumstances. The chapter was peculiarly applicable, and selected by himself.

A YOUNG PRINCE AND HIS MOTHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SAVIOUR FOR CHILDREN."

"His mother taught him."—PROVERBS xxxi. 1.

I WANT to talk to you children about a young prince. I'll tell you his name. But stay: perhaps you know it without me telling you. A little boy, looking at his Bible, says, "I know: it was—L, e, m, u, e, l." Yes: Lemuel. It is very likely, however, that this noble youth had two or three names. He is supposed to be the same young prince whom the Lord called "Jedidiah," which means "beloved of the Lord." But he is still better known by the name that his father gave him. Do you remember it? A little girl, having looked at the beginning of this Book of Proverbs, says, "Solomon." And she has learnt from the same verse, if she didn't know it before, that Solomon had a good father, David.

But we have just read about his mother, and of what she did for him. "His mother taught him." I am sure his father did so, too, although it doesn't say anything about it here. Listen, while I try to repeat to you one of the lessons which David gave his son:—"And thou, Solomon my son, knew thou the God of thy father, and serve Him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind: for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts: if thou seek Him, He will be found of thee; but if thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off for ever" (1 Chronicles xxviii. 9). What a grand lesson for a father to teach his son! And it was very needful, too. Did the young prince learn it readily? If he did, I am sure somebody helped him. Who could it be? "God." Yes: and his mother. But for her he would never have known what he did. "His mother taught him."

It may be that your mother has helped you again and again in preparing your lessons for school. There was a time when she was your only teacher. A wise mother is to her child a better teacher than anybody else can be.

I am thinking just now of a clever little boy whom I once knew. What a deal of knowledge he had before he was sent to school! Where did he learn it all? At home: "His mother taught him."

Then there was another. I remember that he was always ready with his lessons. He was oftener than any other boy at the head of the class. How was this? "His mother taught him."

I think I can see another. He was a good boy. He feared to tell lie. He knew how to pray. He was very gentle and kind to

those who were a little younger than himself. Why was this? "His mother taught him."

There is yet another of whom I must tell you. I can fancy his noble face and almost manly voice. He hated everything that was sly and mean. He never cheated his playfellows. Rather than have done so he would have turned out every "marble," every "old button," every "bit of string;"—he would have emptied his pockets of every "hidden treasure." There was also another thing. He was never rude to his sister but once, and then he was so sorry for it that he never did it again. And from all I have heard, I do not think that he was ever known to be disobedient at school. How was this? "His mother taught him."

Suppose we now turn to the young prince of whom we read here. What a deal he knew! He could have told you about "the trees, from the great cedar of Lebanon even unto the little hyssop that springeth out of the wall." He could have told you, too, a great deal about "beasts and fowl, and creeping things, and fishes" (1 Kings iv. 33). And besides all this "he knew thousands of proverbs, and could sing a great many songs" (1 Kings iv. 32). Let me tell you, too, that he knew how to pray; and God was so pleased with his prayer that He gave him a great deal more than he asked for. From whom did he get so much knowledge? I dare say he had, as a king's son, learned men for his teachers. The Bible, however, doesn't tell us anything about these; but it speaks of his mother, and of what she did: "His mother taught him."

I shouldn't wonder if this isn't intended to teach us that his mother did more than anybody else to make him what he was at last—the wisest of men.

I need hardly tell you that Solomon, who was so well taught, became a great king. He sat upon the throne of his father, David, and "was ruler over Israel and over Judah." I should like you to think of him as he might have been seen one day soon after he was crowned. He was in his palace, seated upon his throne; and there came one to ask a favour of him. It was a lady, and she was so veiled that, if you had been there, you couldn't have seen much of her face. I wonder who it could be. I'll tell you. Bathsheba, the king's own mother. "And," as we read in the Bible, "the king rose up to meet her, and bowed himself unto her, and sat down on his throne, and caused a seat to be set for the king's mother, and she sat on his right hand" (1 Kings ii. 19). What great respect he paid her! I wish I had a picture of this to show you; for I should like you to remember how this wise man behaved to his mother. Although a great king he bowed to her; he gave her, too, a seat on his right hand, which was the most honourable place he had to give. Let every boy think, when he becomes a man, how much he owes to his mother, and give her, if she needs it, the best he has.

Then, too, this young prince of whom I am talking, not only became

a wise man and a great king, but a learned writer; and, in his writings, he tells us some things that "his mother taught him."

I must ask you to look a little way down this chapter. Let me see—there are one, two, three, four, five, six lessons to which we may suppose the text to refer. I will mention them:—

1. His mother taught him that she was his mother, and that she loved him; often calling him "my son," and "the son of my vows;" that is, "*my own dear son.*" Thus she taught him that he was the object of her warmest love. A boy doesn't know how deeply and tenderly his mother loves him. However much he may love his mother, he doesn't love her half as much as she loves him. This beautiful lesson is one that your own mother taught you at the very beginning of your life. You don't quite understand it yet; and perhaps you never will. But what you do know of it will often make you happy; and when you get bigger I shouldn't wonder if it doesn't sometimes keep you from doing wrong. A mother's love has been known to keep a youth from folly. When tempted, he has thought of her, and of what she would feel if he ran into sin. That was quite enough. He was incapable of conduct that would give her pain. He couldn't bear to think of her weeping over him.

2. His mother taught him to be chaste and pure, bidding him beware of wicked company, and vicious ways, which have so often destroyed the young and the beautiful of both rich and poor. People who are impure, whether in thought, talk, or life, should be shunned, as were the lepers of old. This royal mother wished her son to do so, and not to give his time or strength to those who should be banished from the society of all who fear God and keep His commandments. Perhaps she didn't teach him this lesson when he was a very little boy, but when he was older, and could understand it. Thus the good mother trained her son in childhood and in youth. And it would have saved him a great deal of trouble if, when a man, he had always done as his mother taught him.

3. His mother taught him to be sober, warning him against the use of "wine" and "strong drink." She told him how princes and kings had been ruined by such things, and her advice was, "Don't touch them, they are not for you." Perhaps your mother is teaching you the same. It is as good for you as it was for a king's son. The evil of drunkenness is so great, and the pain and poverty and woe it causes are so dreadful, that it is well for you, while young, to learn this lesson.

4. His mother taught him to be thoughtful, and not to "forget the law." Some young people are very forgetful. They forget what they have been told again and again. Many of them do not remember what they have often read in God's Word. Isn't it sad? An old woman says, "I don't know, but it hadn't used to be so." I have great respect for the old lady; but none whatever for her opinion. I don't believe that young folk are any worse now than they used to

be. A mother who lived thousands of years ago felt how needful it was to teach her son to be thoughtful, and not to "forget." Solomon had to learn this lesson.

5. His mother taught him to do right. That is, to "judge righteously": and not to "pervert judgment." It is important to know what is right. It is equally important to do it. There is a story in the Bible about Solomon, that I should like to tell you. Let me try. Listen now. Two women, who lived in one house, had each a little child. One night, when they were all in bed, and fast asleep, one woman's child died, "because she overlayed it." And she arose at midnight and took the other woman's living child from her side and left her own dead child in its stead. You may fancy what trouble the poor woman was in when she awoke in the morning and found the little dead child in her bosom, instead of her own living boy. Oh, how she would weep! Of course she wanted him back. "Nay," said the other woman, "but the living is my son, and the dead is thy son." "No," said the mother, "but the dead is thy son, and the living is my son."

"Thus they spake before the king." What could Solomon do? How could he tell which of these women was speaking the truth? And the king said, "Bring me a sword"; and they brought a sword before the king. And the king said, "Divide the living child in two, and give half to the one, and half to the other." How dreadful! One of them was quite satisfied, and said to her companion, "Let it be neither mine nor thine, but divide it." Then spake the woman, whose the living child was, unto the king, for she trembled for her son, and said, "O, my lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it." The king saw at once which of them loved the little boy, and said, "Give her the living child, and in no wise slay it: she is the mother." Thus Solomon "judged righteously," and did not "pervert the judgment of the afflicted." And all the people saw that he had wisdom to know and to do what was right.

6. His mother taught him to be kind to others, especially to the poor and needy. "Open thy mouth," she said, "for the dumb." Or, as we should say, "Speak for those who cannot speak for themselves." Again, "Plead the cause of the poor and needy." That is, "Take the part of people who are in trouble, and who cry for help." What a beautiful lesson to teach her son!

So was the young prince taught in his childhood and youth, as, indeed, every mother should teach her children, to be kind to others, and to be willingly helpful to poor, afflicted, and needy people.

Well, you are thinking of Solomon, and you know that "His mother taught him"—*his first lessons*. No one can teach these like a mother. She can more easily make her child understand what it is to love, to trust, to pray, to obey, to be kind, and to do right, than anybody else. Such are the needful things that your mother taught you. Perhaps you have other teachers now; but she was the first.

She laid the foundation of what you know, and of all that you will ever know. Again : "His mother taught him"—*at the best time*. When was that? In childhood and youth. Impressions were made upon his mind in early life that could never be lost. It is well when, as in this instance, a mother's words are worth remembering in manhood and even in old age.

I dare say you have heard of some who have acknowledged how much they were indebted to a mother's training. A distinguished author, Jean Paul Richter, used to say, "Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable." George Herbert, a beautiful poet, often thought of what his mother taught him. Listen to the plain English of what he said in Latin verse when weeping over her grave :—

"Thou shalt be praised for ever, mother mine,
By me, thy sorrowing son ; for surely thine
This learning is, which I derived from thee."

John Wesley was a useful teacher and preacher. When a little boy, only five years old, his mother taught him all the letters of the alphabet in one day. Was not that very wonderful? And let me tell you, too, that he could never forget what he learnt from her instruction and example at home, which did so much to make him an earnest, faithful, and useful man.

Samuel Johnson was a learned writer. I shouldn't wonder if you have seen "The English Dictionary," which is his great work. His mother, we are told, "was a woman of distinguished understanding;" and to her, it is said, "must be ascribed those early impressions upon the mind of her son, from which the world afterwards derived so much benefit."

But why need I tell you of others? When Solomon, who was a great king, felt how much he owed to his mother, and when he wished to teach others, he was not ashamed to make use of what he had learnt from her.

Again : "His mother taught him"—*in the kindest manner*. How do we know that? She loved him as only a mother could love her son. A wise mother is sure to be a gentle and patient teacher. She will tell her child the same thing over and over again until he understands it. He will never find so loving a teacher in anybody else.

Then there is just one other thing that I must mention : "His mother taught him"—*with the greatest success*. God made use of her instruction. He blessed it to her son. Hence, "Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country, and all the wisdom of Egypt" (1 Kings iv. 30).

But now, let me ask you to think of a greater than Solomon. He is "the Son of David" and "the Son of God." He had, too, a good mother—Mary. She was the first to love Jesus. What care she took of the young child! It was in His home at "Nazareth, where

He was brought up," and while His mother taught Him, that "He grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was filled with wisdom." Did Jesus ever forget His mother? No, never. He thought of her when He was dying. He loved her unto the end.

You have many teachers, and perhaps you have two or three brothers and sisters, but you have only *one* mother. If you live to be a man or a woman, do not forget her, and never be ashamed of what she has taught you. O that you may pray to be like Jesus, who always loved His mother!

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. W. W. CANTLOW, LATE OF ISLEHAM.

THIS useful and justly esteemed minister of the Gospel was born at Newport, Isle of Wight, January 19th, 1802.

His father was a deacon of the Baptist church in that town. Of his early life no record has been preserved. In youth he was led to decide for Christ, and became a member of the Baptist church, Highgate, near London. Feeling called to enter the ministry, he became a student in Stepney College, then under the presidency of Dr. Murch, and having completed his college course, on July 28th, 1829, he was set apart for missionary work with Messrs. Nicholls and J. Clark, in company with whom he sailed for Jamaica, October 29th, 1829. He, on his arrival in the island, undertook the oversight of the church at Crooked Spring, a church formed by Mr. Burchell, June 26th, 1824, on which day sixty-four persons were baptized. He was also frequently employed in helping Messrs. Burchell, Knibb, and other missionaries. Mr. Cantlow was afterwards appointed to take charge of the station at Salter's Hill, and interested himself in the erection of a house and chapel at that place. Messrs. Whitehorne and Abbott laid the foundation-stone of the chapel, December 27th, 1830; and a noble building was opened for the worship of God, December 27th, 1831, at the cost of some £2,400. This building was burnt down on January 3rd, 1832, by the St. James' Militia. Mr. Cantlow, however, was not permitted to see the completion of the building in the commencement of which he was so greatly interested; he was seized with a very serious illness, and compelled to leave the island of Jamaica on the 7th of April, 1831. He cherished the hope at first, that, by returning to England for a short time, his health would be so far restored as to allow him

to return to the scene of his labours; in this, however, he was disappointed, and he was obliged, though most reluctantly, to give up all idea of resuming missionary work.

For some time after his return he rendered good service to the Society, travelling hither and thither as a missionary deputation. He at last accepted a call to the pastorate of the church in Uley, Gloucestershire, and he was publicly recognised as pastor, March 27th, 1833, when brethren Newman, Lewis, and Burchell took part in the proceedings. His labours appear to have been much blessed in this place, many having been baptized and added to the church during his pastorate. While at Uley, Mr. Cantlow seems to have given himself up very largely to evangelistic work, and to have gone regularly into the surrounding villages, preaching the Gospel two or three times a week in addition to his home services.

In 1836 he removed from Uley to take charge of a missionary station at Ledbury, Herefordshire, and on May 1st of that year he formed a church in that place, and a considerable number were baptized and added to his church during his ministry there.

His friends in Suffolk, frequently urging him to remove into East Anglia, he directed his attention to that part of the country in which he spent so large a portion of his ministerial life. On the 21st of February, 1837, he accepted the invitation of the church at Great Shelford, Cambridgeshire, on the condition that they would wait till the end of June. This they expressed their willingness to do, and he commenced his stated labours there in that month, being publicly recognised as pastor, June 27th, 1837. His labours in this village were very arduous, preaching, visiting, conducting Bible-classes, prayer-meetings, and cottage-meetings, and yet with these abundant labours at home, he was often able to serve the Missionary and Bible Societies by attending their meetings in that district and speaking and preaching in their behalf.

In 1846 he removed to Isleham, in the same county, where he spent the remainder of his long and useful life. His first sermon was preached, as pastor of that church, on the 7th of June, 1846. His labours among the people in that place, often under great discouragements, and not unfrequently in great physical suffering, were constant and varied. In these labours he was cheered by the presence, and help, and blessing of the Master whom he served. Many were brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and were baptized and added to the church, and some of these became

to the Gospel. Of those to whom it was his privilege to administer the ordinance of baptism was a young man, Charles. son, who has since then acquired a world-wide fame as the Gospel of the grace of God. He was baptized by the River Lark, May 3rd, 1850.

pastorate of this church Mr. Cantlow took a deep interest in the neighbouring villages where there was no stated

ministry, and in these villages he himself preached the Gospel as regularly as circumstances permitted, until prevented by illness and infirmity. Throughout his life he always manifested the liveliest interest in the welfare of the young, and Sabbath-schools wherever he was stationed had much of his sympathy and help.

He laboured on at Isleham until the year 1872, when, through increasing ill-health and infirmities so often preventing him performing his duties as pastor, he felt it his duty to resign that office, and the letter in which he did so was read to the church on the twenty-sixth anniversary of the commencement of his pastorate. He continued, however, to reside in the village, and rendered occasional service when his health permitted him to do so; while his high character, gentle and loving disposition, and his condition in life, enabled him to exert an influence in various directions, much valued by the church and congregation which as pastor he had so long and faithfully served. His last sermon was preached in the vestry of his old chapel in Pound Lane, October 4th, 1874, while they were erecting the new galleries, and his text was Psalm cvii. 7, "And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation."

On Monday evening, May 20th, 1878, Mr. Cantlow was seized with paralysis, which affected speech, sight, &c. His beloved wife, finding that he had fallen down and was unable to rise, obtained help, and had him removed to his study, where he had spent so many happy hours. Here a bed was prepared for him, on which he lay in a semi-conscious state for several days, being constantly tended by his loving wife, who never left him night or day, until early the following Sunday morning, when his spirit gently passed away to those "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," which he was fond of singing about. After his attack, he was visited by his son and daughter, Mr. W. H. Cantlow and Mrs. Lloyd, of Ipswich; and he manifested consciousness, though unable to speak, especially when they and other friends referred to the love of Jesus and the Gospel which he had so long and so faithfully preached. During this week it was very touching to see nearly all the members of his flock come in one by one, that they might look upon the face of him who had so long served them, but whose voice they should hear no more. Mr. Wilson, his successor, who was seriously ill at the time, saw him on the Saturday, and prayed with him, and he seemed to respond; but after that he became weaker and weaker, and gradually sank. The Rev. J. Smith, of Newmarket, who was supplying the pulpit on account of Mr. Wilson's illness on the Sunday Mr. Cantlow died, very affectingly alluded to the loss the church had sustained by the departure of the venerable and sainted Cantlow.

The *Bury Free Press* gives a lengthened account of the funeral services, from which account we extract a few sentences:—"This sad ceremony took place on the 1st June, when Pound Lane Chapel was crowded. In the congregation were the Rev. W. Merry, the Vicar, and

a number of the principal inhabitants. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. J. A. Wilson, successor to Mr. Cantlow. After devotional exercises conducted by Revs. W. L. Stevenson, of Isleham, and H. M. Burton, of Mildenhall, the Rev. J. Smith, of Newmarket, who had known the deceased for many years, delivered a funeral address, in which he referred at length to the character and worth of his departed friend. At the close of the address the Rev. J. A. Wilson closed the service, and committed the remains of the departed to their last resting-place. The following day, at the request of the relatives and friends of the deceased, the Rev. J. Smith preached two sermons from Acts xi. 24, and John xi. 35; the one being addressed more particularly to the members of the Church, and the other to the public generally; the preacher dwelling very impressively on the long life of usefulness of the departed, and the sympathy which the Saviour manifested with those who suffered from bereavement or trial. Churchmen and Dissenters united in showing the respect in which the deceased was held. These funeral sermons were preached on the thirty-second anniversary of the commencement of the ministry in Isleham, and six years after his resignation of the pastorate."

Mr. Spurgeon, though attaining to such eminence, did not forget his old friend. On Mr. Cantlow's last visit to London he attended the prayer-meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, when Mr. Spurgeon called on him to engage in prayer, and introduced him to the meeting as the minister by whom he had been baptized; and in the July number of *Sword and Trowel* there appears a kindly notice of Mr. Cantlow's decease, with a portion of which we bring this brief memoir to a close:—"Many memories were awakened in our mind when we received a letter from the Vicar of Isleham, Cambs, to inform us that the venerable W. W. Cantlow, lately the minister of Pound Lane Chapel, had suddenly died. Between himself and us there existed this special bond, that on May 3rd, 1850, we were baptized by his hands into the name of the Sacred Trinity, in the River Lark, which is the Isleham baptizing-place. We shall never forget rising early that morning at break of day for prayers, and then walking along the lonely country road in quiet meditation from Newmarket to Isleham to the house of Mr. Cantlow. His kindly smile greatly encouraged our trembling spirit. With holy delight he welcomed the youth who desired to confess the Lord in the scriptural fashion, and with many a loving word he bade him be faithful unto death. In the Isleham vestry, for the first time, our mouth was opened in prayer in a congregation of adults, and in the extremely gentle and cordial companionship of the pastor we spent a very happy evening, which, we recollect, was very cold, so that a peat fire—whose white appearance we still remember—was needed to warm the room. Mr. Cantlow was for some time a missionary in Jamaica, and is mentioned three times in Hinton's life of Knibb. For thirty-two years this excellent man resided at

Isleham, and was the pastor of the church till age enfeebled him, and he welcomed our worthy student Mr. J. A. Wilson as his successor. He was great at giving the soft answer which "turneth away wrath," he was beloved by his people, and universally respected in the village. His death serves as a landmark in our life, reminding us at forty-four that the days are long past when we were generally spoken of as 'the boy preacher.'"

AN OLD COIN.

THE county of Gloucester, famous for many things, is notable, among others, for the numerous and interesting Roman remains that are to be found scattered in its different parts. Whoever has visited the Museum at Cirencester and seen the finely tessellated pavements preserved there, with many other valuable relics on view; also the extensive ruins of the villa on the estate of the Earl of Eldon, near Chedworth, will be impressed by the fact that in olden times many rich and influential magnates of the Empire had their pleasant homes and sumptuous residences in this fair portion of our land. Doubtless the numerous streams, the fertile valleys, the shadowy woods, formed elements of attraction. Camps and mounds prove the military occupation that once prevailed. Large numbers of coins, with other waifs of the past, have from time to time been discovered. Gentlemen, who are ever on the look out for these ancient remains, let it be known that they will give to peasants, who may be the fortunate finders, ample value for any that may be unearthed in working the ground. Some of the collections obtained are both large, varied and valuable. It was the writer's lot to spend eleven years in a beautiful village in this county, and thus to be near many sites that take the memory back to the earliest foreign occupation of the country. One autumn, while the gardener was digging a trench for vegetables, he came upon an old coin that all previous workers had overlooked, and which he was willing to give up for a consideration offered. On one side was the disfigured stamp of a crowned human head, on the other the form of Hercules standing with club in one hand and lion skin in the other. It proved, on being taken for examination to the British Museum, to be an old Roman denarius or penny of the reign of Marcus Crassus Latianus Postumus, an Emperor who, in the decline of the great empire, assumed the purple in Gaul, A.D. 258, and who with his son, who shared imperial power with him, was murdered by his soldiers after the taking of Mayence, in which the usurper Lollian had sought refuge, A.D. 267. Thus we held in our hand a coin more than 1,600 years old that had been hiding in the earth probably

during the greater part of the vicissitudes which that long period included. Singularly interesting it appeared to us in the many reflections to which it gave rise. What a number of events important to our nation and the world have transpired during the interval! What a link between the past and the present with its civilisation have we here!

But to not a few useful suggestions does the old penny give rise. A great writer tells us there are, if we have discernment to see—

Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Very unlikely, then, that there should be nothing to interest and instruct in an ancient coin.

Let us see.

For one thing, we cannot help being reminded, as we take and con it, of some of our Lord's beautiful parables in which the word "penny" occurs. There is that of the labourers hired by the householder, given Matt. xx. The owner of the vineyard went out to engage them at different times of the day, and at last treated all alike in payment, giving every man a penny, at which some grumbled. Our Lord intended to teach that Christian work should not be undertaken in a mercenary spirit, and none should grudge one against another, although some should spend a longer, some a shorter, time with the same result in the Divine service. The great Rewarder has a right to apportion to all according as He will. But now this was the coin intended—differently stamped, indeed, because of its later age; somewhat lighter too, for the size and worth of the denarius were slightly reduced during the reign of Nero; but still a lineal representative successor of the common coin then in use. We have before us the identical kind of money that was then familiarly passed from hand to hand. It was worth sevenpence-halfpenny of our currency, and in those days was considered sufficient to be the daily wage of labourers or soldiers. We cannot but look at it with interest in view of such considerations, and find it helpful to bring up the scenes and associations of the past. It was such a piece of money our Lord had looked upon and to which He referred.

Again, in the parable of the Good Samaritan (Luke x.), where our Lord would teach true neighbourly regard and kind-hearted generosity, we find allusion. The sympathising traveller having attended to the helpless victim of the thieves, brought him to an inn, and took care of him, and then on the morrow took out "two pence," represented in this very coin, and said, "Whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come I will repay thee." Further, in the case supposed of the two bankrupts spoken of in the house of Simon (Luke vii.), and intended to show comparative indebtedness with corresponding thankfulness—one owed five hundred pence (about £15 12s.), the other fifty (about £1 11s.)—such as this was the money owed, and it helps to give

vividness and distinctness to our apprehension of the mode of reckoning. And when they murmured at Mary who, also in the house of Simon, brought the alabaster box of very precious ointment and broke it and anointed the head of our Lord, and said, "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence?" (about £9 13s. 9d.), this again was the coin by which the worth was estimated; and the amount shows the ardour, the devotedness, the wealth of ungrudging love of her who sought thus to give some small token of her appreciation of the blessings of which she had been permitted to be a partaker. Not a little do the visible realities of the past help us to call up, and be impressed by, the incidents to which they relate. Dr. Schlieman, in his explorations at Mycenæ and at the ancient site of Troy, has done much to bring up before imagination, life and customs of ancient times. Every similiar discovery, even though only an old coin, assists in the same line of thought and feeling.

But as we further look at the penny we see that the head impressed is a king's likeness. It is traceable, but sadly defaced. The wear and tear of time has injured it. Clearly cut at the time when issued from the Roman mint, corrosion has rendered it indistinct. When presented for examination at the room of the Museum, for some little time uncertainty was expressed as to whom it represented. But three letters—P. O. S.—at the side at last led to confirmation as to whose imperial reign it ought to be referred. Now this reminds us of our disfigured and corrupted moral nature. Once they brought to Christ a penny, such as this, only fresh and uncantered. He asked, "Whose is this image and superscription?" and they say, "Cæsar's." It might be asked concerning the moral and spiritual being given us—and perhaps we may gather that our Lord intended to imply this by what He afterwards said—"Whose is the original impress enstamped here?" There can be no doubt what the answer should be. "Let us make man," it was said, "in our image." But at present, so marred and distorted is the likeness, that in many cases uncertainty might almost be felt. The conformity was clear and bright once, all the features shone distinctly out, but how is it altered and blemished through the blighting influences of sin. Look at the sensualist, the worldling, the false, the dishonest, the impure. There seem to be but faintly left, indeed, the old lines in which a once Divine resemblance might be distinguished. What a contrast!—man as seen by angels in the garden of Eden, and man as beheld by them now. But yet, although so little is left of what is so worn by evil appetites and passions, man cannot altogether lose the traces of his Divine origin. One of the most blessed encouragements to a returning penitent is that there is about him that which may be made the subject of renewal, and hence hope may revisit a desponding heart. But how can the Divine likeness be restored? How could the Emperor's likeness be re-stamped on this old coin? Only as it should be melted down and re-impressed in the mould. It can never be touched up as it is. All labour spent

would be in vain. This is the one solitary method by which it can be made to bear again the features of the original. And is it not so with our nature? Only as melted down by penitence, as wrought upon and impressed by the power of the Holy Spirit, can we be "renewed after the image of Him who created" us. All superficial attempts are ineffectual. It is of little service to be amended here and there. A thorough and radical treatment must be employed, and alone can be satisfactory. God institutes this. He brings to bear upon us the influences we feel. He melts our hearts by His love. He inspires His life into our souls. He seeks to apply to us the likeness of His son, that we may be once more changed into His resemblance and bear the image of the heavenly. How earnestly should we desire this, and, as far as we can, submit ourselves for renewal to His divine treatment. He can do everything; and, however dishonoured and disgraced our nature may be, His work, accomplished in us and on us, is "honourable and glorious."

But another lesson is presented as we examine the coin. The Roman denarius was silver. Its exchange was ten ases, copper coins, each worth, in the time of Cicero, about three farthings of our money. But we look, and we find this is not silver throughout. In parts the slight coating is rubbed away, and the action of oil upon it clearly shows that it is only copper or bronze, thinly plated. In those degenerate days of the Empire the coin was debased, and what was once of full value was covertly depreciated. But what is this? It pretended to be other than its real nature warranted. With the show and appearance of silver, it is detected to be only an inferior metal, and a test proves its real character.

Is not this often the case with some men? Avowing themselves to be what they are not, and taken at first on their self-assertion, is it not afterwards proved that they are far otherwise? An old Puritan divine speaks of an ape that was once dressed up to simulate a man. Its clothes, its attitude, trained as it was for the purpose, made it resemble a human being. But some wag, knowing the truth, on one occasion threw down a handful of nuts before it. The ape could not resist the temptation. Its true nature betrayed itself as it grovelled after the bait. It was only an ape after all. Is it not so, that when temptation comes to feigning and insincere hearts, they show themselves in their true character, and exhibit the false estimate that has been formed? Simon Magus proved himself a dissembler, whatever confidence and hope may have been entertained of him before; and so the false are detected by their surrender to sin, and prove that no righteous principle is ascendant within their hearts. The world by its tests has drawn down many from the pedestal on which they stood, and on which for a time they appeared to others worthy of respect. Real disposition at last is made manifest. It was but outside work, after all, that won regard.

They sailed under false colours, and became self-demonstrated deceivers. Either here or hereafter there will come a testing-time to all. Disguise shall not always succeed. Reality shall stand forth confessed and open in the sight of Heaven. Seek to be true. Be genuine to the core. Never let it be that there should be the "form of godliness without its power," or pretence palmed off as sincerity. So Paul writes:—"Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves how that Jesus Christ is in you except ye be reprobates?"—*i.e.*, metal that will not stand the test.

But also, with the coin in hand, we may compare it with the life and immortal being of the human soul. The substance of which it is composed has lasted long, wondrously long, when we think of all the action tending to its destruction to which it has been subject. The marvel is that it has not rotted away altogether; yet, judging from the past, it would appear capable of still enduring for ages longer. But beyond and above all power of destruction is the human soul. Nothing can harm or terminate the life of this. Pascal has a fine "thought" when he represents himself as addressing the sun:—"Proud orb, I am greater than thou. Shouldest thou crush me, I should know that thou wert crushing. I should be aware of my defeat. Thou wouldest not be conscious of thy victory." Beyond this the comparison may be carried. In Addison's fine language, the sun himself may grow dim with age, and nature sink in years—

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements;
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.

There are some who have asked, "Does Scripture teach the absolute immortality of every human soul?" We unhesitatingly avow, as our opinion, that it does. If not explicitly stated in so many words to meet the modern demand for categorical assertion, is it not everywhere implied? Is it not the underlying truth of all the Great Master's teaching who has brought "life and immortality to light"? Without this, what but misleading in its natural implications would be the assurance that there is to be a "resurrection of the unjust" as well as the "just"? Armies cannot destroy the soul, fires cannot burn, nor waters quench. All the material powers of the universe would use their energies against it in vain, and the ages "snow their years" upon it fruitlessly. To use the words of an old Greek tragedian concerning truth—"The divinity is mighty within it and waxes not old." Think of this precious jewel which the body as a casket contains. Let none rob us of our birthright assurance, that though the one perishes the other survives. We shall go forth to new scenes and modes of being which, though now unable in many respects to understand, yet are divinely appointed and divinely assured.

But we cannot help thinking once more, with regard to this coin, and the many that have been found belonging to olden time, what careless people the Romans seemed to have been with their money. Had they purses "with holes," or how was it? A highly-intelligent gentleman collector whom we know, had once a curious twisted thing brought him that a labourer had found in a field. It contained some of the smallest Roman money which he showed; but he said his regret was that the curiosity was not brought to him entire. It had been tampered with and broken, no doubt out of a wish to see what was enwrapped. But he expressed his conviction that it was an old Roman purse. If so, it had probably been worn in some insecure part of the dress, and so had fallen out. An uncle of the Earl of Eldon, who was watching the disinterment of the extensive villa near Chedworth, courteously showed us, when visiting the spot, a whole handful of coins which he took out of his pocket which had been come upon by the workmen there. We noted good specimens of the age of Constantius and others. Very careless the ancient residents must have been to allow their money to be so easily scattered and lost. But may we not bring this home to ourselves with the remark that we too are very careless of precious things? Do we not drop out of our memory and lose many wise and useful counsels, allow valuable thoughts, suggestions, and impressions to slip away from us and pass into forgetfulness? How many have already gone in our life? How many are probably going, and will go in the future? Do we not need reform in this? A good memory is always a blessing, but a good memory for the best things is of pre-eminent worth. In this sense, should we not "hold fast what we have" and allow no loose or reckless habit to deprive us of choice possessions? Realisations of truth, convictions of responsibility and duty, persuasion to right courses, decision for right deeds, we should prize and cherish. A time may come when we shall very deeply regret if we do not, while, on the other hand, the heart may be very thankful for retention. In the day of our need we may prove in them a fortifying, restraining, comforting resource which will be as the riches of Heaven to our soul.

So we may have useful reflections concerning the old coin. There is nothing without its profitable lessons or own special interest. So Wordsworth felt when he looked upon a daisy, and so the great artist Turner must have considered when he could spend hours, as Mr. Thornbury tells us, in sketching a stone. There are objects more improving than an old piece of money, replete with moral and spiritual lessons, which yield a blessing as we learn them; and if we carry into practice the suggestions we may gather, we shall not be "forgetful hearers but doers of the work," and "be blessed in our deed."

G. McMICAL, B.A.

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY STRIKE.

AN evil which threatened to become a great evil, was the dispute between the Midland Railway management and a class of its servants. The partial discontent has fortunately not become general, and will soon we hope altogether subside without the attention of the public being again attracted. There is no doubt that the travelling public are very deeply interested in all that pertains to railway discipline, and watched the dispute with much eagerness, as having some concern in the result. The men appeared to have two main points of complaint—one in which the outside world could hardly sympathise, the other enlisting to some extent the interest of all passengers. When wages in almost all great industries are undergoing a diminuendo movement, painful and necessary, and borne by thousands of workmen with praiseworthy patience, it was hardly to be expected that people would commiserate very greatly a reduction in the pay of a particular class. We think the railway employes would have obtained more general countenance if they had submitted quietly—or at any rate without striking—to the reduction in the money payment. Of the “trip” system it seems difficult for outsiders to judge, but *prima facie* a scheme of payment for piecework should be better for all parties than a scheme of payment by time. When, however, the men complain against extension of working hours, they have a much more substantial grievance to attract attention. Any alteration in the system which has for its object the prolongation of the hours of work, is of close interest to the public. Such prolongation implies in some degree a depreciation of energy and alertness on the part of the workmen, and these qualities are of great importance in the responsible condition of railway servants, and are precisely the qualities likely to give way under pressure of fatigue or overwork. We can hardly think a strike justifiable at all at a time when labour is, alas! so abundant and cheap, and so we think this partial strike was ill-advised. But while a temperate, well-reasoned protest against increase of working hours might have conciliated more external sympathy, such sympathy is naturally withheld from those who strike at a pecuniary reduction already undergone by myriads of deserving men in other branches of labour.

COMMERCIAL DEPRESSION AND IMPERIAL TAXATION.

A melancholy monotony pervades all the reports from the different centres of industry. Everywhere in the manufacturing districts we

hear of the partial or complete closing of mills, the reduction of wages, and of prevailing distress greatly increased by the unwonted severity of the winter. A very significant proof that the metropolis has not escaped the visitation we have found in the columns of the *City Press*, a paper always well informed on civic matters:—"In the main thoroughfare from the City boundary at Holborn to the other boundary at Aldgate, and in the streets abutting upon it, there are nearly 2,000 warehouses, shops, and offices unlet. In many, if not most cases, this represents enormous rentals lying unproductive, as when trade is in its usual condition it is difficult to obtain holdings in this part of London." The remission of a few millions of the Imperial taxation would be a great boon to the country at this crisis. It could be effected by a cessation of the costly eccentricities of the Admiralty, and a diminution of the fifteen millions and a half required for the Military Administration. We do not, however, anticipate such a programme from the present Government, nor, indeed, should we be much more sanguine upon this point if their opponents were in office. But retrenchment will have to be made, and that right early, unless the commerce of the country greatly revives. We would gladly see the Earl of Beaconsfield become a duke, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer raised to an earldom, if the coming budget provided for the diminution of five millions of taxation. Meanwhile, we commend to our rulers a re-perusal of the first letter of Junius, in which he says "the ruin or prosperity of a state depends so much upon the administration of its government, that, to be acquainted with the merit of a ministry, we need only observe the condition of the people. If we see them obedient to the laws, prosperous in their industry, united at home, and respected abroad, we may reasonably presume that their affairs are conducted by men of experience, abilities, and virtue. If, on the contrary, we see an universal spirit of distrust and dissatisfaction, a rapid decay of trade; dissensions in all parts of the empire, and a total loss of respect in the eyes of foreign powers, we may pronounce, without hesitation, that the government of that country is weak, distracted, and corrupt."

THE SECRETARIAT—BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

It affords us real pleasure to inform our readers that the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society have unanimously invited Mr. A. H. Baynes to become their Secretary, and that this gentleman has felt it his duty to comply with a request which was accompanied by strong expressions of confidence and esteem.

Mr. Baynes has already rendered more than twenty years of service at the Mission House, and out of love to the work has declined overtures which have been made to him to accept far more lucrative employment. He is gifted with large administrative faculty, has intimate acquaintance with all the affairs of the Society, and, with a

competent staff, we feel assured, will amply vindicate the choice of his brethren. He is, moreover, so universally beloved that we have no fear but that the appointment will give the utmost satisfaction to all the friends of the Mission.

In no respect has the Divine goodness been more manifest in the past history of the Mission than in the remarkable adaptation and high moral excellence of those who have conducted its business. The names of its secretaries, from the earliest to the latest, would confer honour upon any association in which they were found. Without a thought of disparaging past arrangements which were the result of anxious and prayerful deliberation, and disinterested desire to do the best thing in the best way, we do rejoice that once more the Mission will secure the advantage of unity in its management. The simpler the machinery of Christian effort the easier its operation and the more certain its success. It is more to the point, however, to request from the churches their prayerful remembrance of our friend, that great grace may enrich him for the arduous work he has in hand, and that it may be his joyous reward to see the work of the Lord prospering mightily—the missionary band strengthened abroad, and its resources ever increasing at home.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

All who are conversant with the revelations made in the police-courts, must be painfully aware of the pestilential influence exercised by a class of writings for the young known as the "Penny Dreadfuls." There is scarcely a lad detected in pilfering and brought before the stipendiary magistrates, but is found to be in possession of some prurient literary rubbish of the kind, and in not a few instances the teachings of this class of publication have developed into the most extravagant Quixotic perpetration of crime. The psychological conditions under which this rapid entozoic germination takes place are worthy of the study of the moralist and divine. Better than all moralizing on the subject, however, is the action taken by Dr. Macaulay and the Religious Tract Society, in the production of a Model Weekly Journal for Boys, *The Boy's Own Paper, One Penny Weekly, sixteen pages folio*. Frank Buckland, J. G. Wood, W. H. Kingston, Rob Roy Macgregor, and other facile caterers for the juvenile palate, are already engaged in its production, and the result is, as might be expected, the most complete and attractive journal for lads ever produced. We hope that our readers will do all in their power to promote its circulation. The difficulty of getting such a publication sufficiently advertised is immense, and all the zeal which friends of the young can employ will be well bestowed in making this new periodical widely known.

REVIEWS.

STRAHAN'S BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE.
 London : Strahan & Co., Limited,
 34, Paternoster Row.

Most of our readers have probably seen the prospectus of the series of books which we now introduce to their notice. We received it with feelings of unusual interest, and are glad to find that, in the volumes which have already appeared, the idea of the Editor is admirably and effectively carried out. It is long since we heard of a series of works intended for popular use with greater satisfaction. Mr. Strahan has in many ways proved himself a real successor of Charles Knight, and in the latter part of the nineteenth century he is carrying on a work very similar to that which Knight so ably accomplished in the interests of the people in the earlier part. We are not sure that any of Mr. Strahan's enterprises are more worthy of extensive support than the one under notice. The books are all of a high class, are written by some of our best and most popular authors, and are published at a surprisingly low price. The series is divided into sections—as the Sunday Section, the Scientific Section, the Young Folks' Section, the Social Reform Section, the Travel and Foreign Life Section, &c. Among the works already issued are *THE HAVEN OF REST*, by the author of "Episodes in an Obscure Life;" *DORA'S BOY*, by Mrs. Ross, author of "A Candle Lighted by the Lord;" *THE GIRLS OF THE SQUARE AND THE STORY OF TEN THOUSAND HOMES*, by Mrs. R. O'Reilly; *THE GOOD-NATURED BEAR*, by R. H. Horne; *MARQUISE AND ROSSETTE*, by the Baroness De

Chesney. A number of them are, we believe, reprints, but they are here for the first time obtainable in a convenient, as well as a really cheap form. Of the whole of these books we can speak in terms of warm commendation. Those who have read "Episodes in an Obscure Life," will need no assurance as to the character of the "Haven of Rest." Each of the short sketches of the occupants of the Almshouses furnishes ample materials for a good story; while "Dora's Boy" is one of the most touching narratives we remember to have read. The tone is thoroughly healthy, stimulating on the one hand to an implicit belief in God's providential care, and on the other to the blessedness of kind and generous deeds, and showing that all such deeds confer even a greater benefit on their agent than on their recipient. The Young Folks in all our homes will read Mr. Horne's "Good - Natured Bear," with eager delight, in fact there is not a book in the series which will not create for itself a large circle of enthusiastic friends. To other of the volumes we hope before long to direct more detailed attention. In the meantime, we hail the appearance of the volumes before us with great pleasure, and would suggest that the Librarians of our Sunday-schools both in town and country should make a note of them. For Sunday-school Libraries the books are in every way suitable—commended alike by their intrinsic merits and by their cheapness. No school need be or should be without them.

IN MEMORIAM : REV. CLEMENT BAILHACHE. Printed for Private Circulation, and may be obtained of the Author, Rev. Dr. Cowdy, 13, Lorrimore Square, London, S.E.

A VERY affectionate tribute to the great worth of the late Mr. Bailhache. The following remarks are very just and appropriate :—

His course was altogether one of spiritual wisdom. He was a devoutly-wise Christian, loyal to truth, and faithful to his Supreme Master. He possessed a well-disciplined mind, retentive memory, refined imagination, power of reason, and a loving heart, all which were sanctified to the highest purposes of spiritual wisdom. He was a lovingly-wise husband and parent, prayerful ever for his and careful for their highest good. He was a studiously-prudent and constant friend and companion, often witty, but ever wise in his sayings, and helping freely and fully in all kinds of need. No one ever heard him speak evil of his brethren ; he shunned those who did ; like the sensitive plant his heart closed at the breath of slander ; the blessing to the "peace-maker" was his. Open, candid, and unselfish in himself, he shrank from anything in the form of selfishness, cant, vain-boasting, or uncharitableness ; and so did he also from latitudinarianism, or any "ism" swerving from the truth. Most heartily did he love all communions of Christians (and that love was noted as reciprocal) ; he cleaved to his own. Those who ever heard his real exposition of the eighth Psalm know what he thought of, and felt for, man ; and all who have listened to his discourse on the words : "O Lord, I know the way of man is not in himself ; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," can form a true judgment respecting his confidence in God and dependence upon Him. Some few have heard his prayers when two only were together ; and these well know how appropriate, lovely, and real were his heart-thanksgivings and petitions before his heavenly Father. It was good to be there ; the very remembrance of those hallowed seasons comes,

even now, with blessing. No more shall we listen to his holy pleadings for one and all ; he has been called to the higher exercises and the brighter reward. We magnify the grace of God in him.

CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF WEST ORCHARD CHAPEL, COVENTRY.
London : Yates and Alexander,
21, Castle Street.

THIS is a very interesting account of a church which has long been one of the most influential and prosperous among the Nonconformist bodies in England. It has been blessed with eminent pastors and an active and zealous people. Such memorials are not only of great interest in the localities to which they specially belong, but contribute valuable material to the ecclesiastical history of the country.

THE EVANGELISTIC BAPTISM, Indispensable to the Church for the Conversion of the World. By Rev. James Gall. Edinburgh & London : Gall & Inglis.

MR. GALL has written a singularly earnest and stirring book on a theme which is never untimely. "He believes and, therefore, speaks." Every page glows with the fire of an intense and overpowering conviction. His work, as the superintendent of the Carrubber's Close Mission—a mission in which our late revered friend Baptist Noel took a deep interest—is well known, and of that work this volume is the outgrowth. It is not, therefore, the theorizing of a student who views the field of battle from afar, but the experience of a soldier, who has fought valiantly and successfully with the enemies of our Lord. He has a clear discernment, both of the responsibilities and privileges of

the Church as a co-worker with Christ, of the conditions and sorrows of her strength, and of the only means of her progress. His words are like a clarion call to prayer and work. Apart from all that is of special and local interest in the book, it has an adaptation to the church at large, and cannot fail to rouse its members to greater zeal and activity in the evangelising of the world.

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AN EXAMINATION OF THE DOCTRINES OF CONDITIONAL IMMORTALITY AND UNIVERSALISM. By John Robinson Gregory. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle Street, City Road, 1878.

BONIS₂

THE substance of this volume has already appeared in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, and is now published at the instance of the Book Committee. Mr. Gregory need offer no apology for the book. The committee acted wisely in requesting its publication, and we have not the slightest doubt that a large and intelligent circle of readers will endorse their verdict on its merits. These eschatological questions have certainly acquired an undue prominence, but when they are thrust forward by advocates of "more humane and enlightened views," adherents of the old faith are bound to notice them. It would be amusing if it were not deplorable to observe how destructionists and universalists assume that they have a monopoly of scholarship, courage, and candour, and speak as if the ordinary orthodox doctrine will necessarily disappear with greater light. Instances of this are so well known and of such recent date that we need not specify them. We are glad to recognise in Mr. Gregory a critic equal in every sense to the strongest of his opponents. We like his refutation of conditional immortality better than his refutation of universalism, but both are excellent. He is a solid thinker, a trenchant reasoner, and his style is uniformly clear, crisp, and telling. We cannot, perhaps, endorse all his arguments, but as to the main points of the discussion

his criticism is conclusively triumphant.

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THE AGGRESSIVE CHARACTER OF CHRISTIANITY. By Rev. William Unsworth, Author of the "Brotherhood of Men," &c. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle Street, City-road. 1878.

THE subject discussed in this volume is of such vital importance that it cannot be too frequently or too earnestly pressed on the attention of Christian men. The spirit of the Gospel is essentially aggressive. The aim of the Church is to win the world for Christ, and the men who feel no desire to see this aim accomplished have grave reason to doubt the reality of their discipleship. Nay, more, experience proves that an absence of aggressive effort induces spiritual weakness and decline. If the first Napoleon asserted of himself, "Conquest made me, and conquest must maintain me," much more may the Christian Church urge the plea. In seven chapters Mr. Unsworth has discussed the entire subject, with a thoroughness and impressiveness which merit our warmest commendation. He is a vigorous and conclusive reasoner; his appeals to the conscience are singularly powerful, and so clearly does he show the advantages and rewards of honest Christian labour that his readers are inevitably impelled to greater activity, and rejoice in the thought that it is in every way "more blessed to give than to receive."

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ANECDOTES OF CELEBRITIES: HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND HUMOROUS. Compiled by C. H. Barnwell: Hull. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A COLLECTION of anecdotes and *bon mots* very suitable for the disturbed attention possible in a railway carriage. There is not much in it that will be new to a reader of more than average acquirements. The classification of names, with the dates of birth and death, in each case though a subordinate part of the editor's plan, will be the most valuable feature of the book, in the esteem of many.

THE LEISURE HOUR, 1878. THE SUNDAY AT HOME, 1878. London: Religious Tract Society.

It has been our happiness for so many years to bear testimony to the great worth of these household treasures that we are at a loss for new epithets in which to set forth their manifold attractions. The subjects discussed are as varied, and the treatment of them as vigorous, as in any previous years of their history, while the embellishments of colour and drawing which enliven their pages show that improved artistic skill is continually being pressed into their service. They are always entertaining, yet never frivolous; devout, yet not dull. "Words fitly spoken: apples of gold in pictures of silver."

ISRAEL UNDER SAMUEL, SAUL, AND DAVID. By Dr. Edersheim. London: The Religious Tract Society. Price 2s. 6d.

Is the fourth volume of the learned author's series on the Bible History. The work is not a mere paraphrase, but embodies the result of much research and study in expository annotations on the Scripture text, and will be found of the utmost value in consequence of the intimate knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, and the manners and customs of the Jews, which Dr. Edersheim possesses.

DAUGHTERS OF ARMENIA. By Mrs. S. A. Wheeler, Missionary in Turkey. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant & Co.

EVERY contribution that is made to our knowledge of Asia Minor and its inhabitants becomes of the utmost value, on account of the deep interest which recent political events have given to our country in that ancient land. The missionaries of the American churches have been greatly blessed there, and Mrs. Wheeler, who is one of their number, has given us in this volume a very agreeable account of the women of Armenia, and of the methods employed for their evangelisation.

PIERROT; HUMBLY BORN BUT NOBLE OF HEART. A Tale of the Nineteenth Century. By S. de K. London: Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey.

A STORY of French life, quite worthy of those who are seeking gifts for the young.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D., LL.D. By the Rev. Lal Behari Day. London: T. Nelson & Sons, Paternoster Row.

ANY faithful memoir of the celebrated Dr. Duff must be acceptable to Christian readers, but this has the peculiar interest that it is written by one of the great missionary's own sons in the faith, on the banks of the Ganges.

GRANADA; OR, THE EXPULSION OF THE MOORS FROM SPAIN. By George Cubitt. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, and 66, Paternoster Row.

A VERY brief summary of the principal events in the history of the consolidation of the Spanish kingdom. It is an exceedingly useful little work for reference, but seems as a history to lack some of that power of graphic description which is so effective in attracting the attention of readers. And yet this history deserves careful attention, for the writer is painstaking enough to put prominently forward the lessons to be learned from the instructive narrative which he offers. On the whole we are pleased with the book.

THE STORY OF A PENINSULAR VETERAN. Same Publishers.

THE record of a Sergeant's experiences will be read with interest by many. He deals with a most exciting period of history, and has much to tell about the vicissitudes of our great war in Spain and Portugal. He then speculates on the relation of Christianity to warfare—a subject which we should prefer to see treated in a separate form. But this may be only a matter of taste, and we are bound to say that the "Peninsular Veteran" keeps up the interest of his book to the last.

RECENT DEATH.

ON Sunday, November 10th, Mr. James Parry, of Bromsgrove, passed quietly away from this world to another, at the age of sixty-six. He was for many years a member of the Baptist Church, and for the last thirty years of his life he held the office of deacon. For some time he was superintendent of the Sunday-school, to which he was warmly attached. By his plodding earnestness and diligence, he became very successful in his business, and won for himself a high position in his native town. He was elected a member of the first School Board, and at the time of his death he was a member of the Local Board, the members of that body following him to the grave. His last illness was long and painful. It was not, however, until two or three weeks before his death that he was totally laid aside, and that hope of his recovery was finally relinquished. His death was calm and gentle, and seemed to those who sorrowfully watched it as a "falling asleep."

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Cambridge, Zion Chapel, January 1st.

Deptford, Octavius Street, January 14th.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Davies, Rev. T. W. (Regent's Park College), Merthyr Tydvil.

Fitch, Rev. J. J. (Lymington), Nottingham.

Lang, Rev. W. L. (Balham), Southsea.

Tarn, Rev. T. G. (Peckham), Cambridge.

RECOGNITION SERVICE.

Kingshill, Bucks, Rev. T. L. Smith, January 6th.

RESIGNATION.

Knight, Rev. G. J., Chelsea.

DEATH.

Woollacott, Rev. Christopher, January 2nd, aged 89.

THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1879.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

IT will be readily admitted that this weekly meeting is one of the cardinal points in the economy of a church. The most honoured preachers confess that their work would be incomplete and unproductive without the careful maintenance of the weekly season of prayer. A flourishing prayer-meeting means a flourishing church—a church whose numbers are steadily increasing, and whose members bound together by mutual love are unitedly energetic in good and Christian service. Such a church is unlikely to suffer from exclusions or schisms—or even from the bickerings which are popularly supposed to be inseparable from our system of church government. It is worth while to devote some attention to so mighty an agency. It deserves our consideration to consider what makes good prayer-meetings so actively beneficial, and how we may make our meetings good.

“I will that men pray everywhere,” sufficiently justifies an institution which might derive enough authority from its present success. The propriety of this form of worship has been admitted as unreservedly as its efficacy. In the long roll of those whose biographies bestow instruction and honour upon the Church of Christ, we find abundant proof that this prayerfulness has always been looked upon as essential to religious prosperity. In the records of individual holiness or personal usefulness we see continual instances of the great influence exerted by this factor in our devotional life. And

if we could analyse the convert lists of our churches we should find such devotions sharing the noble work, and partaking in the glorious triumphs of the congregation or the Sunday-school. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much"; how much, we can never know in this life, but in the other world we may find in glad surprise that numbers will ascribe their conversion or their restoration to the timely heartfelt prayer of some unknown servant of God.

Of course, it is as impossible for unguided human wisdom to decide what prayer is "effectual and fervent" as to decide who is defined by "a righteous man." But while such definitions are unattainable, and perhaps undesirable, it is manifest that some discretion can be advantageously exercised in the selection of praying brethren, and of the topics to which prayer is directed. We do not feel disposed to care much for the doubting of some who think that the want of refinement of certain humble disciples is likely to provoke as much adverse criticism as their piety deserves respect. The Church of Christ can well afford to have directed against it sneers which merely criticise want of learning, while the sneerers are forced to acknowledge abundance of holiness. Deficiencies of education are no bar to usefulness in this branch of service. And the fact that this is the most frequently urged objection to public and audible prayer shows the weakness of those who oppose a practice sanctioned by the early Church, and approved by abundant fruitfulness in later times. These accusations effect no evil, and do not call for refutation. They assail that which is merely external, and which only concerns the real matter as the colour or shape of some useful article affects the useful purpose which it is intended to serve. We should be satisfied herein with hardly any educational regulation (except, perhaps, some exclusion of metaphor and simile), because we consider intellectual pre-eminence, although a desirable addition to, yet by no means an essential constituent of the righteous man before us. Yet, of course, some characteristics make a man efficient in prayer, and these characteristics are summed up by James in this solitary epithet, "righteous." A righteous man, whether educated or illiterate, is the proper person to represent the Church before the mercy-seat of God. To be prayed for by such a man is to ensure the enlistment of the Great Mediator

in the cause, and to pray with such a man is to enjoy the highest and noblest privilege offered by the communion of the saints.

Such a mouthpiece is eminent in many important points—important, however, only in a secondary sense, because this minor importance is precisely that which alone we are capable of estimating. He will especially be distinguished by singleness of purpose. Fortunately, the theology of prayer forbids the exercise of any such hypocrisy as is encouraged by systems of idolatry or fatalism. We cannot have any fear of hearing the praying hypocrites of Horace and Persius*, who make pious ejaculations and prayers for honour and credit quite aloud, while inwardly they pray that Providence may overrule human affairs for their own immediate profit. It seems incredible that one who does not believe in the efficacy of prayer should publicly partake of the service, and impossible for one who does so believe to utter such prayers as these. We have no fear of those who, professing to pray for the public profit, are internally invoking aid for their private emolument. The danger is, not that a man may pray audibly for one thing while silently he imprecates another, but that he may beseech real spiritual blessings aloud while his heart is not in the exercise. Such prayers cannot be too strongly censured. The very fluency of some may tempt them into this fault when the heart is not attuned to the task, and a lifeless ceremony occupies time which should be spent in hearty confession or genuine supplication. It is of the first importance that our devotions be led by single-minded, honest-hearted men, who have their whole souls imbued with a conscious appreciation of the blessing desired, and in whom ease of utterance and taste of expression are only subsidiary to the one great, all-absorbing purpose—of representing the needs of an assembly to their God. This appears to us the application of the word “righteous.” The promise is not made to the sinless man, for then who would dare to pray? The one sinless Man prayed Himself, and prayed sincerely and often; but He also enjoined upon His weaker brethren the necessity of praying, and that with pure and undivided heart. This righteousness is a faithful sincerity. The man who

* Hor. Epist. I. xvi.; Pers. Sat. II. 6. All this satire is worth study in this connection.

regards iniquity in his heart will not be heard, while the candour of the confessing publican in the Temple merits the commendation of our Saviour and secures the ear of God.

These simple, honest men then appear to be the desiderated quality in our meetings. A meeting containing some of these will be drawn near to the Father, and may fairly plead the promise. The life and energy imparted to the holy exercise will soon bear fruit, visible in additional interest and improved results. Thus far our considerations have rather been directed to the position of the conductor of such meetings, in speculating how he is to select those who lead our devotions. The remaining investigations regard rather the speaker, and how he should address himself to his important duty. But before coming to this subject we have a word or two upon the component parts of the assembly.

It is common—very common—to find that in a prayer-meeting the people present are almost all members of the church. It is perfectly natural and perfectly right that they should be there. Nowhere else can they find such consolation to support them under the afflictions of every-day life or encouragement to resist the assaults of every-day temptation. We have numbers of witnesses who will tell us how they draw thence fresh supplies of grace, the Christian's continuous essential in his pilgrimage. But there is no reason why such worthy people should have the meeting all to themselves. It would be a bad sign to have a congregation undisturbed by the entrance of an unconverted stranger. Why should not our prayer-meetings be as much utilised for the enlightenment of the sinner as our Sunday services are? Why should a minister make touching appeals once a week to the unregenerate, and make no provision for them in the more devotional atmosphere of the week-day evening? Perhaps they do not care to attend public prayer. Why then do such attend public Sunday worship? Rather we may suppose, perhaps we do not employ the same persuasion or offer equal inducement to procure their attendance. Even in our own families we are not solicitous that the younger part thereof should go on week-nights as regularly as on the first day of the week, although we ourselves recognise the importance of the service, both in our profession and in our practice. This ought

not to be the case. Experience shows that we ought to consider the week-day prayer-meeting as appointed for the profit of the unconverted, not less than for the refreshment of the church members.

How then should prayer be framed which is to benefit alike all the various hearers and sharers of the petition; the old and the young; the veteran disciple and the new recruit; the teacher and the learner; the one who has heard from his youth the good things of the word, and the stranger whom chance or invitation has brought into the audience? To a large, a very large extent, this must be left to the overruling wisdom of the Hearer of prayer. He can direct the pious aspirations of humble contrition, so as to touch the heart and perchance to modify the whole life of some or any present at the time. This being the case, we can only in a very qualified manner point out the topics which prayer does or should embrace, in the interests of converted and unconverted alike.

It would seem suitable, both from the nature of the case and from the practice of many good men, that humble confession be made in public prayer. An exercise which is chiefly necessary because of man's own frailty and imperfection may very appropriately contain some acknowledgment of human weakness. Such a confession of weakness and yielding has been the humble utterance of Christ's followers ever since His own time. The dawn of Peter's faith is accompanied by a confession of infirmity when he says, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord."* Paul the Apostle is so far from assuming his own perfection that he expressly denies it;† while John declares that "if we say that we have not sinned we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us."‡ An acknowledgment dictated by our own hearts, and approved by the noblest of our Saviour's followers, may well find place in our devotions, especially when we remember that a Christian is never stronger than when he recognises his own insufficiency. The great Apostle could only do all things through Christ strengthening him; and the repentant man, conscious of his infirmity, is thus most likely to receive the support he needs, and will thus consequently be best able to resist temptation. The most Christian man is the man most alive to his own deficiencies, just as

* Luke v. 8.

† Philippians iii. 12.

‡ 1 John i. 10.

the keenest of all uninspired intellects was conscious only of his own ignorance. This confession, then, becomes a most important point in audible prayer, is in accord with the humble hearts of all true worshippers, is a most wholesome thing for the speaker who utters it, and reminds the unconverted that the believer sees as a subject of sincere regret that sin which to himself is the shadow of despair. The casual auditor will more readily be induced to attempt to become a repentant sinner than to imitate a perfect saint, and the influence exerted upon all present will be distinctly beneficial. The omission of such acknowledgment appears, then, to us a Pharisaic assumption productive of much injury.

The clear view of human necessities acquired by this humility naturally prompts supplication for renewed grace to enable us to resist temptation, and to fulfil the will of God. Various stated, this prayer would be universally acknowledged as the core of our importunity. It is quite certain that all ought to present some such petition, and it is equally certain that its realisation would secure the main part of what man requires for his personal happiness. In accordance with this sense of help wanted, we hear repeatedly entreaties that the followers of Christ may be aided and strengthened as a visible church, and that the servants of God in every capacity may be encouraged to advance in their unselfish evangelistic labours. May the day be long distant when these earnest and useful prayers shall be discarded. There generally ensue requests for blessings upon our home and foreign missions, and no objects more deserving of remembrance could be suggested: Frequently we hear prayers for the sick and afflicted, and none so touchingly demand our sympathy and pity. But these are topics universally dealt with, and, therefore, are of less concern to our immediate purpose.

It does not appear orthodox in audible prayer to render thanks to God for the mercies of every day, or to entreat consolation under the trifling annoyances which help to make up the sum of human life. It may be right to overlook what is perhaps dwarfed by the consideration of the nobler interests of man; but it must be remembered that these so-called trifles form no small or inconsiderable part of every existence, and are productive of far more real influence upon a

man than the more rare and startling matters which he experiences. And they call for our continual thankfulness. This thankfulness demands repeated expression. We are well exhorted to recognise our daily mercies as God's own bounty, in such guise being more certain to recognise our God's benevolent hand than in His chastisements. The gratitude which praises for mercies is correlated to the resignation which finds patience under affliction. There can obviously be no sentiment more deserving of public expression than this. Do we always recognise such principle in our prayers?

Yet one other point. Some friend is sure to be under pressure of extraordinary temptation, even if the unresting tempter is not at work against all. Ought we not to make provision for such cases? What is more connected with the interests of the Church, and, therefore, of its separate members, than the vital question at stake when one of the number is subjected to unusual strain? Surely we are all interested herein. Undoubtedly we must be careful to follow the example of Him who said, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not."*

Now we are face to face with one of the most important questions at present exercising the Christian public. In various degrees this is considered by every church, and an object of the anxiety of every pastor. How can our church prayer-meetings be made more attractive than they at present are? Why do so few of those who appear at the Sunday services show themselves at the week-evening services? Why is it that, although our preaching allures the young, yet the praying is consigned to the mature? Perhaps the reason is simply that usage requires a certain attendance on the Sabbath, and is not so exigent for other occasions; or perhaps the young hearer who can with equanimity endure a sermon of any length is easily bored when prayer is prolonged by various voices for an hour. Taking this view of the solution, many good men have attempted to meet the case by introducing into the prayer-meeting some of the exposition required by the passages of Scripture read. From exposition is an easy transition to inculcation of doctrine or application of example; and at length we sometimes hear a full-grown sermon on these occasions.

* Luke xxii. 32.

Certain ministers take opportunity to refresh the memory of the audience upon the discourse of the bygone Sunday, and it is very healthful and pleasant to have the process of recollection thus facilitated. Others, again, with a congregation of strong spiritual digestion, find their flock ready once more for a full meal of good things—and supply the demand. Others, yet again, bind themselves to a “course” of studies upon some one Biblical writer, and pursue a “book” through its whole length—a definite plan of action, by the way, which gains much from its mere method and regularity. These various devices show that people acknowledge the need of some relief to the continuity of devotion, and have expended much energy and exerted much ingenuity to obtain satisfactory variation of the bill of fare. We think that, although such variations are in themselves blameless, and in their action beneficial, yet that they do not touch the real purpose which they appear intended to subserve. To us it seems that the considerations hereinbefore introduced will meet much of the difficulty. If we make our prayers more generally applicable to the whole of those present, and not let their scope be limited to a particular class, we shall find soon that the prayer has as much interest to the congregational public as the sermon affords.

A hint may perhaps be of value. If the number of men qualified to utter public prayer is small in proportion to the numbers of the church, the pastor can easily remedy this by encouraging audible prayer on the part of the young men in his senior Bible-class. When they are alone with him and each other, they will more easily be led to share in the practice of one of the most important of the Church's services.

SCENES FROM CHURCH HISTORY.

II.

ULPHILAS, THE APOSTLE OF THE GOTHs.

AUGUSTINE'S *De Civitate Dei* was, as we have already seen, occasioned by the calamities which overwhelmed Rome when she was stormed and sacked by the Goths under Alaric their king. The possibility of such a catastrophe had been clearly foreseen by a few of the wisest and most sagacious citizens of the empire, but by the bulk of men it was regarded with feelings of consternation and surprise. It sent a shock of alarm throughout the whole civilised world, and seized hold of the popular imagination as a sure precursor of the end of the world. Augustine did not share this alarm, but recognised in the event a revelation of God's great purpose, and a means of establishing a mightier and more beneficent rule than that of Imperial Rome. He believed that by a thorough reformation of manners, it was not yet too late to regain the prosperity of early days; and although the old social system was evidently crumbling to pieces, he anticipated from a pure and vigorous Christendom a greater glory than that which had been lost.

The calamity, as it was generally deemed, was attributed by the Pagans to the religion of Christ, but the charge was glaringly false and absurd. Augustine had no difficulty in refuting it, and in proving that Christianity was in no way responsible for it. The only direct influence of Christianity was seen in a mitigation of the cruelties and horrors which had hitherto invariably followed in the wake of conquest, for even the Goths, wild and barbarous as they were, had been tamed by the power of the Gospel.

"All the spoiling which Rome was exposed to in the recent calamity—all the slaughter, plundering, burning, and misery—were the result of the custom of war. But what was novel was that savage barbarians showed themselves in so gentle a guise, that the largest churches were chosen and set apart for the purpose of being filled with the people to whom quarter was given, and that in them none were slain, from them none forcibly dragged; that in them many were led by their relenting enemies to be set at liberty, and that from them none were led into slavery by merciless foes. Whoever does not see that this is to be attributed to the name of Christ and to the Christian temper is blind; whoever sees this and gives no praise is ungrateful; whoever hinders any one from praising it is mad. Far be it from any prudent man to impute this clemency to the barbarians. Their fierce and bloody minds were awed and bridled and marvellously tempered by Him who so long before said

by His prophet, 'I will visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquities with stripes; nevertheless My loving-kindness I will not utterly take from them.'"

This mention of the Goths and of the marvellous change which Christianity had wrought in them by the man whose own conversion we have so recently studied, has naturally led us to think of one who is commonly spoken of as the Apostle of the Goths, and whose life it will not be inappropriate to take as the basis of our next study. Ulphilas was not, like Augustine, a man of transcendent genius. But his fine Christian character bore noble fruits, his learning was considerable, and although he founded no theological school and was on one momentous point unquestionably opposed to the Catholic faith, his work both as a missionary and as a translator has laid the world under great obligation. We know comparatively little of the details of his life, nor is it possible from the materials at our command to weave a story of such surpassing interest as that which Augustine's conversion supplies, but we shall find in them more than sufficient to repay our attention and to enforce lessons which can never be out of date.

It was for a long time the common belief of historians that the Goths were descended from the Scandinavians; but although they at one time inhabited 'Scandinavia, it is now proved beyond dispute that they did not originate there. They were unquestionably a branch of the Germanic race, and dwelt originally on the Prussian coast of the Baltic near the mouth of the Vistula. The earliest mention of them by the writers of antiquity is said to be by Pytheas, of Marseille, who lived about the time of Alexander the Great. In a book of travels, some fragments of which have been preserved, he mentions a tribe of *Guttones*, who lived round a gulf of the sea called Mentonomon, a day's sail from the island of Abalus, where they used to gather amber and sell it to the neighbouring Teutoni. This gulf has been identified with the *Frische Haff* on the Prussian shore of the Baltic.

When the Goths next appear in history—in the third century of our era—they are settled on the coast of the Black Sea, by the mouth of the Danube. During the reign of Alexander Severus, A.D. 222—235, they issued forth in vast numbers from the country of the *Getae*, and made frequent and dangerous inroads upon the Roman province of Dacia. At what time and under what circumstances this migration to the south took place, we are unable to conjecture. "The cause that produced it," says Gibbon, "lies concealed among the various motives which actuate the conduct of unsettled barbarians. Either a pestilence or a famine, a victory or a defeat, an oracle of the gods, or the eloquence of a daring leader, were sufficient to impel the Gothic arms on the milder climates of the south. Besides the influence of a martial religion, the numbers and spirit of the Goths were equal to the most dangerous adventures."

It is unnecessary for us to follow their history as they endeavoured

to extend their territory and to subdue the proud masters of the world. They were not afraid to encounter the disciplined troops of the empire, or to struggle with them for their fairest provinces. Their successes were not easily secured, but they would have been less frequent and decisive if the old Roman spirit had not been extinct. The legionaries were weakened with luxury and indulgence, and harassed by nations younger and more vigorous than themselves. At first the wars waged by the Goths were frontier wars, but as they obtained possession of province after province they grew bolder in their designs, and aspired to be themselves the masters of the world. Practically, they were able, before the lapse of another century, to realise their aspirations. The power of ancient Rome was broken; and the precursors of the modern Teutonic nations effected, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, one of the greatest and most beneficent revolutions in the history of the world.

The religious and social life of this powerful race has been fully described in the pages of Cæsar and Tacitus. Of our modern writers, Gibbon has given the most graphic and eloquent account of it. Their theological system was simply a deification of nature. "They adored the great visible objects and agents of nature—the sun and the moon, the fire and the earth, together with those imaginary deities who were supposed to preside over the most important occupations of human life. They were persuaded that by some ridiculous arts of divination they could discover the will of the superior beings, and that human sacrifices were the most precious and acceptable offerings to their altar." Among these ridiculous arts were the casting of a number of twigs upon a cloth, and an examination of their position as an indication of the secrets of the future; the observation of the cries and flight of birds, and of the neighing of horses. Their manners were in many respects simple; their domestic life was pure; the ties of marriage and of kinship were held in the highest honour; the men were brave and the women chaste. Their ruling passion was war; and as they cared nothing for the pursuits either of agriculture or of commerce, there was little to restrain the passion or keep it in check. Their religious rites, too, were of a decidedly warlike character. "The influence of religion," says Gibbon, "was far more powerful to inflame than to moderate the fierce passions of the Germans (and the assertion holds good of every branch of the race). Interest and fanaticism often prompted its ministers to sanctify the most daring and the most unjust enterprises by the approbation of heaven, and the full assurance of success. The consecrated standards, long revered in the groves of superstition, were placed in front of the battle, and the hostile army was devoted with dire execrations to the god of war and thunder. In the faith of soldiers (and such were the Germans) cowardice is the most unpardonable of sins. A brave man was the worthy favourite of their martial deities; the wretch who had lost his shield was alike banished from the religious and the

civil assemblies of his countrymen. Some tribes of the north seemed to have embraced the doctrines of transmigration; others imagined a gross paradise of immortal drunkenness. All agreed that a life spent in arms, and a glorious death in battle, were the best preparation for a happy futurity either in this or in another world."

We have no record of the manner in which the Gospel was first introduced to those warlike and barbarous tribes. Their wars with Rome probably furnished the means of its introduction to them even so early as the second century of our era. They are said to have carried away among their captives many Christians, who at once sought to disseminate the faith by which they had themselves been renewed and strengthened. It was also a common thing for subjects of the Empire to flee from the grinding tyranny and persecution under which they lived, and to seek refuge among foreigners. The spirit of Christianity is essentially aggressive. These captives and wanderers sought to conquer the conquerors by making known the Gospel of Christ. They became missionaries of the Cross, and so rendered effective service in the kingdom of their Divine Master.

From one of these Christian families of Roman origin, Ulphilas, "the Apostle of the Goths," is said to have sprung. He was born in some part of the extensive region of Dacia. His name is unquestionably Gothic, and signifies a little wolf, or a wolf's cub; but this affords no proof of his Teutonic origin. Philostorgius—himself a Cappadocian—asserts that he descended from a stock residing in the centre of Cappadocia, and his assertion is fully entitled to our credence. The parents of Ulphilas may have become thoroughly naturalised among the Goths, especially if the circle amid which they lived had received the principles of the Christian faith, and they may on this ground have adopted Teutonic names. The exact place, as well as the date, of his birth is unknown. Some authorities place it in the year 311, others in 318. The first glimpse we obtain of him is in connection with an embassy or convoy of hostages sent to Constantinople by Alaric, king of the Goths, in token of his submission to Constantine, who had recently gone to his new capital in the exultation of his triumph over every rival in the empire, and over all his foes outside of it. This was in the year 332. Ulphilas was one of the hostages.

He could scarcely, however, be indebted to this event for his knowledge of Christianity. He would have been taught the rudiments of the faith in his early home. But it was during his stay at Constantinople that he was actually converted to Christ and received the new life. He remained in the imperial city for about ten years, extending his knowledge and culture, and acquiring by his rare wisdom and his exemplary life, great influence in the negotiations between the Goths and the Emperor. Ulphilas was brought into frequent contact with Constantine himself, and gained his hearty confidence and esteem. Whether it was at this period of his life or later, we cannot say,

but the emperor is known to have described him as the Moses of the Goths.

His first appointment in the church, to the service of which he resolved to devote himself, was to the apparently humble but really important office of lector or reader. It was his duty to read the Scriptures in the congregation. To the importance of this duty the early church was far more keenly alive than we are to-day, and its circumstances were doubtless of a nature to render the duty imperative. Manuscripts were rare and costly—vast multitudes were unable to read, and actual knowledge of the Divine Word could be acquired only in this public way. The invention of printing, the extensive circulation of the Scripture, and the spread of education have given to the people a knowledge which was in former times impossible. But, even now there is much ignorance of the Bible among people otherwise well-educated. There is little systematic or consecutive study of it, and to a greater extent than many of us imagine the office of the “lector” is of importance. We do not, of course, plead for a division between it, and the office of the preacher. But we do contend that more care should be taken in the selection of the Scripture lessons than is at all general in our Nonconformist Churches, and that in all churches the lessons should be more efficiently and impressively rendered. With the graces of elocution we can well afford to dispense. But careless and slovenly reading is as irreverent as it is insipid. A natural unaffected manner, a clear enunciation, proper emphasis, and an earnest endeavour to convey the true sense of the Scripture so that it may be “understood of the people,” it is the duty of every minister to acquire.

From the lowly office of lector, Ulphilas was next raised to the dignity of a bishop, mainly, it is supposed, through the influence of his friend Eusebius of Nicomedia to whose semi-Arianism he had declared his adherence. But there is a similar uncertainty with respect to the date of his elevation to the episcopacy, as there is with respect to the date of his birth. The earliest period at which it could have taken place is the year 341, when, according to some authorities, he was attending the Council of Antioch at which Athanasius was condemned and deposed, and the word *Homoousian* expunged from the Creed. But it is by no means clear that he was present at that Council; and Theophilus, his predecessor as bishop of the Goths, is thought by many to have lived until the year 348, and this is accordingly the date they assign for the elevation of Ulphilas.

He had no particular city as his see, but wherever his people wandered he regarded that as his field of labour. No episcopal palace, no stately cathedral restricted his pastoral oversight. He was rather an itinerant preacher, a wandering missionary, than a settled dignitary. His work was largely evangelistic—a simple proclamation of God's great message of mercy to men who had lived in the darkness of heathenism, and a noble effort—of which we shall have to speak more

fully—to give them, barbarians as they were, the Word of God in their own tongue.

Ulphilas was a diligent and faithful preacher of Christ, labouring in season and out of season. He united in himself the evangelistic, the pastoral, and the administrative functions. For many years his labours were carried on successfully and in peace—interrupted only by the demands which were made upon him as a diplomatist who had before proved himself capable of conducting difficult negotiations between the Roman Emperor and the Goths. His services in this respect were recognised with equal readiness by both sides. He gained the increased confidence of both, and thus also acquired an additional influence as an ambassador for Christ.

The peaceful prosecution of his missionary work in Dacia was at length terminated. The Gospel which he and his associates had preached did not win the assent of all who heard it. Many of them preferred to remain in heathen darkness, and were wroth with those of their countrymen who had abandoned their traditional ceremonies. The toleration which had been for a time displayed gave place to a spirit of fierce vindictiveness, and there arose a deadly persecution. The chieftains as well as the people were divided by religion and political interest. Athanaric, the most powerful of their chiefs, was an uncompromising enemy of the Romans, and haughtily rejected the Gospel of Christ. "The faith of the new converts was tried by the persecution he excited. A wagon, bearing aloft the shapeless image of Thor, perhaps, or of Woden, was conducted in solemn procession through the streets of the camp; and the rebels who refused to worship the God of their fathers were immediately burnt with their tents and families." Ulphilas was expelled from his native place—*his diocese*—and compelled to seek refuge with a number of his followers in Lower Moesia.

Here is a contemporary account of the matter:—

"After the glorious martyrdom of many servants and handmaidens of Christ, the most holy and blessed Ulphilas was driven together with a multitude of confessors from Varbaricum, the land of the barbarians, and honourably entertained by the then reigning Emperor, Constantius, of blessed memory: so that as God, by the hand of Moses, delivered His people from the violence of Pharaoh and the Egyptians and made them pass through the Red Sea, even so by means of Ulphilas, did God set free the confessors of His Holy Son from the Varbaric land, and caused them to cross over the Danube and serve Him upon the mountains like His saints of old."

Ulphilas and his band of fellow-Christians settled in Lower Moesia, at the foot of the Haemus, and were known as the Gothi-Minores, or Little Goths. They were hospitably received by their fellow-Christians of the Empire, and entered upon a short season of prosperity.

The political relations of the world were at that moment in an unsettled and precarious state. Even in the Empire, Christianity was not free from the risk of persecution, while there were wars and

revolutions along the banks of the Lower Danube. Athanaric continued his policy of defiance, and the Christian martyrology received name after name from the Gothic population. Frightful holocausts were offered, and all Christians who refused to worship the national God were thrown into the fire.

While this persecution was raging the Gothic tribes were overrun by the Huns—a race as fierce as their own. The Ostro-Goths of Luthuania were destroyed, and at length the Visigoths were attacked. Athanaric fled, and found refuge in the Carpathian Mountains. The bulk of his people, under the guidance of his rival Fritigern, turned towards the Empire, and joined their brethren in Moesia, where they were at first cordially welcomed. So vast, however, did the number of the immigrants become that the scene was one of terrible disorder. Famine thinned their ranks; women and children were sold into slavery; despair drove the Goths to revolt; war broke out; the Roman arms suffered defeat, especially at Adrianople, where the emperor Valens was burnt to death in a cottage in which he had sought refuge. Gratian, who succeeded him as emperor of the East, willingly made terms with his rude foemen, enlisted their leaders in his army, and employed their forces as auxiliaries in the defence of the empire.

During all these commotions we naturally hear little of Ulphilas; but there can be no doubt that he was, while deeply interested in the political events and complications of the time, earnestly prosecuting his Christian labours. He was summoned to attend the Council of Constantinople, held in 388, when the orthodox creed was re-affirmed, and Arianism finally rejected as the faith of the Church. But though he was summoned to the council, Ulphilas did not attend it. Before it assembled his work on earth was closed, and God called him to his rest and reward. His death was lamented by men of all parties, who vied with one another in doing honour to a saint and a hero, whose life—passed amid theological and political strifes, amid wars and revolutions—had commanded universal respect, and had been devoted to what must ever be deemed the best and highest interests of mankind.

That Ulphilas was an Arian, and an Arian from sincere conviction, there can, we think, be no doubt. The efforts of orthodox historians to explain away this fact are utterly unsuccessful. He did not, we imagine, subscribe to the Arian formula through “inadvertence,” nor was he perverted to heterodoxy in his old age by the juggling of a false teacher. He might be, and doubtless was, affected by various external influences, both imperial and ecclesiastical, hostile to the Nicene Creed; but, so far as we can form a definite judgment, he conscientiously adhered to the Arian tenet more or less firmly throughout the whole of his life. The probability is that he was not addicted to the study of metaphysical problems, but limited his attention to those great moral and spiritual principles of the Gospel which he felt

to be of the first importance for the regeneration of his rude countrymen. Our subtle theological distinctions are not certainly to be set aside as mere quibbles. Indifferentism is not the highest attitude of the human intellect, nor is the systemisation of our thought and belief to be depreciated. But in missionary labours, such as occupied the largest share of the active life of Ulphilas, these matters necessarily fall into the background, and that which all sincere Christians regard as the essence of the Gospel is less dependent upon them than in the eagerness and heat of our controversies we are apt to think.

The work by which Ulphilas is most widely remembered, however, is his translation of the Scriptures. His mind must have been early directed to this work, and its accomplishment would occupy many years. He was at the outset confronted by a difficulty which some of our own missionaries have had to face. He had to compose an alphabet. In the twenty-four letters which he invented were four expressing sounds unknown to the Greek and Latin pronunciation, one of which was W, and another Th as in Thou. How far Ulphilas derived the idea of his work from observation and the experience of others, we cannot say. But the attempts of Westein to deprive him of the credit of the invention are as futile as they are unworthy. There is no reason for disputing the assertion of the historian Socrates:—"Ulphilas discovered the Gothic letters, and by his translation of the Divine Scriptures enabled the barbarian to learn the oracles of God." This testimony is endorsed by Niebuhr, Max Müller, and the majority of competent philologists. In his translation of the Old Testament, Ulphilas purposely left out the Books of the Kings, lest the perusal of them should tend to inflame the fierce and sanguinary spirit of a race already too prone to war, and intensify the passions, which it was his aim to calm.

For several centuries this "sacred and national work" accompanied the Goths in all their migrations. But after the ninth century all traces of it were lost, and nothing was known of its character save what could be learned from ecclesiastical historians. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, however, the manuscript was discovered by Morillon in the library of the monastery of Werden, on the Ruhr, in Westphalia. From thence it was removed to Prague, where it remained till 1648, when it was captured by the Swedes and sent among the spoils to Stockholm. At least there is a strong probability that the *Codex Argenteus* at Stockholm is the same MS. as Morillon had seen at Werden. It contains the greater part of the four gospels, and many of the chasms can be supplied from MSS. of a later date. It has been splendidly bound and placed in the library of Upsal. The MS. is written on vellum that once was purple, in silver letters, except at the beginning of sections, where the letters are golden.

In 1762 Knittel edited from a Wolfenbüttel palimpsest portions of the Epistle to the Romans in Gothic, in which the Latin stood

side by side with the version of Ulphilas. Still further discoveries were made in 1817. "When the late Cardinal Mai was engaged in the examination of palimpsests in the Ambrosian library at Milan, of which he was at that time librarian, he noticed traces of some Gothic writing under that of one of the Codices. This was found to be part of the books of Ezra and Nehemiah. In making further examination, four other palimpsests were found, which contained portions of the Gothic version. Mai deciphered these MSS. in conjunction with Count Carlo Ottavio Castiglione, and their labours resulted in the recovery, besides a few portions of the Old Testament, of almost the whole of the thirteen Epistles of St. Paul, and some parts of the gospels."

Of the philological importance of this version of Ulphilas, there can be no question. It is almost exclusively through it that the fine structure of the Gothic dialect has become known to us, and in it we may trace the sources of our own language. It would perhaps be too much to assert that the Moeso-Gothic is the parent of the Teutonic dialects, but they are all closely allied to it, and *may* be derived from it. But whatever be the relationship, the value of this ancient version is evident, and scholars of every class will for the most part endorse the judgment of Dr. Tregelles, with whose words we conclude:—

"As an ancient monument of the Gothic language, the version of Ulphilas possesses great interest; as a version the use of which was one extended widely through Europe, it is a monument of the Christianisation of the Goths, and as a version *known* to have been made in the fourth century, and transmitted to us in ancient MSS., it has its value in Textual Criticism, being thus a witness to the readings which were current in that age. In certain points it has been thought that there is some proof of the influence of the Latin; and this has been regarded as confirmed by the order of the Gospels in the *Codex Argenteus*, being that of the old Latin MSS., Matthew, John, Luke, Mark. But if the peculiarities pointed out were borrowed in the Gothic from the Latin, they must be considered rather as exceptional points, and not such as affect the general texture of the version, for its Greek origin is not to be mistaken. This is certain from the manner in which the Greek constructions and the forms of the compound words are imitated. The very mistakes of rendering are proofs of Greek and not Latin origin. The marks of conformity to the Latin may have been introduced into the version in the case of MSS. copied in Italy during the rule in that land of the Gothic sovereigns. The Wolfenbüttel palimpsest has Latin by the side of the Gothic.

"The Greek from which the version was made must in many respects have been what was termed the transition text of the fourth century, another witness to which is the revised form of the old

Latin such as is found in the Codex Brixianus (this revision being in fact the *Itala*).

"In all cases in which the readings of the Gothic confirm those of the most ancient authorities, the united testimony must be allowed to possess especial weight."

It only remains for us to add that Ulphilas never allowed his doctrinal bias to influence his translation. According to Canon Westcott his Bible contains no trace of his Arian beliefs, while Dr. Tregelles asserts that the only trace of it is in Phil. ii. 6. And in reference to a point which is of some moment to ourselves, it may be remarked that he renders the Greek βαπτίζω by a Gothic word *daupjan*, the meaning of which, as all scholars allow, is to immerse. The testimony of this ancient version is decidedly in our favour.

LAWRENCE SPOONER:

A NONCONFORMIST OF THE OLDEN TIME.

SOME time ago I met with a very interesting little book, entitled "An abstract of the gracious dealings of God with several eminent Christians, in their conversion and sufferings, taken from authentic manuscripts, and published for the comfort and establishment of serious minds. By Samuel James. Fourth edition. London, 1774."

The first part contains an account of the conversion and trials of Mr. Lawrence Spooner, who seems to have had a prolonged and painful experience ere he found pardon and peace through faith in Christ. He was born at Curborrow, near Lichfield, where he lived and died as an eminent Baptist minister.

Mr. James was the much-respected pastor of the Baptist Church at Hitchin, and the grandson of Lawrence Spooner. He tells us that the account which he gives of Mr. Spooner is drawn from that gentleman's own manuscript.

"It was my mercy," says Mr. Spooner, "to be born of Christian parents, who not only professed the form, but felt the power, of godliness. My reverend father gave me the best instructions, but my parents dying when I was very young, I was left to the care of some Christian friends, who greatly valued me for my father's sake, I being his only son."

These advantages were not, however, improved. He was careless about his soul, fell into bad company, became addicted to drinking and other excesses, to the great grief and concern of those who had the

oversight of him. One thing especially was a source of great distress to himself, his tempting a poor, harmless, inoffensive man to drink to excess. After the death of the man, the recollection of this evil deed pierced and rent his heart, and occasioned a sorrow which he speaks of as one that would "follow him to his grave." He continued in this course of sin for years, so that some of his friends ceased to pray for him, "particularly one good woman, who, after conversing in a very serious, solemn manner with me, said she had left off mentioning me at a Throne of Grace." This striking fact affected him very deeply, though as yet he had no desire to pray for himself. But he could not shake off deep convictions of sin. He was oppressed with a secret dread of Divine wrath, which led to prayer and making promises of forsaking his evil companions, and leading a new life. These impressions soon wore off, and he became worse than ever. But the turning point was at hand, and his own narrative will show how he was brought to it.

"Being invited by two friends to go with them to see some godly men, at that time in prison for conscience sake, at length I consented. The morning they set out they sent for me, but as the weather was wet, and being willing to make excuses, I declined the journey. Soon after they were gone I felt great remorse. . . . Sure I shall be condemned at the last great day, because I refuse to visit prisoners who are confined for Jesus' sake. This conviction wrought so powerfully that I immediately took my horse and followed them. I no sooner entered the prison but I was much affected with seeing these servants of the Lord, insomuch that I could not refrain tears, though I would fain have concealed them. They soon beheld it with joy, and the conversation of one of them especially made a deep impression on my mind."

The person here particularly referred to was Mr. Pardoe, a useful minister of the neighbourhood, who afterwards wrote many affectionate letters to Mr. Spooner, which were greatly blessed to his further conviction and establishment in the truth. This occurred some time in 1675. The concern about his salvation increased. He now loved to be alone, and spent parts of many nights in fervent prayer, earnestly desiring to see more and more of the evil of sin, and to be led to the blood and righteousness of the Saviour. He felt deeply those wondrous words of the prophet Isaiah, "*I am sought of them that asked not for me, I am found of them that sought me not.*" Now there sprung up love for the company of godly people, whose conversation was formerly disliked, but now was sweet and delightful to his soul. He was soon called to suffer persecution. His wicked companions assaulted him with great violence, striving, with all their might, to turn him aside from the Lord and His people. His inbred corruptions seemed to rage more than ever; and Satan set upon him with no small fury, and for a time seemed to prevail. But he ultimately found deliverance and peace, and his description of the change

is very touching :—"At length, He who loves to pity souls had pity on me. The Lord heard my voice, and my cry came up before Him. My fears were quickly turned into faith, my despair into hope, and my darkness into light. My sorrow was turned into joy, my pain into ease, my bondage into liberty, and my storm into a sweet calm. In short, my fetters were all knocked off, my wounds were healed by the balm of the Covenant, my filthy garments were taken away, and there was given to me a change of raiment. Now was my head lifted up above all mine enemies, my heart was filled with gladness, *and a new song was put into my mouth.*"

Under the influences of these feelings, he joined the Church, and so rich were his entertainments in the kingdom of grace, and so ravishing was the sense of the love of God in Christ Jesus, that he seemed to be in a new world. *Old things had passed away, and all things were become new.* He subsequently passed, as newly-converted persons often do, into the "Valley of Humiliation," and was distressed by blasphemous thoughts—with doubts of the Saviour's love—by spiritual pride—with atheistic notions as to the existence of God—a conflict which lasted a whole year, that he seemed "like a person falling into an overwhelming distraction ; and such a sense of sin and dread of the terrible majesty of an angry God followed, that he feared Divine justice would strike him dead." He wrestled on in prayer, "till at length hope sprang up again, his spirit revived, the clouds broke, the day began to dawn, and the Sun of Righteousness arose upon his spirit, *with healing beams beneath His wings.* As we shall see by-and-bye, this protracted struggle, and prolonged agony of alternate doubt and fear—of hope and trust—were eminently sanctified ; and became a fitting preparation for the many and severe persecutions which he subsequently had to endure.

He proceeded at once to unite in fellowship with the Christian friends residing in the neighbourhood, and the first meeting of which he speaks was held at his own house, Oct. 1st, 1683, when many belonging to other societies united in the service. While the minister, who had come many miles to preach to them, was engaged in prayer, two informers came in, and, after being silent for awhile, one of them began to speak loudly, and to disturb the assembly. Mr. Spooner went and remonstrated with them, intimating that if anything was done contrary to law, "they knew what advantage they had against house or hearers."

"They told me they wondered I would keep such unlawful assemblies at my house. I replied I was not careful to answer in that matter, having rules for our practice long before these laws of the realm were made, wishing them again not to interrupt the meeting. They then desired to know the preacher's name, and said they would depart. This I refused ; yet they withdrew without any further interruption."

These informers went to a meeting of justices to lay their complaint before them ; but the only answer they received was that they might

come again when the other magistrates had been consulted. Being now aware of their danger, Mr. Spooner and his friends set apart a day for fasting and prayer. At the close of the meeting two questions were debated, whether they should continue the meetings at the usual places and keep them open as before ; or whether they should dispose of their goods privately, or, if God in His providence should permit, suffer them to be seized? The conclusion to which they came was worthy of persons of their simple piety and earnest faith. It is best told in their own words, which deserve serious consideration, and which may perhaps strengthen those whose Nonconformity is of a less robust order.

“It was determined to keep our meetings as usual, not only as the place was most commodious, but lest our seeking privacy should embolden our enemies. . . . As to our goods we determined nothing ; only these queries were proposed for consideration—Whether those great and precious promises made to such who suffer for Christ and his Gospel are not beyond any of God’s creatures here below ? . . . Whether any affliction that befalls the people of God is not for the trial of their faith, and for their profit ? And if so, whether Christians may not take joyfully the spoiling of their goods ?”

Their subsequent conduct was in harmony with their resolve ; they agreed to wait upon the Lord, to keep in the path of duty, to strengthen the feeble-minded, to support the weak, and to show themselves patient towards their enemies. Informers went about trying to break up other meetings, and on one occasion came to Mr. Spooner’s while they were commemorating the sufferings and death of their Lord. They rushed into the assemblies hastily, and began to speak what they pleased ; but the minister made no pause ; subsequent silence awed the intruders, and the meeting ended in peace. They were disturbed but once more by these men, who, however, seemed ashamed of themselves when quietly rebuked, and the meeting continued without any further interruption from them.

Other tactics were now pursued. Fresh informations were laid before the justices, and warrants were issued for one hundred pounds and lesser sums, to the no small consternation of the people, who saw nothing but ruin before them, unless the course of law could be stopped, or their property secured. Some of the more timid—and there are always such to be found in the midst of the most resolute—blamed Mr. Spooner for endangering his person and property by continuing to hold these open meetings, and chided him for his rash and unreasonable conduct. He “had enough to do to silence the bold reasonings of his own flesh and blood.” Under these perplexing circumstances he “constantly sought the Lord for wisdom and guidance to direct his affairs,” desiring to take especial heed of hasty proceedings, “knowing that he that believeth must not, in *these cases*, make haste.” He found such support and comfort in Divine promises, that amidst all his sorrows he was “ever ready to sing for

joy." His heroic conduct is thus modestly described :—" When the officers came to execute the warrant, I suffered them to enter my house without the least opposition, and when I read it, I said that although I had done nothing to deserve such a seizure, yet, forasmuch as I made conscience not to conform, or submit to the laws I lived under, I would quietly bear what God should permit them to do. . . My neighbours also discovered great concern upon this occasion ; but especially my wife, poor heart, burst into tears, to think that her house should be plundered, and all her goods seized and sold in her sight. Yet, after awhile, she recovered herself, saying, ' That if it was the will of the Lord it should be so, she desired to submit.' "

How rightly did Mr. Spooner interpret the command of Christ, "*Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, but unto God the things which are God's.*" Happy would it be for our churches if all their members saw this precept in the same light, and had the courage to obey it. The goods were seized, and public proclamation was made, that next market day, at Lichfield, "all sorts of cattle, hay, and household goods, would be sold very cheap." And Mrs. Spooner heard it. When the day came, "and several ill-minded persons offered to buy ; as God would have it, a terror soon fell on the minds of most, and the people so discouraged one another that not a single person appeared at the sale !" His cattle were then seized and driven to Lichfield Market, but no man would buy them. They were then driven to another market, but no sale was effected. Mr. Spooner adds, in words of great godly simplicity, "at last it pleased God to permit the bailiff of the hundred to purchase them." Just the sort of man to do a deed of which the people, generally, were ashamed. The justices were once more appealed to, and, on the plea of the shame and disgrace which would follow if the goods were not taken and sold, the required orders were given, and two of their minions came, and demanding the keys, which Mrs. Spooner gave up, though with reluctance, they began to rifle the house. The result was remarkable, and is best told in his own words :—" But when they had got possession of my effects they could not hire waggons to carry them away, though they proffered double the price of carriage. At last, indeed, they procured two teams, which were very weak, and the ways being then bad, they were for some time by these means hindered ; then they importuned a neighbour, who was no friend to Dissenters, to come over his ground, but prevailed not. Thus Providence prevented their designs, till those men, with whom they had agreed, refused to carry the goods at any rate !"

The men who were the actors in these scenes being thus frustrated in their designs, began to drink very hard on the expectation of getting the fines ; one of them boasting that *one hundred pounds would buy a soul out of hell*, and that a loyal subject to the king would be placed in Mr. Spooner's house. This same person began to decline in health, and almost his last words were "*God forgive me, I have greatly injured those*"

I have informed against, which troubles me more than anything I have ever done in my life." This was soon noised abroad, and produced such an impression of awe, that none durst buy any of Mr. Spooner's goods, or come to fetch anything out of his house. The justices now took the matter in hand, threatened the constable, and summoned Mr. Spooner before them. Nothing daunted or disturbed in spirit, he said to the Christian friend who accompanied him, that "though sense could not *see* the Almighty on His Throne, governing all things, yet that *faith* discerned it." Of this we soon had convincing proof; for when the constable presented the warrant stating that the party summoned was there, the justices, after consulting together, replied, "that he might take me home again, for they desired not to see me." So I returned with great admiration, and the society expected it would be a night of sorrow, because on the morrow I should be sent to prison. But the Lord made it a season of great comfort and joy. Not only were these persecutors utterly foiled, but their acts brought great trouble on themselves. The chief informer complained that he had lost money; the constable was charged with being bribed from a due execution of the warrants; and the justices were wearied with two years' perplexity in this affair. Thus fulfilling the words of Scripture—*In the net which they hid, is their own foot taken. . . . The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.*

Mr. Spooner closes his narrative thus:—"At last Charles II. died, which put a stop to sufferings for the present; and, although after two years they were revived, and I endured many hard things for conscience sake, yet, after *all* the storms were over, and my enemies had done their *utmost*, I don't think I lost more than thirty pounds, for which I had so large a crop of experience that I have the greatest reason to forgive them, and do heartily pray that God would not lay this sin to their charge. . . . In short, my mind, since these exercises, has been more calm, comfortable, and composed, and I have had Christ Jesus, my Saviour, more constantly in my heart and eye than ever before. I have come up out of this wilderness leaning upon Him, who, I hope and trust, will still defend me, and at last present me without fault before Him, with exceeding joy."

This lofty idea of the nobleness of our principles, and this heroic maintenance of them, in spite of contempt, persecution, and scorn, were never more wanted than in the present day. We should hear fewer apologies for being Nonconformists, less complaints of the loss of social state and of cultivated society. Our young people, if taught how noble our principles are—that they are essential to true loyalty to Christ—that an Established Church contravenes the crown-rights of King Jesus, would not so easily be allured from our ranks by the delusive pretence that it is more *respectable* to conform, but would grow up spiritually healthy and strong. The progress of the country in prosperity and freedom has been identical with the prevalence of our principles; and when we see such examples of their power, the

dignity and religious earnestness which a thorough belief of them inspires, as set forth in the life and spirit of such men as Laurence Spooner, we may well bind them to our brow as a crown of glory, and determine, come what may, that we will hold to them with a profounder love, and maintain them with a firmer resolve than ever.

Newport, Isle of Wight.

F. T.

SYMBOLS OF THE CHURCH.

BY THE REV. JAMES CAVE.

I.—THE TEMPLE AND THE PRIESTHOOD.

“Ye also as lively [living] stones are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.”—1 PET. ii. 5.

PETER addresses his letter “To the strangers scattered throughout Pontus,” and other provinces of Asia Minor, to the believers of the dispersion; and, if not wholly to the believing Jews, yet in part, and much of his language is drawn from Jewish associations.

To these Jews it was a great sorrow that their ancient forms of worship had upon them the mark of doom. To them it was as if they were losing the glory of the olden time.

It is not difficult to enter into their feeling. Two things, at least, would help to make up their sorrow. Theirs was what men speak of as a historic religion, and there is a conservatism about the heart which treasures up and clings fondly to that which is old. Their form of worship had upon it the hoariness of age, the glory of centuries. They could trace it up in an unbroken line to Moses, and through him to Jehovah Himself. And it is no matter of wonder that with sorrow and misgiving they should see this system of high birth and hoar age decaying and waxing old, and “ready to vanish away.”

Then, further, men are attached to the outward and visible in religion. They find it easier to have outward forms and fixed moulds in which to shape and convey their faith. Men cling to a ritual, and feel loth to trust their acts of worship to that which is purely spiritual and from within. In olden times, and to-day, men cling to a temple, and a priesthood, and a ritual. It is easier for them to transact their business with Heaven in a building the associations of which are religious, where the materials and forms and colours

which meet the eye are supposed to have a close connection with religion; it is easier to feel that a member of a sacred order, dressed in religious garb, treading a sacred enclosure, and using consecrated vessels, is doing something for them to help to discharge their religious obligations; than to enter a plain room, with homely benches, where nothing but an earnest heart leads the devotions, and the piety of the worshippers must well up from within. This purely spiritual worship, which, after all, is the only worship that reaches the ear of God, is further from men, and more difficult to attain; and hence they seek refuge in consecrated buildings and in consecrated priests.

For reasons like these the Jews bewailed the passing away of that grand service which had expressed the worship of their fathers, from Moses downwards. They felt it hard to quit a religion of outward forms and acts, and flee alone to the sincere worship which is "in spirit and in truth," unassisted by sacrifice, or priest, or holy place. They felt they were losing so much. We can almost read between the lines the Apostle has penned, a reference to this thought. It is as though we could hear him ask, "But what have you lost?"—"We have lost the Temple." "No, the material house which stood on Mount Zion is about to be destroyed, but that temple which is going from the eye will still exist to the heart. For you have come to Christ 'as unto a living stone,' 'chosen of God and precious;' even as 'it is contained in the Scripture, behold I lay in Zion a chief corner stone, elect, precious; and he that believeth on Him shall not be confounded.' On this foundation, 'ye also as living stones are built up a *spiritual house*.' The Temple is not destroyed; Christ has reared it in another form. Then, as to the priesthood, that remains; and the sacrifices. The visible, the material, and the imperfect are no more; the shadows are gone, but the substance is given in their place. For in this 'spiritual house' *ye* are a '*holy priesthood* to offer up *spiritual sacrifices* acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.'"

We have now to contemplate the Church of Christ under the two-fold symbol of the Temple and the Priesthood.

I. THE TEMPLE.—The Temple is realised in the Church. Each individual partaker of Christ is a part of this spiritual building. As each stone, built in by the noiseless masonry by which Solomon's Temple arose, formed a part of that Temple; so every individual, fashioned and placed by the silent hand of the new-creating Spirit, is "built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone," and becomes a part of that "building fitly framed together which groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord" (Eph. ii. 20, 21). The Church is a perpetuating and realising of the idea prefigured, first, in the Tabernacle, and then in the Temple.

The main idea of the Temple was that it was the dwelling-place of the unseen God. When God required the Tabernacle to be built,

He said, "Let them make Me a sanctuary, *that I may dwell among them.*" Of the Holiest of All, He said, "And there *will I meet with thee, and I will commune with thee* from above the mercy-seat" (Exod. xxv. 8, 22). And again, "And there *will I meet with* the children of Israel, and the Tabernacle shall be sanctified by My glory. . . . And *I will dwell among* the children of Israel, and will be their God" (Exod. xxix. 43, 45). These are the essential idea and purpose of the Tabernacle and Temple. Each was God's dwelling-place upon earth among men; the place where God and man might meet together, and man might worship and commune. There dwelt the signs of the Divine presence. When the Tabernacle was set up and furnished, there descended upon the Holy Place the Pillar of Cloud, and "the glory of the Lord filled the Tabernacle," so that "Moses was not able to enter into the tent," because of the cloud and the glorious presence. So, too, when Solomon's Temple was completed: "then the house was filled with a cloud, even the House of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the House of God" (2 Chron. v. 13, 14). So that the Temple became known as the dwelling-place of God, and men, wishing for the manifestations of His glorious presence, learned to pray, "O Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth."

The Temple had long ceased to be consecrated with these actual symbols of God's dwelling there. But men never forgot the original fact, and the sacred associations and idea of the place: and the destroying the Temple seemed like blotting out God's habitation from the earth. Such was not the case. The visible and imperfect were removed—the spiritual and the real were established. God was no longer to dwell in "temples made with hands; neither to be worshipped with men's hands;" but He was to have a temple nevertheless. That temple was to be the Church of His Son, "which He hath purchased with His own blood," reared by the Eternal Spirit out of those whose hearts He makes "willing in the day of His power."

This is the New Testament view of the Church: it is the Temple, the dwelling-place of God. "In whom," says Paul, speaking of that "building" which is "growing into an holy temple in the Lord," "in whom ye also are builded together *for an habitation of God through the Spirit.*" Writing to the Corinthians, he says, in his first letter, "Know you not that ye are the temple of God, and that the *Spirit of God dwelleth* in you?" (iii. 16); and in his second letter, "Ye are the temple of the living God, as God hath said, '*I will dwell in them and walk in them*'" (vi. 16).

There is a sanctity and a dignity given to the Church—this "spiritual house" built up of individual "living stones." It is the dwelling-place of God. This applies not only to God's one Church, His "Holy Church throughout the world," but to every band of faithful men gathered together in sympathetic and loving fellowship unto and

in Christ's name. Each is a little world, in itself a "Temple of the Lord." There is a disposition to underrate the dignity of the Church, which manifests itself in one or two ways.

(1.) There are *disciples of Christ who stand aloof from a profession of religion and from fellowship with God's Church*. They speak of the being a part of the professed Church as a very small and very subordinate matter. Some give as their reason that the Church is so imperfect, and in it are certain individuals to whom they are averse. The unreasonableness of their excuse can never have occurred to them. It amounts to this—the Church is too imperfect for them to lead to it their name and interest, and for them to seek a dwelling there; yet, with all its imperfections, it is not despised or shunned by God! It is our Lord's Temple; surely it is not unworthy of being ours. Some, again, do not see the necessity of fellowship with the Church. They have been heard to say, "We can be Christians and go to heaven, and do our work without this." The selfishness of this sentiment we pass by. But it would be well for such to consider that their judgment is exactly contrary to that of Christ. Christ deemed the Church necessary for Him, necessary for His people, and His people necessary to the Church, if she were to realize her position, and do her work among men. Who can have given us any exemption from this ruling idea of the Lord? Who can have given us liberty to form an opinion on the matter at all? Christ has declared the necessity, and "the right of private judgment" on the matter is at an end.

(2.) Another common, and growing, mode of depreciating the Church is *making light of her assemblies and services*. If it were realised that the Church when it meets for worship is the temple of God, and its individual members are "a holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices," they would deem it a sacred duty and a high privilege to go up to the temple at the hour of prayer. Once-a-day hearers from preference would be nowhere found. Those who say they can worship God as well at home, or in the field, forget that God has given a special promise to such as meet together. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them," is a promise which belongs only to those who are "assembling themselves together" in the name of Christ. It surely means that while He will never forsake any sincere worshipper, and will always visit those who cannot come to the assembly, yet in a special and fuller sense will He be present where men are gathered together—drawn by the power of a common love to Him, and impelled by the force of a common need which in Him they seek to have supplied.

II. Then, moving from the building itself, the Apostle assigns to us another part, that of the **PRIESTHOOD**. While as yet the Temple was standing, this was an office belonging to an order of men

specially set apart and consecrated unto it; an office, moreover, which was fenced and jealously guarded from all others besides. When Korah and his companions wanted to level down the priesthood, saying, "Ye take too much upon you, seeing all the congregation are holy, every one of them, and the Lord is among them," their sedition was visited by the swift anger of the Lord (Numb. xvi.); and when Uzziah, the king, invaded the sanctuary and took up a censer to do the work of a priest, not only did the priests rebuke and expel him, but his trespass was punished by the leprosy which fastened on him from the Lord (2 Chron. xxvi. 16—21). But now this special order has ceased to exist. The rending of the vail at the Lord's death signified that the exclusiveness of access to God was at an end, and now "boldness" is given unto us "to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus." Ye are "a holy priesthood," says Peter, addressing those who have no other claim to the position than that they are made the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ.

This is the prerogative of all believers. No man has any right to stand—no man can stand—between the soul and the living God. No man can be a priest in any other sense than that in which all the Lord's people are priests; and when he assumes this position for himself, he casts a slight on the finished work of the Lord Jesus—the atoning High Priest—and upon His people, who are made by Him "a kingdom of priests." When a man professes to offer sacrifice to God at an altar, or enters the confessional to hear a fellow-creature's sin, professing to give, or to gain, absolution, he is guilty of the greatest presumption. He presumes to be what only Christ can be to them, Who, "by His one offering, hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified," so that "there is no more offering for sin"; and Who is "able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him," without the intervention of another, "seeing that *He* ever liveth to make intercession for them."

Let not, however, our relation to the priesthood extend to nothing more than clamouring for its rights, and defending it against the usurpations of others. Priesthood means service. Part of that service in olden time was the presenting of sacrifices and offerings. There was the burnt offering. The lamb, morning and evening, was slain, and burnt upon the altar: the people thus signifying they had forfeited their all to God. That burning victim was in their stead, and their lives were spared through the substitution of that, to be a perpetual offering to the Lord. And there was the meat-offering, when the bread and the first-fruits—the result of the people's labour, and the means of their support—were offered to God. These were the types; and they are gone. But the fulfilment of them in spirit is still binding. Ye are a "holy priesthood to offer up *spiritual* sacrifices." We still sin. Our language must be, "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would we give it; Thou delightest not in burnt-offering." But we must remember that "the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and

a contrite spirit He will not despise." "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Burnt-offerings are of no avail; we must give ourselves. The substitution of no lamb we can rear or purchase will suffice, we must give ourselves away. "I beseech you," says Paul, "by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." For a meat-offering we must consecrate our substance, bringing an offering and coming into His courts, not forgetting the oft-repeated injunction, "And none shall appear before Me empty."

The priesthood is nothing without the service, and the service is of no avail standing alone. We are not *high* priests, only priests. We can only minister in the outer part of the sanctuary. Into "the holiest of all" not even priests could enter but the high priest alone, and not without blood. Priests must be represented before the Mercy-throne by high priests. So we have not yet access within the veil. As a holy priesthood our "spiritual sacrifices" must be made "acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." But the time will come when, having served in this outer sanctuary, we shall serve within the veil; when that which was prefigured by the Tabernacle, by the Temple, and is now by the Church, has become a reality, when the "great voice out of heaven" is heard saying, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them and be their God;" and we take up the strain, ascribing to Him who "hath made us a kingdom of priests unto God and His Father, glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Kingsbridge.

ON SITTING STILL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SAVIOUR FOR CHILDREN."

"Why do we sit still?"—JEREMIAH viii. 14.

WHAT a short text! And what nice little words! "Why—do we—sit—still?" You can easily remember that; and you will not forget that it is all about sitting still. Do you know what it is to sit still? It is one of the first lessons that a child has to learn. And it is so hard. Look at a little boy. He is trying to sit still, but he doesn't keep his feet still. What a noise some children make with their feet! It's hard work for a child to sit and keep his

feet still. He must try to do it! Trying will soon make a hard thing quite easy. Then, there is another. He wants to be a good boy and to sit still. He can keep his feet still, but he finds it very hard work to keep his hands still. He would like to touch, first this thing and then that. If he is near a door, he wants to open it, and then to shut it. If there is a book near him, he will pick it up; and then lay it down; and, perhaps, drop it. Some children make a great noise with their hands. I dare say you find it hard work to sit and keep your hands still. But try. "Trying" will soon make it easy.

It mustn't be supposed, however, that little boys make all the noise. There is a little girl. She can keep her feet still, and her hands still, but she finds it very hard to keep her tongue still. She has been told that she mustn't talk at church, and she has promised that she won't; but, alas! the little member is very unruly. What a noise some children make with their tongues! There is, sometimes, too much whispering and talking in the house of God among young people who ought to know better. They know—the youngest of them know—what it is to sit still. They must keep their feet still; and their hands still; and their tongues still.

Some sermons are about things which children—little children—do not understand; but it isn't so with this. The text is about sitting still. And I want you all to think of it. Some of you are learning to sit still. Some, I am afraid, too often forget this simple lesson which they were taught when they came to school or to church for the first time; and it may be well for them, as for those who are younger, to listen to what is said to-day on sitting still.

A good many years ago, I knew a little boy. He was about six years old, and he was very fond of sitting, during Divine service, by the side of a very old woman, in the gallery. Was she his grandmother? No. Why then did he like so much to sit with her? I'll tell you. She used, sometimes, to give him "a sweet." A naughty thing, of course, for an old lady to do at church! But worse than that; this same old woman was in the habit of swaying her body backwards and forwards, as old people do sometimes; and the child at her side having, like others of his age, a native talent for imitation, began to do the same, which brought him, I am sorry to say, into sad disgrace; for he was charged with "not sitting still." And it was all through that kind old woman, by whose side, however, he was never permitted to sit again. I dare say the grown-up people would like to know the name of the little boy; but I mustn't tell. I will whisper something to them if they will listen. And I don't mind if the boys and girls hear it. Parents, teachers, and even the aged should, by their simple, devout, and quiet conduct, show young children how to behave in the house of God, remembering that little folk are great imitators; and if we tell them to "sit still," but do not "sit still" ourselves, what we say will be unheeded, while our example will be

faithfully copied. I could say a great deal about this, but there isn't time to-day. Besides, there are so many children, and some little ones to whom I want to talk. Let me ask them a question. Did you ever try to say the A, B, C, backwards? I have known some children who could run on so fast: A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, and yet they could not tell quite all their letters. Hence it has been needful to begin at Z and to go back to A. Well, that is the way I am now going to read the text, because I want to be quite sure that every word of it is understood by the youngest child.

There is, now, first of all, the little word "still." I want you to think of what it means here. And you can, if you like, show me the meaning of it. How can you do that? Try. There mustn't be any noise of feet, nor of hands, nor of tongues. I will cease speaking for a few seconds, that I may find out whether you are doing all you can to show me what is meant by this word "still" Yes! that's the meaning. Why, I can hear the clock tick!

Ah, there now, what do I hear? a whisper. Somebody is making a noise. I shall have to take the next little word, and say: "Sit still!"

You have often heard these two words, haven't you? and you know what they mean. One day I was in a school, where I heard them repeated so many times that I began to wonder whether the children understood them. "Sit still!" "Sit still!" "Sit still!" said the teacher: but they didn't *sit still*." Did they know what was meant? Oh, yes, they knew well enough. Somebody says, "Perhaps they wanted to show how naughty they could be." No, no, I won't have that said of them, poor dears. It was because it was such hard work to sit still, and they so soon got tired of it.

"Such hard work," says an old man, "to sit still?" Yes, very, for little children. "Well," he says, "it may be for boys and girls, but not for grown-up people." It is though, sometimes. God has to speak to His children again and again before they obey Him. He says to them, "Be still." And they try. But they soon get impatient, and begin to think that they must speak, or move, or do something. Again, He says, "Be still, and know that I am God." That is, "obey me." And they try again, but it's hard work.

There is a wonderful story in the Bible. I dare say you have read it. It's all about the children of Israel leaving Egypt for the beautiful country which God had promised to give them. And you know how a cruel king—Pharaoh—came out after them, with all his host, intending to kill them, or to take them back again into slavery. But what I want to tell you is this: just when he was coming close behind them, and they all wanted to go on as fast as fast, to get out of his way, Moses said, "Stand still." Wasn't that a hard thing to do? I should think it was indeed. There is no harder work to be done under the sun by men and women than to "stand still" when they want to go on. And it is quite as hard for boys and girls to "sit still" when they want to talk, stand, run, jump, or play. But, then,

it's a thing that must be done sometimes; and he is a brave boy who tries to do it.

Suppose, now, we take the next little word. "*We*" sit still. It isn't "*I*," nor "*you*," nor "*they*"; no, but, "*We*" sit still. This is a good thing for young people to unite in. Although it is hard, very hard, for one, it can be more easily done when you all try together. How many will this tiny word "*we*" stand for? A little boy is thinking that it means two. And, looking at his own little brother or sister, he says, "*we* sit still;—us two; that's what I think it means." But I hope there is room in this word of two letters for more than two little folk. It will stand for the largest class in the Sunday-school; nay, for all the young people here to-day, if they will only let it. Shall we put such a meaning into it? Shall it stand for so many? And mustn't one be left out? If you are left out it is your own fault. Perhaps I had better pass on to the next little word. "*Do*" we sit still? There now, that's a question. What answer can be given—"Yes," or "No"? Perhaps you cannot say "Yes"; and yet you do not like to say "No." What, then, can you say? I fancy I can hear a stern-looking old man saying, "Children must say 'yes' or 'no,' what else can they say?" Well, sir, they must always try to say just what is true. One Sunday morning, on going home from Divine service, a gentleman asked his youngest son whether he had been good at church. And what do you think he said? "I have been half good, papa." "Oh," said his father, "half the time you were good, and half the time naughty?" "No, no," he said, "papa, I was half good all the time." Perhaps now it has been so with some of you. You may not have been sitting quite still all the time. Never mind, let your answer to this question, if only whispered to yourself, be quite true. God will hear it. "*Do* we sit still?" Some can say "Yes." And when we look at them, and listen, we find that they do sit still. "*Why*?" This little word is the first in the text, and it is the last that I have to talk about to-day. It is a good word for boys and girls to use. A day or two ago, I heard some children asking, "*Why* is this?" and "*Why* is that?" And here is such a question.

"Why do we sit still?" Sometimes people "sit still" because they are too lazy to get up; but it isn't often so with children. Sometimes people "sit still" because they are lame, and cannot get up. Think of a poor little boy or girl thus obliged to "sit still," while you can run about. I am sure you will be kind to poor cripples, and ask God to help them. But now, you are not lazy; you are not lame; and yet you "sit still." Why? Perhaps you say, "Because we have been told to do so. Our parents and teachers have said, *Sit still*." Well, that's a very good reason. Children should be obedient; they should do as they are told. I have read, somewhere, of a little girl who sat still in a great hall that was on fire. Although hundreds of people cried fire! fire! fire! and crowded to make their escape, she quietly

stayed where her father left her. When a great many had rushed out, and some had broken arms or legs, and not a few had been crushed to death, she was found unhurt. Somebody asked: "Why did you sit still?" She replied: "Because my father told me to do so."

Some children are often in trouble because they will not do as they are told. In their disobedience to parents and teachers they run into danger. It is well if you now try to learn this lesson of obedience, and "sit still" because you have been told to do so.

Again: "*Why* do we sit still?" Some of you say, "Because we see others do so; they are older than we are; they know better than we do; they sit still in the house of God; and, we want to be like them." That, now, is a very good reason. Children should copy good example. We should always try to be like those who are wiser and better than ourselves. Suppose it is asked again—

"Why do we sit still?" Others may say: "Because we like to do so. We can listen to what is said, learn so much more, and remember it, too, so much better, when we sit still." That is a very good reason. Children should have sense enough to sit still at school or in the house of God without being told, and whether others do so or not. Once more—

"*Why* do we sit still?" You may say, "Because we feel that it is right to do so." There could not be a better reason than that. You boys and girls should always try to do what is right. It is sometimes right to speak; and, sometimes, to keep silence. It is very often right, quite right, for young people to run and jump and laugh and sing and play; but there are times when it is right for them to sit quite still. I am glad that some of you sit still in the house of God because you feel that it is right to do so. If you sit still in obedience to parents and teachers, that is right. If you sit still because others who are older do so, that, too, is right. If you sit still that you may hear and remember what is said, that, I am sure, is quite right. Children should have good sense enough to know when to sit still. Thus they may obey their parents, copy good example, and listen attentively to those who are older and wiser than themselves.

There is a charming story in the Bible. It is about Jesus when He was a little boy. His parents lost Him. They were, as you may suppose, in great trouble, and sought Him with an aching heart. But where do you think they found him at last? I dare say some of you know. In the Temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors. What a beautiful picture that would make! Try to fancy Jesus, a little boy, sitting in the midst of those who were so much older than himself. They hadn't to tell Him to sit still. He was the most humble, thoughtful, and obedient child that ever lived. If you wish to be obedient, learn of Him. If you would like to copy a perfect example, turn to Him. If you want to be instructed by those who are older than yourselves, do as He did. He listened to what the learned men of His country said, and when He didn't quite understand it, He

asked them questions. Would you always do right? Ask Jesus to help you; listen to what He says; look at what He does; try to be like Him.

Are you now tired, quite tired of sitting still? I dare say you are. Then, how pleasant it will be to stand up, and sing; and then to go home and talk as much as ever you like about what you have been hearing. And may God bless you all for Jesus' sake!

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARIES OF REV. WILLIAM WARD, OF SERAMPORE.

II.

"JOURNAL BEGUN ON BOARD THE 'CRITERION,' CAPT. WICKES, MAY 25TH,
1799.—W. WARD."

FRI., JUNE 7TH.—This morning we had a complete calm, the vessel almost motionless; the sailors say "half a fair wind," because there is a chance of its being so when it comes. It proved so. In the evening a fine breeze sprang up in the right point, and wafted us about 80 miles. It was truly welcome after being so long detained by violent contrary winds.

SAT., JUNE 8TH.—A charming morning. Except Mrs. Brunsdon, we are all nearly well. Mr. B. and myself have escaped, and we are called stout fresh-water sailors. Wind fair—wafting us finely along. Farewell, Old England! We shall see thy face no more. Brother Grant was well enough to take his part in the exercises of the morning. His prayer was spiritual. A dove has taken refuge on our vessel for this day or two. Poor creature! having lost the land, it finds no rest for the sole of its foot but on our ship. . . . I hope to begin to spend my time more regularly. Get up at six and get my Greek exercise before breakfast; translate Latin; copy translation, &c., before dinner; after dinner read something pleasing, write my journal, and go to bed at 10 o'clock. I long to reduce my studies something more to rule.—Killed a sheep to-day.

LORD'S DAY, JUNE 9TH.—Capt. joined us in prayer this morning. About half-past ten we went upon deck, where the Capt. had assembled the ship's crew for public worship. It had been previously arranged, and Bro. Brunsdon, whose turn it was to preach, gave it up to me. I had made scarce any preparation. My mind had fluctuated about a text. I had not made up my mind and arranged any

thoughts much more than half an hour, but our Saviour was sufficient for me. The Capt. told the crew that they had entered on a long voyage ; it therefore became them to seek unto God ; that he had formerly in voyages called the crew together, and addressed them himself, but that now Divine Providence had sent amongst them some, whom He had called to preach the Gospel. He hoped, therefore, they would seriously attend on the present occasion. Good had attended his own addresses, as profane swearing had been disused in former instances, and his hope was that good would be done now. He made this address with tears and trembling, and called them tenderly, "Fellow Shipmates." Bro. Grant said with tears, "It was a fine sight to see the sailors come on deck." It was quite a new scene to us all. We began with singing, "Come, sound His praise abroad." The second verse seemed to strike some of the sailors. They had not, however, been used to the songs of Zion, and they could have more easily given "the watery worlds" to Neptune. I enjoyed liberty in prayer. The text was, "How shall we escape, &c." My mind was never more composed scarce, and for the first time, perhaps, the *Criterion* became a House of God, and her sails wafted the praise of Jehovah to the bosom of the ocean. Almost every one seemed serious and attentive. I endeavoured to be pointed against the sins of the crew. After service, one young man gave me a frown which said, "I would tear you in pieces." O, my God ! forgive the speaker, and if Thou didst approve of anything spoken, let it bring forth fruit. Bro. M. preached this evening from "So walk ye in Him," in our own room, amongst ourselves. Upon the whole, we have much to be thankful for. Except Mrs. B., we are all comparatively well, and she is better. We have spent a Sabbath in tolerable comfort, even in what might have been "a floating hell." "Bless the Lord, O my soul ! and forget not all His benefits." Wind still very favourable, though not brisk. Bro. B. and I had some very comfortable chat with the Capt. by moonlight ; and thus the Sabbath closed very sweetly.

MONDAY, JUNE 10TH.—This day we are opposite the Bay of Biscay, with a continuance of fine weather, and a fair, though small breeze. Mrs. B. much better. Lying in a box reading at the end of the ship this afternoon, my best hat rolled into the sea and made off. There was no remedy, and it is useless to cry for shed milk. I must be content with a worse, and be more careful for the future. . . . A very comfortable prayer-meeting ; the Capt. and Breth. G. and B. engaged.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11TH.—Wind still very favourable and more brisk. Made 70 miles last night. We are this day in a most critical situation respecting the enemy : just leaving the Bay of Biscay on our left about 300 miles.—12 o'clock several vessels just in sight, supposed to be privateers. The men go through their exercise at the guns, and we are looking out every now and then for the ships. They get nearer. The Capt. has his fears, and says he shall expect us to take a musket. Shall I then aim an instrument of death at my mistaken

fellow-creatures ! Unable to answer this solemn question to the satisfaction of my conscience. What shall I do ? God does not put it to the test. The Capt. just now ($\frac{1}{4}$ past one) informs us that the enemy are gone. Later information says that one (a schooner) has hoisted American colours, and, therefore, the other may be supposed friendly also.—We have been discussing the conference meeting and the question whether we shall have the Lord's Supper on board. Bro. M. objects, as it would establish an irregular precedent—we are not in a church-state—we have no ordained minister amongst us. All the rest are unanimous. We have given our Bro. time to consider of it. Alas ! how difficult it is to bear with each other in maintaining opposite opinions. The Lord preserve us in the unity of the Spirit and the bonds of peace.—Held our conference this morning. Text : “According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy, and without blame before Him in love.” I divided what I said thus :—Election, its object ; the medium of communicating its blessings. Election is a wise, just, unalterable and eternal choice of some men to glorify God, and to be happy—part in time, and completely in eternity—by being made holy, and unblameable before Him in love, so that at length it should be said, not only that God is Love but that Christians are Love. Christ is the medium of enjoying this blessedness. He glorifies God, and through Him the Christian does the same and enjoys happiness. Thro' Christ only, this can be enjoyed—a desire for the Divine glory and holiness ; and the enjoyment of these can alone prove our election ! A vessel is still pursuing us, which the Capt. believes to be a Frenchman. I feel some alarm—a considerable alarm. O Lord ! be Thou our Defender ! The vessel seems to make way upon us.—Quarter past eleven at night. There is no doubt of the vessel being a French privateer. When we changed our tack this afternoon she changed hers. We have since dark changed into our old course, so that possibly we shall lose her. Breth. G. and B. have engaged in prayer, and our minds are pretty comfortable. The Capt. seems very low. We have read Luther's Psalm. Oh ! for his faith and courage. I feel my mind tolerably composed, though I think most of our women and children. Thank God there is an hour coming when the wicked shall “cease from troubling and the weary be at rest.” I will commit myself to rest. “Thou art my portion, O Lord !”

WED., JUNE 12TH.—Blessed be God, and blessed be His glorious name for ever ! We are still in tranquillity on board our vessel, and the enemy hath disappeared ! Mrs. M. was seized this morning with violent pain. The women manifested a deal of courage last night, and slept soundly in spite of the Frenchman. We have seen no more of him through the day. Several grampusses were seen this morning.—They have just killed a pig. Mrs. M. is rather better. Wind is still fair, and getting rather fresher. To-night we had our Experience meeting. 'Twas truly sweet to us. As face answers to face, so do the regenerate hearts of Christians. The Capt. joined us. I love Bro. G. more and more.

THURS., JUN. 13TH.—One o'clock in the morning. Our friends have just waked

me out of sleep with the information that two large vessels are just down upon us, and that one of them has fired a gun to bring us to. I dress myself in a hurry, and go upon deck. All hands are at their posts, and the matches are lighted. I go to the end of the ship ; I can just see the vessel, tho' it is very foggy. A ball whizzes over my head, and makes me tremble. I go down and go to prayer with our friends. My mind calm. We leave ourselves in the hands of our God. Another ball goes over the shrouds. The Capt. thinks it an English frigate. He has scarce any doubt ; and now, lest the mast should be shot away he orders to haul to, for the ship gets nearer and nearer. The sails are furled, and we are going alongside. They come within hearing. It's a fine sight. The lights through the port-holes and that on the surface of the sea around the vessel make it charming, even amidst the fear of its being an enemy. They demand our name, our destination, how long we have been from London, and then inform us, "It is an English frigate !" As soon as the sound of these words caught my ears, I was electrified with joy, and word was immediately carried to our friends below, who, however, were greatly supported. The Lieut. comes on board, and we are all hurry writing letters. I had one nearly finished containing the transactions of every day. I finished, and directed it to Bro. Fuller, and enclosed them all to Burls. And thus our fears are dispersed—our letters are sent off. The Lieut. informs us how we may direct our course to avoid privateers. We fall down and thank our Saviour, and then retire to rest. The other vessel was a Dane which the frigate had just brought to.

Nine o'clock.—Two other vessels are in sight, but at a considerable distance. We see no more of them. Thank God for a place for secret prayer on board a ship. This evening we had our Question Meeting. The enquiry was, "What are those dispositions which we ought to cultivate towards each other in present circumstances ?" Self-annihilation, forbearance, and patience. Avoid rash censures—comfort each other—forgiveness. Avoid whispering. . . . Bring forward profitable subjects. . . . A three-mast vessel passes us.

FRI., JUNE 14TH.—Fine wind. Sailed 168 miles in the last 24 hours. A brig in sight, but no danger ; it is going from us. We have eaten little salt meat yet, no more than we should have done at home. We have tea and coffee or chocolate for breakfast ; pork, fowls, soup, mutton and pudding for dinner ; tea in the afternoon ; and ham, cheese, &c. for supper. We have lately gone 5 and 6 miles, or knots, an hour. Now we go 7 or more, frequently. The days are getting shorter and shorter, and the air warmer. Mrs. M. is recovered, and Mrs. B. is much better. We know not where to begin in counting the multitude of God's tender mercies. Our Capt. our room for worship our supplies of food the harmony amongst us the health we have enjoyed the seasons of refreshment in social meetings the comfortable situation of the children our preaching to the sailors our deliverance in time of great peril, &c. &c. &c. Oh ! Lord forgive our barrenness and unfruitfulness, an

let Thy goodness lead us to Thyself. Sister Tidd presides at breakfast and tea, and I at dinner. . . . Mr. Francis caught a poor swallow this evening, driven by the winds from the shore. Oh Jesus ! but for Thy bloody sweat I had been driven from God for ever, and but for Thy never-ceasing grace I had long ago been driven without a home, and without a friend, into the ocean carrying me to hell, by its mighty waves. We were detained in the channel by contrary winds, perhaps till some privateer was out of the way, and the *Flora*, English frigate, had cleared our way ; and now the wind is hurrying us out of the scene of danger ; another day or two, and we shall be out of the way of privateers.

SAT., JUNE 15TH.—Wind still brisk and favourable, with rain. A charming day. We have got into a finer climate. Little Susan Marshman begins to look well. We owe our Saviour a thousand thanks for the mercies of another week. He leads us with a gentle hand, and carries us in His bosom. Our room seems already a happy home, and we have almost forgotten Old England as our residence.

LORD'S DAY, JUNE 16TH.—Fine morning. Capt. engaged in prayer. He is very excellent in prayer ; there is so much savour and spirituality in it, and he feels so much reverence and humility. Bro. M. preached from "This man receiveth sinners." The men were attentive. One idea I liked ; that the word "sinner" included in it everything base and vile. The young man who frowned upon me, shook hands with Bro. M. after his sermon. Bro. B. spoke this evening in our room : "In this was the love of God manifested, that He sent His only-begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him." A sweet discourse. He asked whether the sons of God who shouted for joy at the creation, would ever have thought that He who made all things, would take our nature, and suffer for this world, on the earth which He had created. He divided his sermon thus—1st. The Gift. 2nd. On whom this Gift was bestowed. 3rd. For what purpose He was given. . . . We are going about 6½ knots an hour, and are supposed to be past Madeira. I have read Crantz's history of Greenland, I trust with much profit. I feel towards the first Greenland missionaries a most lively affection. To say they were Howards would be a poor compliment, however it might embellish their names and embalm their memories. They shall be had in everlasting remembrance. Their testimony of the blood of Immanuel will I trust be mine ; to that I would cleave ; that I trust will be the centre to which I shall be drawn and from thence deduce every important truth. As Bro. B. said to-night, the Love of God takes its rise in Himself, reaches down to hell, and raises up to Himself in heaven. . . . Our Bro. M. has signified his consent to join in sitting at the table of our Saviour, on board the ship.

MON., JUNE 17TH.—Got up at 6, and learnt Greek. The Capt. thought he saw Madeira yesterday. We were about 5 leagues from thence on the west of us. A comfortable prayer-meeting, and afterwards some nice experimental conversation by moonlight with our dear Capt. I never enjoyed this kind of conversation more. The Capt. tells me all his heart.

TUES., JUNE 18TH.—Fair course. Weather warm. 110 miles in 24 hours to 12 o'clock to-day. We had a sweet conference meeting this evening; text, "He that eateth my flesh," &c. Passed Teneriffe about 10 o'clock this evening, and are now going 7 miles an hour.

WED., JUNE 19TH.—Fair course. Weather good, but increasingly warm. Two or three friends rather sick again. This morning, particularly Bro. Grant. We have an awning put over our deck this morning, which makes the sun less disagreeable. We expect to have a vertical sun to-morrow or next day. We have begun to teach the sailors to read, write, and account; and the contributions of our friends in London will enable us to distribute some spelling-books and Testaments amongst them. Bro. Marshman is the head schoolmaster. We have been in their dwelling this morning, and go again this afternoon. May this event enable us to get at their hearts, and introduce our Saviour there. . . . Some flying-fish were seen this morning. We had a profitable experience meeting this evening. The doubts and fears of most of our friends were prevalent. Sister Brunsdon gave a very comfortable experience. Her hope seems to bloom for immortality.

THURS., JUNE 20TH.—We are wafted finely along by the Trade Winds. The heat and motion of the vessel have been greater to-day, though we have had a fine breeze. The question discussed to-night was, "What is that conduct which most tends to grieve the Holy Spirit?" Pretty comfortable. This evening we crossed the tropic of Cancer about 6 o'clock. Calcutta is almost situate upon this line.

FRI., JUNE 21ST.—Last night at 12 we were going at the rate of 9 knots an hour. Fine wind all day, but very warm. We had a sweet prayer-meeting this evening. It is good to be here. I feel a great desire now to lay before our Saviour, the Greenlanders, the Esquimaux, the Negroes, the South Sea Islanders, and the Indians. Thank you, ye Moravians! You have done me good. If I am ever a missionary worth a straw, I shall owe it to you, under our Saviour. This morning I began bathing in sea-water.

SAT., JUNE 22ND.—Bathed this morning between four and five. This afternoon a three-mast vessel appeared near us, but went to the west. Wind rough, and heavy sea. Capt. is much pleased with our Periodical Accounts, and says he is anxious for us to be in India. I hope I am beginning to learn a little of the strength of the meaning of our Saviour, when He said, "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls." Blessed precept! worthy the lips of Truth. Oh! that I were a greater proficient in the school of our Saviour. Lord, make me a little child. This meek, child-like temper is one great reason why Moravian missionaries enjoy so much of the blessed fruits of brotherly love, and are content with the lowly lot which Christ gives them. I charge my heart to learn this lesson, while I go to Bethlehem, to Galilee, and hear Jesus Immanuel say, "Foxes have holes," &c.

LORD'S DAY, JUNE 23RD.—Bathed between 5 and 6. We expected to have seen the Cape Verd Islands to-day, but have been disappointed. We have seen scarce any fish or birds yet, though I saw a fine sea-bird this morning. Bro. Brunsdon preached on deck this forenoon. He afterwards complained of a want of liberty; text, 1 Pet. iii. 18. One o'clock—The island of St. Jago appears in sight, and Capt. says he saw St. Mays on our left. He can see objects at sea better than any of us, though he is about 60 years old I suppose. When opposite St. Jago, a "Portugese man-of-war" came alongside. Don't be alarmed, brother,—for we are now become courageous sailors. A Portuguese man-of-war, if that nation had been at war with America, would have been a mere paper boat, when opposed to the *Criterion*. I suppose you have read of these things called by the sailors Portuguese men-of-war. They are a kind of variegated bladder in the shape of a curious shell, and put out innumerable arms, like worms about a foot long, which, on being touched, sting like nettles. They rise to the surface and scud before the wind like little ships. Some are six inches long. I began three sermons amongst ourselves from Acts ix. 15, 16. 1st. The character of Paul as a chosen vessel (or missionary). 2nd. The message he bare—"My name." 3rd. The sufferings he endured in his missionary labours. We were very mercifully preserved last night in not being precipitated against the land in the dark, as we were unable to make observations two days before on account of the weather. Without observations we were exactly in the track between the Islands, which we should have chosen with them, and which was pursued by the Capt. on his last voyage.

MON., JUNE 24th.—Bathed, and got my Greek exercise before breakfast. After family prayer taught the sailors. On return saw a shark, a number of flying fishes, and a great number of Portuguese men-of-war. We were much delighted with them, but the sea was too rough to take any. To-day it is rather warm, but the Capt. says he never knew it so cold here. We all wear our usual clothes, and the Capt. has always been used before this time to wear only a thin jacket and trousers. We find old Meredith, King, and the Dr. the avowed enemies to the truth; the sailors seem to be won by our attentions to them. Oh! that they were won for Christ. In our prayers-meeting to-night we began to make especial reference to the great work which is before us, though we trust that is never forgotten by us. Nor in our petitions do we ever forget our beloved Capt.

TUES., JUNE 25th.—Up soon after five. Heat excessive. The text discussed to-night was "Redeeming the time." Almost all our social meetings have been peculiarly profitable.

WED., JUNE 26TH.—Obliged to wear a very light dress this morning. Bro. G addressed one of the sailors this afternoon while hearing them read. He seems to have a talent for conversation, which promises usefulness; nor has he that timidity and shamefacedness I am ashamed of.

THURS., JUNE 27TH.—Mrs. M. has been very poorly to-day. When entering on

our Question Meeting sister Grant fainted away, and continued in the fits, with little intermission, 3 or 4 hours. She was bled, &c. The heat was supposed to be the cause of the indisposition of both Sisters M. and G.

FRI., JUNE 28TH.—Went but 3 miles in our way the whole of yesterday. Our sisters are much better. An air-sail was put down into our room this evening, and the room sprinkled with vinegar. One of the sailors said last night he wished to learn to read for the good of his soul. But many still swear dreadfully.

SAT., JUNE 29TH.—I had a good deal of talk with that man to-day. He is an Englishman, and was used to attend at the Methodist Meeting with the persons where he lived servant. He seems to have a concern for the salvation of his soul, but is very ignorant of the way of mercy. He says he is much easier and less passionate since he left off swearing. He professes to rejoice when Lord's Day comes that he may hear preaching, and says he sometimes weeps at the door of our room when we go to prayer.

LORD'S DAY, JUNE 30TH.—Got up and made my sermon before breakfast. On deck gave out the Mariner's Psalm (Dr. Watts) and enjoyed much liberty in prayer, and preaching from "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." I was enabled to speak with more tenderness than I ever did before. Sailors are not to be caught by terror, at least that does not seem a likely way. They were really attentive, and I could almost fancy they *felt*. But this I must leave with my God. After sermon and singing, I presented each sailor with a book, in the name of all. They were a part of those presented to us by our London brethren and sisters, against lewdness, Sabbath-breaking and swearing. I told them we did not mean to charge any individual with those vices by giving them these books; if they were not, they might read them as cautions against temptation. I wished that we had something better for their acceptance, but we should be obliged if they would accept them as the best proof we could give of our affection. They received them apparently with satisfaction. May the Lord make them profitable, and our London friends have cause to rejoice in eternity over some soul saved by their liberality under God. In the afternoon we enjoyed the Lord's Supper in company with our dear Capt. He was willing to sit down with us, but he asked before we began whether it was not contrary to our discipline to admit, and whether we had not sacrificed something to oblige him. We satisfied him on this subject. Our brethren imposed upon me the administration, but I am afraid they suffered through my inability. In the evening Bro. Marshman had a contest with a Deist among the sailors, and Bro. G. with another (King) among the passengers. I suppose they were both conquerors. We had several spectators at the Lord's Supper.

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

FRENCH POLITICS.

THE utter demoralisation of French politics and politicians during the Second Empire has been succeeded by an attitude of moral dignity in the present rulers of that country which commands the respect of the civilised world and greatly tends to strengthen the foundations of the Republic. For, thus far, it is only the foundations of the new rule which have been laid. Chat Moss did not present a more formidable obstruction to the early English engineers than the corruption which everywhere had rendered France a vast Slough of Despond presented to the heroic men who, by patience and self-restraint, have raised the tone of national feeling, and, by firmness and perseverance, have thus far prepared the way for the elevation of their country from its desperately low estate. The quiet assumption of the Presidency by the untitled, undecorated M. Grévy; the graceful retirement of Marshal MacMahon, which some of his antecedents had scarcely prepared his countrymen to expect; the deference of his strong claims to the chief office in the State by M. Gambetta in favour of his senior colleague; are episodes which will form far more pleasing tableaux than the campaigns of the Napoleons.

The perils which still beset the path of the leaders of the Republic are, both on account of their magnitude and their number, such as will call for the utmost vigilance and consummate skill. The almost universal and not always secretly-cherished opposition of thirty thousand priests of the Romish Church—the highly combustible material furnished by an army of half-a-million of men, which may at any moment be seized by a feverish desire for glory, or goaded to discontent by the weariness of inaction—the incessant plottings of Legitimists and Bonapartists, by means and agencies both spiritual and material—the impatience of control exhibited by the extreme Left, and the suppressed but not extinct fury of the ultra-Communards are causes sufficient to require not only the eyes of Argus and the hands of Briareus, but the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job. The success with which notorious Bonapartists have been removed from both high military and civil functions is a convincing proof of the firmness of the Government. At the present moment its efforts are being diligently employed in regulating the Amnesty so that it shall not include others than political offenders, and in counteracting the cry for the impeachment of the De Broglie Ministry. All well-wishers to France, and, indeed, to Europe, must desire the consolidation and growth of the Republic. Perfect liberty of conscience and freedom of worship are not the smallest of the many blessings it has conferred upon *la belle France*.

SOUTHERN AFRICA AND THE ZULU WAR.

The Cape Colony—if we may include under that title all the British possessions in Southern Africa—seems to be resuming the ancient name of its famous headland, and, instead of being the Cape of Good Hope, is once more the Cape of Storms. Just when we were beginning to think that the miserable Afghan war was drawing to its close, the intelligence reached our shores of the invasion of Zululand, by the direction of Sir Bartle Frere, the British High Commissioner. The troops, under the command of Lord Chelmsford, appear to have crossed the boundary into Cetewayo's country under circumstances which seemed to promise an easy conquest, but the issue has justified the wise words which fell from the lips of a great, but wicked, man of war, "Let not him that putteth on the harness boast himself, as he that putteth it off." A British column conveying a train of supplies of unusual magnitude has been surprised, overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers, and, not only utterly routed, but almost, without exception, put to death. More than five hundred of the rank and file, with thirty regimental officers and twenty of the Colonial and Volunteer officers, fell victims to the thousands of Cetewayo's savages.

The information which we at present possess is too incomplete to enable us to fix the responsibility of this melancholy catastrophe, and indeed, the graver question of the origin of the war is waiting an explanation. Meanwhile, the war spirit is more rampant than it has been since the time of the Crimean War, twenty-five years since. The largest ships available for the transport service have been hired regardless of cost. The various departments have put forth strenuous exertions to equip and dispatch the troops. The celerity with which they have managed to send off these reinforcements we believe to be unprecedented. It is to be hoped that the precautions adopted will spare our valiant men from the bitter experiences of the besiegers of Sebastopol. Painful misgivings respecting the justice of this war with the Zulus, are agitating the minds of thoughtful people. The true patriotism is that which covets for one's country the exaltation of righteousness, and the real Sovereignty that in which the *might* and the *right* are inseparably blended. It has been a sad winter for England: if her rulers could have spared her this fresh drop of bitterness in the cup of her fortunes, it had been well for her and for them.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

All the expectations which had been awakened of some great *coup* to be made by the ministry on the resumption of the Parliamentary session, have been doomed to disappointment. The first week of the sitting has passed away without the smallest ruffle on the legislative waters. There are intimations put forth by the ministry of an Amended Mutiny Act, and of other measures for the consolidation

of the Criminal Code, the amendment of the Bankruptcy Acts, and the formation of County Boards. A much more important consideration than either or all of these Bills, is, to judge from the prominence given to it in print and in conversation, that thirteen Dukes dined with the Earl of Beaconsfield at his Parliamentary dinner, and only one Duke dined with the Earl of Granville !

MORBID NEWSMONGERING.

The newspapers for the last month have, with but rare exceptions, been dealing out to the public with a most repulsive minuteness all which it has been possible to collect concerning a notorious burglar and murderer awaiting the execution of the capital sentence. The most trivial personal details connected not only with the convict himself but with his unhappy relatives and with others united to him by even less respectable ties, have been narrated with a formality worthy of the most instructive subjects, and specially telegraphed as though their speedy and regular publication involved the greatest good of the greatest number, or, to quote the facetious and timely words of *Punch*, as though the individual referred to were "The best possible instructor of the period."

It is sad that the able experts who conduct the metropolitan press should pander to so vitiated a taste as that which feeds on this garbage. It is no sufficient excuse to say that "the public will have it." Men of refined and cultured feeling cannot dispense it without a sense of degradation. It is, moreover, the high calling of the press to form, as well as to supply the public taste. It is wearisome enough to have to follow the American pedestrian in his senseless peregrinations through the land, but the intelligence from the condemned cell is leprous and loathsome.

REVIEWS.

THE STUDENT'S COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY BIBLE. Founded on the Speaker's Commentary. Abridged and Edited by Rev. J. M. Fuller, M.A., Vicar of Bexley, &c. In six volumes. Vol. I. London : John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1879.

THE Speaker's Commentary is generally allowed to be the best work of its class available for English read-

ers. As the work of various contributors, it is necessarily somewhat unequal, and occasionally it is even weak. But, taken as a whole, it must certainly be pronounced the ablest Commentary on the Bible which we yet possess. It is a storehouse of scholarship and research, to which the student will not often betake himself in vain, on all questions of philosophy, archæology, and history. Its interpretations

are generally characterised by sound common sense, by conscientious accuracy, and by devout loyalty to the spirit of truth; and hence they rarely fail in suggestiveness. The bulk and the price of the work, however, place it beyond the reach of most readers, and we doubt not many have sighed after it in vain. This fact has led the publisher to issue an abridgement of it, which has been well and carefully edited by Mr. Fuller. Abridgements are not invariably satisfactory, and, in glancing over this volume, we miss much with which we have been made familiar by the larger work, and find ourselves wishing that one and another paragraph or criticism had been retained. But to such students as cannot secure the original Commentary, this will unquestionably prove an excellent substitute. It retains all that is most essential, and gives in brief form the latest results of modern investigations, and the conclusions on which Biblical scholars are generally agreed. It is a really valuable work, and will be welcomed by ministers and students in all sections of the Church. Mr. Fuller has accomplished his difficult task in a manner which demands our hearty acknowledgments. He is, as we have long known, a careful and accurate scholar. His contributions to the popular Commentary published by the Christian Knowledge Society, prove him to be well qualified for a task of this nature, and we question whether the work could have been placed in abler hands. For the purpose for which it is issued, we trust "The Student's Commentary" will ensure complete success.

SYNTAX OF THE HEBREW LANGUAGE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Heinrich Ewald. Translated from the Eighth German Edition by James Kennedy, B.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street. 1879.

EWALD'S LEHRBUCH—the third part of which is here translated—has long been known to Hebrew scholars, both in England and on the Continent, as a work of almost unique value. It practically does for the Old Testament what Winer's Grammar does for the New. As a Hebraist, we are not sure that Ewald had any rival. The best "Introductory Hebrew Grammar" published in England is that by Dr. A. B. Davidson, of Edinburgh, and Ewald is the author to whom he acknowledges himself most indebted. The third part of the "Lehrbuch" is on Syntax, and the study of it will therefore appropriately follow such a grammar as Dr. Davidson's. It will be found much more comprehensive in its range, and more detailed in its illustrations than Rodiger's "Gesenius," with which many of our friends are familiar. Ewald had a broader grasp of principles than Gesenius, and, although he was equally dogmatic in his enunciation of his principles, he has done all that consummate scholarship and a rare genius for philological research could do to elucidate the position he took. No student of the Hebrew Bible should be without this invaluable work. It will impart to a diligent and conscientious worker an insight into the structure of the language, a mastery of its forms, and, consequently, a knowledge of the Divine revelation, such as could scarcely be any other wise acquired. Professor Davidson very justly observes, "However great may be the merits

of other grammarians, any one capable of judging will admit that Ewald stands at an immeasurable distance before them all."

REV. JOSEPH COOK'S MONDAY LECTURES. Part XI. London: R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon-street. 1879.

Mr. Cook continues his work with unabated vigour. He here discusses some of the most urgent social questions of the day on both sides of the Atlantic—such as the infidel attack on property; secret socialistic societies; rich and poor in factory towns; wages; and children's rights. His discussion of these subjects is as thorough, as subtle, and as suggestive as anything he has yet published, and even those who cannot accept all his conclusions will, at least, allow that he speaks with the authority of broad knowledge and earnest thought. He is a Christian political economist, and the lines he lays down are, in our view, the only lines on which these pressing questions can be permanently settled. The preludes to the lectures, now given in full, are, as a rule, admirable. But that on the regeneration of Asia is, in its eulogy of Lord Beaconsfield's Asiatic policy, wofully beside the mark; nor are we acquainted with any responsible statesmen among the Premier's opponents who advocate "a certain insular parochial policy, who would give up the Colonies of Great Britain, and allow the Eastern larger half of the United Kingdom to dissolve if it pleases." It may suit the Tory organs to represent that as the policy of the Liberals, but we should scarcely have suspected a man of Mr. Cook's intelligence to have been misled by the cry.

QUEEN ELFRIDA OF THE OLDEN TIME. By J. S. Williams. London: Hatchards, Piccadilly. 1878.

THE events on which this story is founded are familiar to all our readers. They are not of a pleasing character, and could only have occurred in a state of society to which, happily, there is now no parallel. The intrigues of courtiers, their plots and counter-plots, their utter and unscrupulous selfishness, their shameless disregard of human life, gave to the history of the olden time anything but an agreeable complexion. Miss Williams has woven the materials at her command into a narrative which is certainly not lacking in interest. She writes clearly, pointedly, and gracefully, and her little book gives a good insight into the political and social life of the Saxon era of our history. Her estimate of the characters of whom she writes is just, and she impressively shows, in her portraiture of the wicked Queen Elfrida, that beauty is not grace, and that the successful accomplishment of our wicked plans will only bring to us sorrow and desolation. The book is admirably printed, and the general get-up is all that can be desired.

SERMONS. By Robert Barclay, author of "The Inner Life of the Religious Societies of the Commonwealth." With a brief memoir. Edited by his Widow. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1878.

THE historian of "The Religious Societies of the Commonwealth" was a man whom it must have been a pleasure to know. His culture and intelligence, his learning and his piety, must have rendered his society a source of pure and elevated delight. He was both revered and loved by all who knew him, and now that he has passed

away from us he will be long and respectfully remembered. The Society of Friends has had many members distinguished by rare simplicity and grace of character; men in whom "the mildness and sweet reasonableness of Christ" has been continually revealed. Among such men, Robert Barclay claims a conspicuous place. The brief memoir supplied by his widow is written in a simple and unaffected style, and we cannot better describe it than by saying it

is extremely beautiful. We commend it to our young men especially, and to all business men. It will supply them with a model which they may wisely and profitably study. The Sermons are plain and straightforward in style, devout in spirit, and thoroughly evangelical in doctrine. We know of no class of readers who would not be wiser and better for reading them. The volume is on every ground acceptable.

TEXTS AND THOUGHTS.

"And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness."—DEUT. viii. 2.

IN Heaven not the least part of our enjoyment will be to look back upon the past, and to see the mysteries of Providence unveiled. How wise, how good will appear all the proceedings of the Most High to our enlarged understandings, and to our sanctified hearts. Even sorrow, though bitter in the experience, is sweet in the recollection; how much more shall it minister to our future happiness when we shall comprehend perfectly its gracious design, and know that we shall never again be subjected to its power. Methinks, I shall love even this old world itself, and deem it beautiful when I shall look back upon it from the Mount of God, as the birth-place of my immortality, the scene of my probation, the sepulchre of my corruptions. It may perish, but it can never perish from my thoughts, which will linger over it in tranquil rapture long ages after the final conflagration.

"My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations"—" manifold temptations."—JAMES i. 2; 1 PETER i. 6.

Trials drive Christians to the mercy-seat when otherwise they might grow remiss. They pray much, because they love much; but their necessities have a great hand in promoting and maintaining both their love and their prayerfulness. How often would the heart have continued dull and callous, if some new wound had not sent it back bleeding to its Father's feet! It is wise and kind of Him to place us under a discipline that compels us out of sheer want and helplessness to abide near Him, and makes us feel the sad consequences of our absence so soon as we depart.

"He knoweth our frame."—PSALM ciii. 14.

There are duties which God will exact from none but an Abraham; sufferings which shall not light upon any but a Job. For the rest, there are sheep that shall be led gently, and tender lambs that He will even carry in His arms. Many have gone to heaven through floods and flames; they were able to bear it. Many have been sweetly shielded from the sharper trials and temptations of the Christian life, and are in Heaven too; to adore for ever the grace that spread over their weakness its fostering wings, and hardly suffered them to feel the bitter blast as they passed along the way.

D. KATTERNS.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Barker, Rev. G. (Beeston, Notts), Blaby, Leicestershire.

Davis, Rev. C. A. (Manchester), Bradford, Yorkshire.

Hider, Rev. G. (Beckington), Wincanton.

Mayo, Rev. W. (Keighley), Swansea.

Middleton, Rev. R. J. (Watchet), Great Torrington.

Reynolds, Rev. W. R. (Burnley), Coventry.

Rollo, Rev. P. J. (Lynn), Glasgow.

Satchwell, Rev. W. (Jarrow), Wakefield.

Springthorpe, Rev. C. (Longton), Wirksworth.

Tooley, Rev. G. W. (Brierley Hill), Dumfries.

Walker, Rev. R. (Regent's Park College), Maryport.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Goodshaw, Lancashire, Rev. W. H. Perkins, M.A., February 10.

Stockton-on-Tees, Rev. G. Wainwright, February 4.

RESIGNATIONS.

Rev. D. R. Jenkins, Salford.

Rev. F. Timmins, Rugby.

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THE GREEK TEXT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

By R. GOVETT.

THE Greek Text of the New Testament was first printed at Alcala, in Spain, about the year 1520, under the direction of Cardinal Ximenes. About the same time Erasmus published an edition of it at Basle, in Switzerland. This, purged of some of its errors, became, in 1633, what is called the "Received Text." Of the manuscripts on which it was founded,—specially the Complutensian edition (that of Alcala),—little is known. That we have the Greek New Testament Scriptures, such as, in the main, they came forth from the hands of the sacred writers, is certain; and great is the consolation to the Christian. But, on many points of detail, there is much variety of reading among the manuscripts that have come down to us. Vast is the amount of minute variations collected by scholars. Most of them are of no importance: changes in the order of the words; one synonym given instead of another; different voices and tenses of verbs; different cases of nouns. These would not produce any difference in the translation of a passage, and may be safely dismissed from notice. But, in some cases, the differences of reading are of grave moment. There are some cases of omission of verses; some of insertion. In Gal. ii. 20, where the Received Text reads—"I live by faith in *the Son of God*;" others read—"I live by faith in *the God and Christ* who loved me." Which, in these and similar cases, is the true reading? There are about 2,000 manuscripts of the New Testament, or of parts of it, and these differ one from the other. How have these differences arisen?

1. The great majority of them were *unintentional*. Here and there clauses are left out, because the copyist's eye glanced from the true place to a second occurrence of the same word, and the

intermediate portion is left out. This fault is called in the Greek by a word which signifies "Similarity of ending."

2. But the most serious ones are those where the variations are *wilful*. Some seem scarcely to credit this; but the proofs are abundant and decisive. The insertion or omission of the word "not" in a sentence cannot have been without notice and intention on the part of the copyist.

"To whom we gave place by subjection, NO, NOT for an hour."

"To whom we *gave place* by subjection for an hour," read some.

"We shall NOT all sleep, but we shall all be changed."

"We shall all sleep, but not all of us shall be changed." (1 Cor. xv. 51.)

Here are examples where the alteration is *wilful*. Most of such cases are omissions of a word which cause a difficulty. Expositors of a bygone day could not expound them. The easiest way, therefore, of getting rid of the difficulty was to omit the obnoxious word. "It came to pass on *the second* Sabbath *after the first* that He went through the corn fields" (Luke vi. 1). What means "the *second-first* Sabbath"? It is not easy to say. Hence in some manuscripts the difficult word is left out.

3. Sometimes a word is inserted to get rid of a difficulty. "Go ye up unto this feast: I am not going up *yet* unto this feast" (John vii. 8). Here other copies read—"Go ye up unto this feast; I am *not* going up to this feast." It seemed, then, as if the Saviour contradicted Himself. Here is an example of two readings, one more difficult than the other. Which is the true? Most probably the last. A little word was added to remove the felt difficulty; for Jesus, as we know, did go up to the feast. But the Saviour's meaning probably was, that the festival of rejoicing celebrated in the Feast of Tabernacles could not then be kept by Him, since Israel rejected Him.

Now, that there were wilful alterations in the copies of the New Testament, and that there were manuscripts systematically "corrected," or rather "corrupted," to suit the views of some, we have clear testimony.

(1) One bishop, quoted by Eusebius, writes:—"As the brethren desired me to write Epistles, I wrote them, and these the apostles of the devil have filled with tares, exchanging some things and adding others, for whom there is a woe reserved. It is not, therefore, matter of wonder, if some have also attempted to adulterate *the sacred writings of the Lord*, since they have attempted the same in other works, which are not to be compared with these" (IV. 23). This was about the year A.D. 170.

(2) Irenæus testifies that in some copies the number 666 was altered to 616.

(3) Clement of Alexandria complains of those who "paraphrase or tamper with the gospels for their own evil deeds" (*Scrivener, Criticism of the New Testament*, p. 584).

(4) Origen affirms, "Great in truth has become the diversity of copies, be it from the negligence of certain scribes, or from the evil daring of some who correct what is written, or from those who in correcting add or take away what they think fit" (Scrivener, 385).

(5) And Jerome declares, that the copies of the Latin Version contained nearly as many different texts as there were different copies (*Nolan on the Greek Vulgate*, p. 151).

How then shall we obtain an uncorrupted text of the New Testament?

Various have been the plans proposed and acted out. There are two classes of Greek manuscripts of the New Testament; some written in capitals, which are called UNCIAL manuscripts. These are generally the oldest manuscripts extant, some having been written as early as the fourth or fifth century. The great majority of manuscripts, however, are written in a running hand—these are called *cursive* manuscripts. Of these latter, scarcely one in ten has been collated or compared with the Received Text throughout. Some, then, have proposed to pay no regard to the more modern or cursive manuscripts, but to found a text *entirely upon the uncial copies*. Their theory has been, that the text has become corrupted just in proportion to the centuries that have elapsed since its composition by the inspired penmen; therefore, if you desire a pure text, you must derive it from the oldest manuscripts that can be found. Some, then, have acted on this principle, and *it has failed!* For, first of all, (1) the uncial copies that contain the whole of the New Testament are *very few*; (2) and, secondly, *they do not agree among themselves*. The later uncials agree best with the text as we have it; (3) when fully trusted they lead to manifestly wrong and absurd results. *Take Tregelles' text*—"The day of the Lord will arrive as a thief, wherein the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements on fire shall be dissolved, and the earth and *the works in it shall be found*" (2 Peter iii. 10). Here, out of six uncial manuscripts, three give this absurd reading: two give the true one—"shall be burned up."

In Gal. ii. 5 one of the uncials reads, "To whom we gave way by subjection for an hour." In verse 12 five uncials read, "But when *he* came"—that is, James; which is manifestly wrong, and contradicted by seven uncials.

In 1 Pet. i. 23 three of the chief uncials read, "Born again, not of corrupted *corruption*, but of incorrupted," instead of "not of corruptible *seed*." In Phil. ii. 1 all the uncials have an ungrammatical reading, which cannot, however, be made evident in a translation. In Matt. xxi. we have our Lord's parable of the two sons, the first of whom refused to enter the vineyard, but afterwards went; while the second promised to go in, but did not. The Saviour then inquires of the multitude, "Which of the two did the father's will?" Here two of the uncials give us the absurd answer, "The last."

Also some of the uncials omit passages testified to by preponderating

evidence. In Mark xvi., verses 9—20 are omitted by one uncial, but found in fifteen uncials. The passage concerning the adulteress—John vii. 53 to viii. 11—is omitted by seven uncials; but it is also found in seven uncials.

The attempt, then, to construct a pure text upon the uncials only has failed, and ever must. It leaves out of sight *nine-tenths of the witnesses of the text, as if they were of no account*. It supposes that in the uncials there would be found only *unintentional* variations. They really are, in places not a few, *wilfully corrupted*. The corruption of the text began before the time when they were written.

Of the Codex D. (or Beza's), Davidson says—“*Its singularly corrupt text in connection with its great antiquity is a curious problem which cannot easily be solved.*” (Scrivener, Cod. Augiensis, p. xii.) Certainly not, unless we affirm that there are manifold and wilful corruptions in some of the earliest copies.

Of the state of the case, Scrivener gives the following fair summing up:—“It may be said without extravagance that no set of Scriptural records affords a text less probable in itself, less sustained by any rational principles of external evidence, than that of [the uncial] Codex D.; of the Latin codices, and (so far as it accords with them) of Cureton's Syriac. *Interpolations*, as insipid in themselves, as unsupported by other evidence, *abound in them all*—additions so little in accordance with the genuine spirit of Holy Writ that some critics (though I *for one* profess no skill in such alchemy) have declared them to be as easily separable from the text which they encumber as the foot-notes appended to a modern book are from the main body of the work. (*Account of the Printed Text*, p. 138, note.) It is no less true to fact than paradoxical in sound, that the *worst corruptions to which the New Testament has ever been subjected, originated within a hundred years after it was composed*; that Irenæus and the African Fathers, and the whole Western, with a portion of the Syriac church, *used far inferior manuscripts to those employed by Stunica* (the editor of the first Greek edition of the New Testament) *or Erasmus, or Stephens, thirteen centuries later, when moulding the Textus Receptus* (the Received Text).”—Scrivener, p. 386.

From observations of this kind it results, that some manuscripts of great antiquity are not to be trusted. They have been wilfully corrupted in favour of certain errors current in the day when they were copied. In the first class of these are the uncials D., F., and G.; or, the Cambridge, the Augian, and the Bornerian codices. In a less degree, the Vatican and Sinaitic manuscripts are to be distrusted also. (B., N.)

The true text of the New Testament can only be arrived at by a weighing of the whole testimony. It is to be found perfect neither in the uncials alone; nor in the cursives alone. It is to be constructed by a union of the *external* and *internal* evidence. It should be founded

on the testimony of good manuscripts; it should cohere well with the style and argument of the writing in question.

1. Of two well-attested readings, *that is generally the best which is the most difficult*. A scribe was tempted, not to import difficulty into his copy, but to make it easy of comprehension where it was difficult. 2. Where one reading was probably the source of others, that is to be preferred. In Acts xx. 28, the Received Text has, "Feed the Church of God, which He purchased with His own blood." Four uncials read, "the Church of *the Lord*." Two uncials read, "the Church of *the Lord and God*." Now, "the Church of God" is the more difficult reading, out of which the others would naturally spring. The reading, "the Church of God," on the other hand, would not arise out of "the Church of the Lord." It is also the best attested;—that is, by the great majority of the manuscripts.

Why have the cursive manuscripts of late years been so little regarded as to have no weight in deciding the text? Partly because of the difficulty of examining so many; and because theory took it for granted that the oldest, or uncial manuscripts *must* contain the true text. Scrivener's summing up of this point is good:—"We do not place the more modern witnesses [the cursive] in one scale, the older [the uncials] in the other, and then decide *numero non pondere* [by numbers, not by weight of evidence] which shall prevail: *we advocate the use of the cursive copies principally, and indeed almost exclusively, where the ancient copies are at variance*; and if in practice this shall be found to amount to a perpetual appeal to the younger witnesses, it is because, in nineteen cases out of twenty, the elder *will* not agree" (page 407). And again—"Does any one suppose that the mass of our cursive documents are only corrupt copies, or copies of copies, drawn from existing uncials? Let the assertion be made and maintained, if it can with any show of reason; but if not, let us frankly accept the sole alternative, that they are representatives of other old copies which have long since perished, 'respectable ancestors' (as one has quaintly put the matter) 'who live only in their descendants' (*Long. Cic. Verr. Prat.*, Pref. vi.). And to this conclusion we are irresistibly led by a close study of the cursive manuscripts themselves. No one who has paid adequate attention to them can fail to be struck with the *individual character* impressed upon nearly all; it is rare, indeed, that we find cause to suppose that one even of the latest codices is a mere transcript of any now surviving. We repeatedly find, in those which, on the whole, recede but little from the *Textus Receptus* (the Received Text), isolated readings for which no other authority can now be alleged than Cod. B., or some such monument of remote antiquity."—(*Ibid.*)

VARIOUS READINGS IN GALATIANS.

Let us now apply these principles to the various readings found in the Epistle to the Galatians. He who has carefully studied any book

of Holy Scripture has, in general, a clearer view of the internal evidence of a reading—that is, which of two readings is best suited to the style of the author or to the argument. I give, then, my vote in favour of the subjoined readings, on a joint view of the *external* and *internal* evidence. *Never will the text be pure and settled while the uncials alone, or principally, are made the foundation of the text.*

The uncials D., F., G. are not to be trusted. Having gone through their various readings in Galatians, I should judge that they read wrongly 182 times. But D. does not agree with F. and G. for 77 times out of that number. The three are together right only 34 times.

(1.) To descend to particulars. The reading "Cephas" instead of "Peter" is clearly right in i. 18, ii. 9, 11, 14, and here the Received Text is wrong. Chap. ii. 9 is a testing passage. Here the Received Text reads, "James, *Cephas*, and John," which is manifestly right. But some copies which lean Rome-wards, whose copyists were displeased at Peter's Jewish name, and at his being put in the second place who was "Prince of the Apostles," read, "*Peter, James, and John.*" This is the reading of the *suspected uncials* D., F., G.

(2.) ii. 16. Here the *true* reading is "*But knowing.*" (1) It is a well-supported reading, and it is (2) the more difficult one. The uncials are divided: seven are in favour of the reading preferred, four enlist on behalf of the T. R. or Received Text.

(3.) In verse 20 some copies read, "I live by faith in *the God and Christ* who loved me." The Received Text reads, "By faith in the *Son of God*, who loved me." Here is a *wilful* change on one side or the other. The new reading is supported by the Vatican manuscript and the *suspected uncials*. It is refused by seven uncials, the Sinaitic, and the cursives. It is, I judge, a wrong reading, though Tregelles and Lachmann have received it into the text. "The Son" occurs three times more in the epistle, the *other* phrase not once.

(4.) In iii. 1, "That ye should not obey the truth" is to be omitted.

(5.) In iii. 17, the Received Text reads, "A covenant confirmed before by God *unto Christ.*" The two last words are omitted by five uncials, while five have them. The last are certainly right. (1) They are absolutely necessary to the argument; (2) they are the more difficult reading; (3) they were omitted *because thus the difficulty was got rid of* (here the three suspected uncials are right, in verse 19 they are wrong); (4) the Armenian and both the Syriac versions have them.

(6.) Verse 23. Which is to be read here—the present participle *συγκλειόμενοι*, or the past *συγκεκλεισμένοι*? The past, I judge, as the Textus Receptus does, with all the cursives examined by Scrivener. The uncials are, as usual, divided.

(7.) iv. 7. The T. R. reads "an heir of God through Christ." Some copies read "an heir through God." The uncials are divided here-upon: eight are in favour of the Received Text. It is, I judge, the true reading.

(8.) iv. 21. Here some copies read, in place of "Do ye not *hear* the law?" "Do ye not *read* the law?" Here the suspected uncials read the latter, which is manifestly wrong. Eight uncials agree with the T. R. In this case the cursives carry the day.

(9.) In iv. 25, some copies omit "Hagar" wrongly. It was not understood, though necessary to the Apostle's argument, and hence it was left out. Here two of the suspected uncials are again at fault.

(10.) In iv. 26, many copies omit the "all," and read, "Jerusalem, which is our mother." The uncials are, as usual, divided. Here, I judge, the T. R. is wrong.

(11.) In vi. 13, authorities are divided between the present and the past participle. Should we read, "Those who *are getting* themselves circumcised," or, "Those who *have been* circumcised"? The latter is certainly the true reading, though supported by only two uncials against six. Ten of Scrivener's collation (cursives) support this reading against the T. R.

The reign of the uncials is, I trust, at an end. The theory was taken up, that "*the value of a manuscript is directly as its age.*" Hence, one uncial of the fifth century was worth fifty or a hundred cursives. It was supposed that we might safely leave out any consideration of "the junior copies." This theory has been earnestly wrought out by several editors, *and it has failed.* It has wrecked itself upon the idea, *that only unintentional errors would be found in manuscripts, and hence that the earliest text must be the best.* But it has been found by experience, that some of the earliest uncials (N, B., D.) *are the most wilfully altered.* And the proof is, that *they disagree with one another perpetually.* The Sinaitic copy has been greatly lauded. Of this, after actual comparison of it with the readings of the Vatican on four pages, Scrivener says—"The discovery of this precious document (the Codex Sinaiticus) has so far done little to uphold Cod. B. (the Vatican copy—which seems the more correctly written, and probably the more valuable of the two) in its more characteristic and singular readings, *but has made the mutual divergencies of the very oldest critical authorities more patent and perplexing than ever*" (Scrivener, Crit. N. T., p. 389). And again—"That the same gross error should be found in three out of *the four oldest codices*, and in no other, *is very suggestive, and not a little perplexing*" (p. 456).

The great scholar, Bentley, thought that by means of the oldest copies of the Greek Testament, and of Jerome's Latin version, he could restore the Greek Text, so that there should not be twenty words or twenty particles difference. Actual collation has proved this theory to be a mistake.

Griesbach set up Origen's quotations of the New Testament as the standard of the text; and supposed, that there was an Alexandrian edition of the text which would agree with the citations of Origen. Archbishop Laurence examined the matter, and found that, taking

the Alexandrian manuscript as a specimen of the Alexandrian edition, (1) it agrees with Origen against the Received Text in 154 places; (2) *disagrees with Origen and the "Received Text" in 140, and agrees with the Received Text against Origen in 444 places!*" (*Scrivener's Collation of Gospels*, p. xvi. N.)

Tischendorf, in his edition of the New Testament in 1859; *has returned to the Received Text in nearly six hundred readings.* (*Scrivener's Crit. N. T.*, p. 408.)

And Dr. Godet, of Neuchatel, in his work on the Gospel of John, says justly:—"A manuscript of the *tenth* century copied from a document of the *second* century represents a text more ancient than a manuscript of the *fourth* century which copies a document of the *third* century" (p. 137).

In the course of his Exposition of John, after being compelled to make his choice of readings, he sums up from time to time those which seem to him to accord best with the style of the Apostle, and their agreement with the history and context. He says—(1) "Of the seven principal various readings . . . the Alexandrian manuscripts have false readings six times. The *Sinaitic* and the *Vatican* have beside many faults, which are peculiar to them" (I., p. 343). Take another summing up. (2) "We have found fifty principal various readings between Chap. II. and the end of Chap. IV., in which number the Received Text seems to us to have four faults; the Alexandrian Text eleven faults; The Sinaitic and The Vatican continue to have special readings, some in which they agree, in general false (The Sinaitic twenty-seven faults). It has also several readings in common with D. (8). The Alexandrian readings are almost always in close alliance with the text of Origen" (I., p. 518).

Nine-tenths of the cursive manuscripts have not yet been explored! "Many codices of the tenth and following centuries were very probably transcribed from others of a more early date than any which now exist; the incessant wear of the older copies in the services of the Church rendering a fresh supply indispensable" (*Scrivener's Collation*, p. xxi.; see also p. lxviii.).

"In the ordinary concerns of social life one would form no favourable estimate of the impartiality of a judge (and such surely is the real position of a critical editor) who deemed it safe to discard unheard eighty-nine witnesses out of ninety that are tendered to him, unless, indeed, it were perfectly certain that *the eighty-nine had no means of information except what they derived from the ninetieth.*" But, as he says, each of the cursives is an independent witness. The Peshito Syriac and the later nine uncials support the Alexandrian manuscript—A. If one manuscript alone is to be followed, the Codex A. is the best guide to the true text. In short, the text as we have it is to be adhered to unless there be the stronger evidence of manuscripts and versions against it.

Keeping these facts and principles before us, can we not decide concerning the authenticity of certain omitted passages?

I. Let us take Mark xvi. 9—20. Are they genuine? Let us consider the evidence against and for them. (1) These verses are omitted by two of the oldest uncials. (2) They were omitted by Eusebius, when he drew up his Harmony of the Gospels and numbered the sections of it. (3) The style of these verses differs from that of other parts of Mark.

They are, however, certainly genuine. (1) They are found in *every Greek manuscript of the book* except the two above named. (2) They are found in fifteen uncials. (3) They occur in the Vulgate, the three Syriac Versions, and four other Versions. (4) In one of the two uncials which omit them, a blank space is left here, the only one in the volume; showing that the scribe was aware of their existence. (5) They are noticed by Irenæus, Justin Martyr, and Hippolytus. Victor of Antioch gave these verses on the authority of the Palestine exemplar.

The question, then, of their genuineness is easily solved. It reduces itself to this point—Is it more probable that they were suppressed, or that they were interpolated? That they are not the *additions* of any forger is clear, for they seem to be in contradiction to the other accounts of the Resurrection. Upon the principle, then, of omitting those words which caused difficulty, these verses were left out; and Eusebius of Cæsarea seems to have been the person who suppressed them. He notices (Tregelles *in loco*) that some copies had not the additional verses, and that they were “unnecessary and seemingly contradictory.” He omitted them, therefore, from his tables of the Harmony. Moreover, from his friendship with the Emperor Constantine, he was possessed of very great power over the text, and the versions which flowed from it in and after his days; for he, by direction of the Emperor, prepared fifty copies for the use of the churches at Constantinople. He has preserved for us the letter of the Emperor:—“Victor Constantinus, Maximus, Augustus, to Eusebius. It happens through the favouring Providence of God our Saviour that great numbers have united themselves to the most holy church in the city which is called by my name. It seems, therefore, highly requisite, since that city is rapidly advancing in prosperity in all other respects, that the number of churches should also be increased. Do you, therefore, receive with all readiness my determination on this behalf. I have thought it expedient to instruct your Prudence to order fifty copies on well-prepared parchment, both easily legible and portable, to be written by able scribes thoroughly understanding their art—copies, I mean, of the Sacred Scriptures, the preparation and use whereof you know to be necessary for the doctrine of the church.” This was accordingly done. (Euseb. Vita Constant. b. IV., ch. xxxvi., xxxvii.) The edition of Eusebius then, recommended by such authority, would be naturally sought for, and would take an especial place;

because the persecutions of Dioclesian and Maximian had destroyed so many copies of the Scriptures.

This passage of Mark was suppressed, then, as we gather, (1) First, from the difficulties which it imported into the *history of the Resurrection*—difficulties which would present themselves first and most forcibly to one who studied the Harmony of the Gospels, as did Eusebius; (2) Secondly, because of another difficulty arising out of the Saviour's promise in it of the *supernatural gifts* to believers in His name. Now of this the pressure would be strongly felt in the days of Eusebius, when the miraculous gifts had come to an end; and when, therefore, it is probable that enemies would lay hold on this passage as a strong objection against the faith. Against the admitted differences of the style of these verses from the usual style of Mark, we may set (1) the abrupt ending of the Gospel if these verses be removed; and (2) the probability that Mark may have added these verses at a later period of his life.

II. What shall we say concerning the woman taken in adultery? Let us first regard the external evidence *against* it. (1) It is omitted by eight uncials, though two betray a knowledge of its existence by leaving a void space. (2) It is not found in the Peshito Syriac and another version. (3) It is omitted by Eusebius's Tables. (4) Most fathers take no notice of it. (5) The variety of readings, in those manuscripts which retain it, is great.

What are the *external* evidences in its favour? (1) It is found in nine uncials; in four it is obelized, or marked as suspicious. (2) It is found in 307 cursives that have been examined. (3) In one of the uncials it is noted (of ninth century), with asterisks added—"The parts obelized are not found in some manuscripts, not even that of Apollinarius; *but in the ancient ones the whole is found.* All the Apostoli (the Lectionaries*) make mention of them, in which there is an arrangement (of Scriptures) *for the edification of the Church.*" Two cursives mention its being found *in ancient copies.* (4) It is given by the Vulgate, the early Latin, and five other versions. (5) It is cited in "The Apostolical Constitutions," so called. (6) It is named by Euthymius, by Jerome, and Augustine.

Now let us look at the probable *internal* reasons for its omission. (1) Augustine tells us that "some of small faith, or rather *enemies* of true faith," removed it from their copies, "fearing, I believe, lest thus impunity in sinning should be granted to their wives." (2) Indeed, many still mistake the meaning of the Saviour's word, "Neither do I *condemn* thee; go *and sin* no more." They suppose, that Jesus did not *denounce* her adultery as sinful, or that He *pardoned* her. Neither of these ideas is true. Jesus gave her opportunity of repentance; but no pardon. The word "condemn" is ambiguous. It may mean in itself either (1) to pronounce a thing evil, as a private person may; or (2) to pass sentence, as a judge, on crime.

* Some read, "All the copies."

It was this *latter* which Jesus refused to do, though urged by His enemies. He *did* condemn her in the former sense. "Go *and sin* no more." Owing to this misunderstanding the passage was taken out of the copies used in public, but kept in those for private edification. (3) The incident could not have been invented. There is a Divine wisdom in it, that bespeaks it a real event of the Saviour's life. It touches deeply the foundations of our Lord's mission—"Are you come as an Apostle of mercy? Then you are in contradiction with Moses! Is Moses to be obeyed by you? How then are you the Apostle of mercy?" The Saviour overthrows His foes by raising a question not started by the law. Moses supposed that all Israel were righteous. Jesus shows that there is none righteous, no not one. *He* might have executed the sentence against her, and He would not; for "now is the accepted time; now the day of salvation." It seems probable, then, that the omission of this passage is to be traced to its being suppressed by Eusebius in his edition. He might consider himself authorised to do so, from the Emperor's commission to make the fifty copies "useful to the Church." This was probably left out then in the copies that were executed under his eye, and in those which took their origin from his. And The Sinaitic and The Vatican are old enough to have been two of the fifty copies. Certain it is, that the passage is found in the early Latin copies which existed before the Vulgate. The *moral question* in these cases enters more deeply into the matter than the external or diplomatic question.

1. Why was that omitted—"her firstborn" son? (Matt. i. 25). Because it opposed "the perpetual virginity" of Mary.

2. Why were those words which follow in Italics inserted—"There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, *who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit*"? (Rom. viii. 1). Because it was feared that the interests of morality were not provided for in so free a statement of the grace of God.

3. Why were those words in Italics omitted, in 1 Cor. ix. 20—"And I became to the Jews as a Jew, that I might gain Jews; to those under law, as if under law (*not being myself under law*), that I might gain those under law? To those without law, as without law (being not without law toward God, but under law to Christ) that I might gain those without law" (1 Cor. ix. 20—21). Why were the words in Italics left out by the Received Text? Because it was feared that there could be no morality in those who were "not under law, but under grace."

4. Why have we—"Blessed are they that *do His commandments*," instead of, "Blessed are they *who wash their robes*" (Rev. xxii. 14)? Because some thought the words liable to be misunderstood, as if cleanliness were not only next to godliness, but godliness itself!

To me then it appears that out of the Alexandrine an uncial copy of the fourth century (A.), out of the early Syriac, and the cursive copies of the New Testament,—the text, almost as pure as it issued

from the hands of the inspired penmen, may be restored. But, indeed, the Received Text is, I doubt not, far nearer to the true text than any that can be derived from the uncials alone. The Lord lead His people into all the truth!

SCENES FROM CHURCH HISTORY.

III.

PATRICK, THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

I. HIS EARLY YEARS AND HIS CONNECTION WITH ROME.

MANY of the most charming legends of mediæval Christendom cluster around the name of Ireland's patron saint, but a slight examination convinces us that they are legends only. To give a thoroughly reliable and accurate sketch of his life is therefore no easy task. Indeed, modern criticism—to which, with all its one-sidedness and arrogance, we are greatly indebted—confronts us at the outset with the pitiless question, Was there such a man as St. Patrick? Is not the story of his life a myth? If we settle that question as the evidence, fairly weighed, requires us to settle it, in a sense favourable to his actual existence, we shall at least be compelled to admit that the real St. Patrick is very different from the glorified ideal which has borne his name, and that the traditionary apostle of Ireland has to a large extent concealed the historical apostle from our view. So far back as the twelfth century there existed no fewer than sixty-six lives of Patrick, and these sixty-six lives must have contained, according to Mr. Gibbon, at least as many thousand lies. This judgment is too sweeping and reckless, but we can easily understand how a man of Gibbon's temperament should form it. Even so sober and candid an historian as Dr. Killen, characterises the ordinary lives of the saint as a mass of impudent fabrications, and it is certainly impossible, with a due regard to truth, to speak of them in milder or more complimentary terms. The lowly, earnest, self-denying evangelist has been surrounded by a halo of hollow and extravagant romance. On a slender basis of fact, the most absurd and improbable marvels have been founded, and, apart from Patrick's own confessions, the genuineness of which seems to us indisputable, we should be able to find but a few grains of wheat in as many bushels of chaff. Such grains as we can find, however, are well worth preserving.

The "Confessions" to which we have alluded are very different, both in their aim and execution, from the subtle and elaborate work

of Augustine published under the same name. They are a simple recapitulation in his old age of the principal events of Patrick's career, and are written in a plain, inartistic, and straightforward style, free from all metaphysical and theological refinements. Their authenticity is all but universally admitted on grounds of external as well as internal evidence. Neander says that "the work bears in its simple, rude style an impress that corresponds entirely to Patrick's stage of culture. There are to be found in it none of the traditions which perhaps proceeded only from English monks — nothing wonderful except what may be very easily explained on psychological principles." A copy of it, written towards the end of the eighth century, and preserved in the Book of Armagh, is still in existence. Other copies contain many interpolations inserted by "manufacturers of history," and are not therefore to be trusted. The genuine text is not so full and concise on all points as we should like it to be. But it is our best authority, and on all matters on which it is silent we are compelled to speak with diffidence.

Concerning the date and the place of Patrick's birth, there exists considerable uncertainty, and both points have been keenly controverted. According to some authorities, he was born in A.D. 373. Other dates, such as 377, 387, and 415, have found strenuous advocates; and it seems almost impossible to arrive at a conclusion which can satisfy all the requirements of the problem. But we strongly incline to the opinion of those who fix on the first-named year. In his "Confession" he describes his birthplace as *Bonnaven Taberniæ*, but the description has itself given rise to an eager dispute. By some of our best historians Bonnaven has been identified with Boulogne-sur-Mer, in Normandy, by others with a small town on the banks of the Clyde, between Dumbarton and Glasgow, which has since been named, in honour of Patrick, Kilpatrick or Kirkpatrick. Dr. Killen and Dr. Lanigan are among those who advocate the Norman theory; Archbishop Ussher, Neander, and Dr. Maclear, in his very interesting work on "The Conversion of the Celts," advocate the Scotch theory. With these latter we are disposed to agree.

The evangelist's original name—that by which he was known in his native land—was "*Succath*," a name which signifies "strong in war"; Patricius being apparently his Roman appellative. Of his parents we know nothing further than that they occupied a high social position and were members of the Christian Church. His father, Calphurnius, is said to have been a man of Curial rank, and a magistrate or counsellor in the Roman colony in the North of Britain. He was also a deacon of the Church. Patrick's grandfather, Potitus, was a priest. His mother, Conchessa, is alleged by some of the old biographers to have been a sister of Martin of Tours, one of the most distinguished ecclesiastics of his day. But the evidence on this point is not conclusive.

Patrick received in his home the rudiments of a sound education. His father expended on his instruction great care, and imparted to him a knowledge of the doctrines of Christianity. In his sixteenth year he was rudely torn from his home. The coasts of Scotland were at this time exposed to frequent attacks from bands of Irish pirates, who pillaged the country and carried off as many of the inhabitants as they could secure into slavery. In one of their incursions, these pirates attacked the house of Calphurnius, seized Patrick and two of his sisters, sold him to a chieftain in the North of Ireland named Milcher, who made him overseer of his flocks.

Patrick has left in his Confessions a vivid picture of his servitude. He wandered about over the wild mountains, at one time scorched by the hot sun, at another drenched with the heavy rains, and again chilled by the keen frost. He was compelled to spend much of his time in solitude, and he wisely employed himself in vigorous efforts at self-improvement. He set himself to learn the language of the native Irish, and to become familiarised with their habits of life. More than this, he betook himself earnestly to meditation and prayer. As a boy he had been gay and careless. The lessons of his childhood had been despised, and he had felt no attraction toward the Gospel of Christ. But now, as he was thrown back upon himself, the truths which had lain dormant in his mind were awakened into life, and he was completely subjected to their power. "I was sixteen years old and I knew not the true God ; but in a strange land the Lord brought me to the sense of my unbelief, so that, although late, I minded me of my sins, and turned with my whole heart to the Lord my God ; who looked down on my lowliness, had pity on my youth and my ignorance ; who preserved me ere I knew Him, and who protected and comforted me as a father does his son, ere I knew how to distinguish between good and evil." The love of God more and more increased. The spirit was ardent within him.

This captivity had lasted six years, when Patrick thought he heard in his dreams a voice which bade him fly in a certain direction towards the sea-coast where he would find a vessel which would convey him to his home. Believing that this voice was an indication of the watchful providence of God, he obeyed it, embarked in a ship which was on the point of sailing, and after a stormy and perilous passage he safely reached his friends, from whom he had so long been severed. Some time afterwards—it is impossible to say how long—he was again taken captive and carried to Gaul. But his second captivity was of short duration. By the aid of Christian merchants he was able, after a servitude of two months, to obtain his freedom, and was once more restored to his early home.

His parents occupied, as we have already seen, a high social position, and were now anxious that their son should remain with them during the rest of their days. They earnestly besought him to continue with

them. But another course was marked out for him. He felt an irrepressible desire to make known to others that Gospel in which he had found the supreme joy of his life. "The Divine Voice frequently admonished me to consider whence I derived the wisdom which was in me, who once knew neither the number of my days nor was acquainted with God, and whence I obtained afterwards so great and salutary a gift as to know and to love God." He thought with compassion of the Pagans among whom he had spent so great a part of his youth, and felt an inward call to devote himself to their service. And from obedience to this call he could not be dissuaded, either by the strong remonstrances or the loving entreaties of his friends. It was God who spoke to him, and God who conquered in him. He thus narrates the manner of his initiation into his life's great work:—"In the dead of the night I saw a man coming to me as if from Ireland, whose name was Victoricus, bearing innumerable letters, one of which he handed to me. I read the beginning of it, and in it the words, *The voice of the Irish*. And whilst I was reading the beginning of the letter, I imagined that I heard in my mind the voice of those who were near the wood of *Fochut*, which is near the western sea. And thus they cried, '*We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and henceforth walk amongst us.*' And I was greatly pricked in heart and could read no more, and so I awoke. Again, on another night—I know not, God knoweth, whether it was within me or near me—I heard distinctly words which I could not understand, except that at the end of what was said there was uttered, '*He who gave His life for thee is He who speaketh in thee.*' And so I awoke rejoicing." His course was plainly marked out for him, and no reproaches levelled against him on the ground of impetuosity and enthusiasm could divert him from it. His decision was unalterable.

His age at this time was somewhere about thirty. The expression "holy youth" is not absolutely decisive, as it may be supposed to be based on the remembrance which the friends of his captivity retained of him. He was a youth when they knew him, and as a youth they might still think of him. And yet such an expression would scarcely have been used if very many years had elapsed since Patrick had gained his freedom. His second capture could not on any computation have taken place after he had been at home with his friends ten years. Five or six years is a more probable reckoning. But as the evangelist does not himself afford any clue to the date of the events he records, we can only offer such conjectures as the evidence appears to warrant.

Several historians think that he proceeded at once to Ireland, and began his evangelistic labours without any preliminary training. It is, however, more probable that he first spent some time in the monasteries of Southern France—that of St. Martin, at Tours, and of St. Germanus, at Auxerre—the better to prepare himself for his arduous enterprise. But that he spent anything like twenty or

thirty years in such preparation is an idea too absurd to need serious refutation. Patrick was not, in the technical sense of the word, a scholar. His writing shows no trace of scholastic subtilty. It is, though clear and comprehensible, not such as would have been produced by one who had spent many years in a cloister. Nay, the author of the Confessions goes so far as to lament the defects of his early training. He was fully conscious of his ignorance, and long hesitated to write, lest, as he says, he should fall under the censure of men because he had not studied like others. And those who have examined the document in its original form assert that this apology was no mere form. Patrick's Latin is neither classical nor ecclesiastical. The writer was not a learned man, and we may therefore fairly conclude that he did not long remain in the monasteries to which he repaired.

The whole of his movements at this time are wrapped in a mist of uncertainty. Legend after legend was invented in the interests of the Church of Rome, and it is more than we can hope to be able successfully to disentangle fact from fiction. On some points, however, we need be at no loss. The old legends represent the simple-minded evangelist as making a journey to Rome to receive power and consecration from the Roman bishop. One account says that he was consecrated by Pope Celestine. Another, more widely circulated and more vehemently insisted on, asserts that he was consecrated by Sixtus III., after he had received intelligence of the death of the Archdeacon Palladius, who had previously been sent from Rome as a missionary to Ireland, but who had been able to accomplish very little in consequence of his ignorance of the native language. Neander thinks we cannot pronounce this tradition false, but sees nothing to confirm it. In our view, it is utterly and absolutely false. Palladius was sent by Pope Celestine in A.D. 431, "to the Irish believing in Christ as their first bishop." That we can well believe. There were already at that date Christian converts. But through whose labour had they been brought to Christ? Evidently through the labours of Patrick, who had long before this date entered on his work. Palladius was sent as the emissary of Rome, after tidings of the spread of Christianity in Ireland had reached the imperial city, and he was sent with the view of representing in Ireland the authority of the Roman bishop, under whose jurisdiction he sought to bring the churches established by the labours of others. He brought with him, it is even asserted in the *Leabhan Breac*, i.e., *The Speckled Book* ("the oldest and best Irish MS. relating to Church History now preserved, or which, perhaps, the Irish ever possessed"); a *Gospel for Patrick to preach it to the Irish*—a splendidly-decorated copy of the four Evangelists, as Dr. Killen suggests, intended to conciliate the popular missionary. Further than this, it is admitted in one of the oldest lives of Patrick that he was in Ireland many years before the arrival of Palladius, and he is made to go to Rome to receive the apostolic

blessing, after a long course of unsuccessful labour. For this opinion there is as little foundation as there is for the other.

The appointment of Palladius, an archdeacon and a Briton by birth, was plainly intended as a stroke of policy, when, as the Roman bishop imagined, matters were ripe for it and its success certain. But the great ecclesiastical dignitary, with his long train of followers, his ample store of relics, and his costly gifts, was doomed to a bitter disappointment. The Irish Christians refused to receive him as their bishop. Neither Patrick nor his converts were prepared to submit to his supervision. His mission was a failure. Whether he was driven from the country by the threats of a native chieftain, or left it in anger at the persistent independence of the Christian converts, he speedily set sail for Scotland, and, in little more than a year after he had entered upon his unsuccessful task, he ended his course in death.

The connection of the early Irish Church with the Church of Rome has been the subject of a protracted and angry controversy which even yet is not closed. But if that connection be what Papal writers represent, we are confronted with difficulties which are simply insuperable. That there was in the Irish Church for many centuries a spirit of freedom which opposed the pretensions of Rome and refused to accept its authority as final, cannot be denied by the most inveterate partisans. The Roman ecclesiastical usages were not for long after the time of which we write established in Ireland, while their establishment was the result of a severe struggle. And had Patrick been either originally appointed by the Roman patriarch or subsequently consecrated by him, he could scarcely have failed to notice the fact in his Confessions. A circumstance of so much importance could not have been passed over in silence. Yet there is not a single word about it. Patrick narrates at length the origin of his undertaking, but he does not make the most remote reference to his appointment or his consecration by the Pope. His authority was of a far higher order. He was the minister, not even of the Church, but of God. "The Lord aroused me, a fool," he says, "that with fear and reverence and without murmuring I should faithfully serve that nation to which the love of Christ transferred me."

The arguments of Dr. Killen in refutation of the Romanist claims are simply unanswerable, and as the point in dispute is of considerable importance, we will here transcribe, for the sake of those who wish to understand the merits of the case, the two paragraphs in which this venerable writer summarises with wonderful lucidity and pith the evidence which the advocates of the Papacy are unable to resist. We shall then be able in our next paper to enter upon the more congenial task of following the great evangelist in his missionary tours, and of depicting scenes which take us into a loftier and more heathful region than that of ecclesiastical controversy.

Had Patrick been an agent of the Pope, his wonderful achievements would have

been trumpeted in the metropolis of Christendom, and a constant intercourse would have been ever afterwards maintained between the Church of Rome and her Hibernian daughter ; but for ages no correspondence whatever can be traced, no Italian writer refers to the name of Patrick, and no Pontiff, in any encyclical epistle, inserts his name. Though Pope Leo the Great wrote such a multitude of letters, though he was so remarkable for energy and vigilance, and though he filled the Roman chair for twenty-one years at the very time when Patrick was proceeding so prosperously in the Western isle, he never penned a single line for his encouragement. Before the seventh century we have no traces whatever of intercourse between Romish and Irish Christians. The Italian missionaries who then settled in England sought to commence a correspondence, but their advances were very coldly received. The Easter cycle was changed at Rome in the former part of the sixth century, and the alteration was soon generally adopted on the continent ; but the Irish Church adhered to its own arrangements—a plain proof that it was not meanwhile subject to Italian supervision. . . . The Irish at first utterly refused to hold communion with the ecclesiastics sent into England by the Bishop of Rome. “When the apostolic see,” says one of these strangers, “sent us to these Western parts to preach to Pagan nations, we came into this island which is called Britain without possessing any previous knowledge of its inhabitants. We held both the Britons and the Irish in great esteem for sanctity, believing that they proceeded according to the custom of the Catholic Church ; but becoming acquainted with the errors of the Britons, we thought the Irish had been better ; yet we have been informed by Bishop Dagan coming into this island, that the Irish in no way differ from the Britons in their behaviour ; for Bishop Dagan coming to us, not only refused to eat with us, but even to take his repast in the same house where we were entertained.”

Nor are these the only evidences that Ireland could not have been converted by missionaries from Rome. Many of the ecclesiastical usages introduced by Patrick were different from those of the Italian Pontiff and his adherents. Patrick did not practise the rite of confirmation, did not insist on the celibacy of the clergy, did not conform to the Roman tonsure, did not use the Roman liturgy, and did not respect the laws sanctioned by the Pope relative to ordination and church government. But, about the time of the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons by Augustine and his fellow-missionaries, the emissaries of Rome began to labour with the utmost assiduity to bring over the Irish to conformity ; and though at first they made little progress, they were not discouraged. The Irish Church was, however, the last in Western Christendom which succumbed to Italian domination ; and the triumph of the Pope was not consummated until the twelfth century.

THE INVENTIVENESS OF LOVE.

OPINIONS have greatly differed as to the proper definition of genius. Even among the favoured possessors of the coveted gift, there seems to have been but little ability to expound its mystery. To a great extent, it has been a hidden wonder whose impulses they felt, but whose nature they could not describe.

When one of our greatest artists was asked by a lady what was the secret of his success, he replied, “I have no secret but

hard work." "The difference between one man and another," said Dr. Arnold, "is not so much in talent as in energy." "What men want," remarked Sir Bulwer Lytton, "is not talent, it is purpose; not power to achieve, but will to labour." Mirabeau said, "Anything is possible to a man who can will." Helvetius called genius "a long patience;" and Sir I. Newton would allow no distinction between himself and others, except that perhaps he "had more perseverance."

But it will be generally felt, whatever the heroes themselves may say, that no definition will be regarded as satisfactory that should not include inventiveness. Genius starts forth on some original track. It finds out something new and often surprising. It devises fresh combinations; has enkindled within it ideas that have lived in no other mind; sees with a vision not given to other eyes; and feels with a keenness compared with which other sensitiveness is dull. There is "a power and a faculty divine" that shows itself in new suggestions, and in various and unfamiliar methods.

But, if this is so, then surely it may be affirmed that LOVE is heart-genius. It possesses all the characteristics of originality; it sets on foot schemes and projects distinguished by new contrivance; it discovers, invents, creates; its promptings give the seeing eye; its ardour moves the skilful hand; its devotedness strengthens the purpose and the will; it beholds, amid common things, what others fail to notice; discerns the capability of opportunities that the careless would let slip, and, swift as a sunbeam, notes the end from the beginning, and shows competency and perseverance equal to its light. The interest that characterises, the usefulness that attends, the inspiration that springs from, the inventiveness of LOVE, might well fill volumes, and yet leave the half untold. Beautiful illustrations meet us in sacred history. What but this secured the greatest name of the Old Testament from the exterminating edict of a cruel tyrant, and constructed an ark of bulrushes which was watched by Miriam on the banks of the mighty Nile? The devising of the plot about the silver cup, with which, Joseph, had the appearance of enmity, was only a scheme prompted by the motive of affection. Shrewd contrivance from the same source was not wanting when David was menaced by his stealthy foe; and Saul's daughter, the wife of his youth, won by his prowess, let him down by the window and put an image in the bed. In happier days, when the kingdom was prosperous, and his victories had been great, David's heart desired to show its gratitude in a form new, and without precedent, among the nations. Looking upon the faded and travel-torn Tabernacle, he thinks, Why should not a temple be built for Jehovah? While he dwelt in a house of cedar, why should the ark of God remain within curtains? There rose before his conception a magnificent structure that should be a monument for all the ages, and in the completion of which he would show his sense of indebtedness. He did

well (we are told) that it was "in his heart." The patriarch Job, in connection with our theme, suggests a lesson to many a father. When his sons had settled away from him, and became prosperous in the land, the venerable Emir still proved the earnestness of paternal love. Imagining their possible sins, he would yet shield them, if he could, from any stroke of the Divine displeasure. "He rose early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings, according to the number of them all. Thus did Job continually." Love's inventiveness, further on, we see in the case of the christians at Damascus. Their hearts are drawn towards the new convert, for he has so mightily confounded the Jews who opposed their faith. To secure him from the violence to which they feared he would be subject, they let him down the city wall in a basket. And what was it but loving interest lent promptitude to Paul's sister's son, when afterwards he sought a method of informing the Apostle, in the castle, of the design his enemies had projected against his life? Love in many ways has left her "footprints on the sands of time." In the pursuit of her object she has walked the continents, fronted every danger, braved every distress. Old plans which have failed have been immediately followed by better ones that have succeeded. The end of one endeavour has witnessed the commencement of another. By the refinements of her gentle subtlety she has baffled opposition, won her way through frowning barriers, conciliated enmity, convinced obstinacy, and exulted in the attainment of the all but impossible. She has triumphed when defeat seemed inevitable; and has found a way, with her keen-eyed persistence, when half-heartedness would sit down in despair. Like faith, love suggests an endless record. One might almost say, the Himalayas would not be large enough to exhaust the memorial, though through breadth and height, from west to east, of their gigantic precipices, the account were written and the representations embossed.

If such fertility of resource excites our interest, we may be very sure that, under the noblest of all influences, love will prove her usefulness. Love to Christ, based upon His work, flowing from His friendship, kindled by Himself, is the operative principle in the Christian heart. Eminently fruitful has it been in honouring the Master and blessing the world. We have a beautiful miniature instance in the circumstances of the dealing of the Apostle Paul with Philemon and Onesimus. The question was, how to get a forgiving and kind reception for the converted prodigal in his Colossian master's house. With no doubt of a true renewal on the part of the runaway, Paul seems to have had some not unreasonable misgivings as to how he should commend him to his friend. What should he do? He devises the plan of a letter, most skilfully constructed, with mingled persuasion and request. He reminds Philemon how much he owed to him as an Apostle, "but receive Onesimus back and the debt shall be considered as good as paid." He might have detained him for his own service, but he will not deprive his friend of the

pleasure of a Christian act of forgiveness, or the commendation of a Christian deed of generosity. Could any Christian gentleman have resisted such an appeal?

How, further, should Onesimus be approved to the church, and win confidence amid the brotherhood with whom he would be associated? He will write a letter to the church itself, and both missives shall be sent by the hand of the young slave-convert. If the messenger has the tokens of the Apostle's confidence, the inference would be—and none would think it mistaken—he should not fail to enjoy the trust of the disciples. Excellent skill! Inventive and thoughtful love! The difficulty is met, the problem solved.

Tradition gives, on a wider field, in the history of our Foreign Mission enterprise, an instance of love's contrivance. When the honoured pioneers of Gospel truth first went to India, Carey, Marshman, and Fountain sought to gain the ear of the people for the Divine message, but in vain. What could be done? The Hindoos must know the truth to feel it. They must be arrested by its interest to be brought under its power. The periodical accounts—Vols. I. and II.—tell us they made hymns, and set the Gospel to song. The late Mr. Denham, among others, used to tell how the heralds of the Cross went into the streets and bazaars, singing of Christ and His love; and the Hindoos, very fond of singing, stopped and listened, and received their first impressions about the truth. It was like the flying of the kite over the stream below Niagara, the first frail means of after-successes, in which so many have rejoiced. Love's readiness and suggestiveness, moreover, one cannot but admire in the case of the founder of Sunday-schools. When Robert Raikes saw the Gloucester children ragged and at play, and heard that Sunday was a very carnival among them for noise and riot, cursing and swearing, there were tears in his heart, if not in his eyes. The idea of teaching them was the child of his compassion and his desire to serve the Saviour, in whose work he trusted, and whose Kingdom he desired to advance. How grand an issue that inventiveness has had!

There was a time, again, when Bibles were comparatively rare, and the people were poor. Vast numbers of homes were without the Scriptures. The question arose with some—What can we do to multiply around copies of the Word of Life? Mr. Charles, speaking to a little girl in Wales, thought surely, by a system of gradual payments, the Bible may be bought if cheaply printed. The idea took root and bore fruit. The honoured Mr. Hughes, of our own denomination, became the originator of the Bible Society, whose publications of the Scriptures, scattered over the world, have been like the leaves of the Tree of Life for the healing of the nations.

So, also, when it was felt desirable that additional interest in the truth should, if possible, be attained by auxiliary means, love's inventiveness gave rise to the Tract Society. This, by its diffusion of

incidents and narratives—arresting, touching, thrilling—has proved of invaluable service, and has won its way to be regarded as one of the noblest institutions established in our land or in the world. Hospitals have, besides, been founded under the same kindly influence; and John Howard went forth with his schemes for cleansing and reforming prison life and discipline under the prompting of the same originating skill. Love has gone forth like an angel of light into the world. By the wizardry of her inventiveness the wilderness has often become an Eden. Groans have been turned into songs, tears into smiles. The thanksgivings of multitudes have waited on her work, and still new conquests remain to be added, bright with fresh crowns, to be cast at Emmanuel's feet.

But the subject rises to the sublime in the Divine instances that have been given to the world in the work of Christ, and in the subsequent dealings of Providence and Grace that have attended His redemptive enterprise. The incitement now that fills our hearts springs hence. "No human wit," writes Dr. Sears, "would have imagined the way in which the fearful gulf between God and man was to be bridged over." Who could take in, weigh, measure, and decide upon all the needs and interests involved? Who could conceive the extent and character of the only remedy that could meet the case? Who could have had the daring to assume or the hardihood to propose the great expedient that was employed? Familiar as we are with the fact and doctrine of the death of Christ, we often lose a keen sense of the wondrous display of God in sacrifice, making provision for the guilty. It was Heaven's own supreme contrivance, devised and revealed because God "so loved the world." Before this stupendous truth, as before the mighty Alps, all inferior and human things dwarf and shrink. Their presence is well-nigh forgotten; their interest majestically overshadowed. Here is "the glory that excelleth." It is this great illustration of love that exerts a kindling influence, and is designed to do so upon the hearts and lives of men. The living sacrifice of self, with all the promptings of earnest activity and zeal, is to be offered in this presence. There are endless methods of proving gratitude and attachment to which love should inspire. Mr. J. S. Mill relates how once, in a morbid state of mind, he was haunted by a fear of the possible exhaustibility of musical combinations. He might have spared himself anxiety. Music is the prolific and perpetual source of ever new harmonies. So, also, is love the perennial fountain of fresh suggestions and original schemes. It has been said, "We want inventors." Perhaps it would be truer to say, we want more real, more deep, more inspiring love. There is scope in business, if we have heart for it, to influence those with whom we have to do to honour truth, see its attractiveness, and come under its genial influences. There is scope in the family to win the young to Christ, and, in ways of gentleness and contrivance, to get right principles lodged in the mind. There is scope in the Church to pro-

mote greater consecration, closer life with Christ, and more of union and prayerfulness in His cause. There is scope in the world to meet its infidelities, to arrest its carelessness, to impress its indifference. When Sir Walter Scott met, as he did, the misfortunes of his life with the manly, honest spirit that will ever add a lustre to his fame, he said, "I will dig in the mines of my imagination." He would seek out new riches of romance and fancy, that he might write other works, and so seek to diminish the load of debt with which he found himself burdened. Who can say, in the devices to which love can resort, that there are not resources yet untouched, and treasures that may surprise as much as the hidden wealth of Montezuma astonished the conqueror Cortes?

And if the "unspeakable gift" is the greatest invention of Divine originality, certainly methods for securing its reception by the heart give rise to yet endless proof of the same order and kind. What is Providence but love inventing? and what do the arrangements of life show but that messengers are ever being sent to prepare the way that He who should dwell in the temple of the heart may come and claim His own? The conversion of Mr. Wilberforce, brought about by fellowship with his friend on the shores of the Mediterranean, and their mutual study of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," was the ordering of love that gave Isaac Milner as a companion, instead of another whom he desired, and so laid gentle siege to his nature as that gradually, but effectually, mind, heart, and energy were all grandly enlisted on the side of truth. Divine love secured the spiritual change of Dr. Buchanan through what appeared to be a casual and unintentional conversation on Divine grace with one whose forcible and affecting address to his conscience carried conviction in a way he had never felt before. God is ever "devising means that His banished be not expelled from Him." Does He give a man a devout associate, what is it but a method designed to influence him for good? Is a man led to some special situation or employ, what is it, often, but love taking steps to bring him into the neighbourhood of influences that shall touch and impress? When a man is brought low, love is only showing the vanity of life, that greater riches may be sought. When affliction pains, we may trace love's anxiety for appreciation of the refuge where all its evils may be quieted, and thought and feeling lay hold on eternity. Could we but see the mazy paths, in all their design, by which God brings men to Himself, we should be filled with astonishment at the inventiveness, no less than the mercy and grace, by which His work is accomplished. There is everything to win response to love, and to quicken and strengthen the sacred sentiment within the heart. When once inspired, it is full of Divine might, and lavish in its fertile resources. One has said, mountains are in the way; love answers, "But I can climb." The distance to be traversed is great: love replies, "But I can fly." Waters wide and deep have to be crossed: love responds, "But I can swim."

There is a lion in the path : love exults—"I am Samson ; I can kill the lion." And never let it be a condemnation that love can find illustration in lesser things, and not find scope in the greatest ; that in a lower plane it finds room for action, but none in the reaches that are highest and best.

In prosperity, like David, we should ask—What can we render to the Lord ? in adversity we should study how trial may be turned to golden account. In the even tenor of our way, our hearts should be exercised to prove, in methods acceptable and worthy, our dedication to our Redeemer. So, "drawn" by the "loving-kindness" of the "Everlasting love," we would show a zeal that should flourish into all the fruits of righteousness, and an ardour that shall never weary till life itself be laid down.

G. McMICHAEL, B.A.

IL PENNEROSO AND L'ALLEGRO.

THESE two short poems are valuable, not only on account of their intrinsic worth, but as casting some light on the character of Milton in his earlier years. "Paradise Lost" shares the fate of all epics, save the classic, and is much lauded, little studied. Not only are the recondite allusions which adorn it an offence to many readers, but the picture of hell it presents is little in harmony with modern taste and feeling. Only those who are indifferent to the theological questions which now claim so much attention can study Milton's masterpiece impartially as a work of art. Of these few, fewer still are prepared for the vigorous mental effort the poem demands. In these earlier productions there is no undue strain on the reader's mind. Milton's muse, which, in "Paradise Lost," proceeds "with even step and musing gait," in L'Allegro "comes and trips it as it goes ;" the rhythm is exquisite, and the language an example of almost perfect workmanship.

Many of those who cherish a profound admiration for Milton as a poet, have little affection for him as a man. He is intimately associated with Puritanism, in whose service his pen was ever as ready as Cromwell's sword. The Puritans have met with but scant justice at the hands of their descendants. Their failings were those which lapse of time renders increasingly offensive, whilst the vices of the Cavaliers were those which romance has delighted to idealise. The nasal whine of the Roundheads grates on our ear ; the gloom they created is repulsive to us ; whilst the merry songs of their opponents still possess a charm, and the gaiety which surrounded them is

infectious. We forget that the faithful followers of the Stuarts brought dishonour on our flag, reproach on our literature, and shame on our women, as we recall their bright faces, chivalrous devotion, and impulsive courage. It is difficult to forget the Vandalism of the Ironsides; it is easy to forget the abuses of which it was begotten. Men are inclined to accept Macaulay's sneer—feeble echo of Butler's satire—and to believe that misanthropy produced the Puritan's aversion to popular sports. Nor is Milton's devotion to Puritanism the sole fact in his career which alienates sympathy; the traditions of his domestic life foster the popular belief that he was a cold, stern man.

In "*Il Penseroso*," Milton celebrates the charms of "divinest melancholy;" in "*L'Allegro*," the joys of "heart-easing mirth." The poems display his love of nature, his delight in music, and his keen appreciation of the charms of an ornate worship. Milton stands before us the poet pure and simple, before controversy had hardened or disappointment saddened him. He is far, very far, from the grandly sombre mood of "*Samson Agonistes*." Yet there are, even in these poems, the germs of Puritanism; the mirth is very unlike that of "*Comus*." There is no suspicion of the crackling of thorns in the poet's laughter; his mirth rises as he contemplates nature's fairest scenes and revels in her sweetest harmonies. It delights him to participate in the harmless joy of others—of the shepherd numbering his flock beneath the hawthorn, and of rustics bartering fairy lore about the winter's fire. Mirth comes hand in hand with liberty, and is only welcome when so attended. It requires some little effort to picture the poet as he describes himself, treading the country road, listening, enchanted, to the lark's light carolling, or the echo of the huntsman's horn. There is a refinement of luxurious delight in music in the following lines:—

"And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the charms that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

Such is the poet's mood in "*L'Allegro*."

Our present concern is, however, mainly with "*Il Penseroso*." Mention of the companion poem was inevitable, as the two are very intimately connected, and, to some extent, interpret each other. The melancholy which Milton invokes and celebrates is the poet's pensive mood. He would leave the haunts of men to wander unseen "on the dry, smooth, shaven green," to listen to the nightingale's "sweetest, saddest song," and gaze upon the "wandering moon." Or, this for-

bidden, he would sit in his sequestered room, before the glowing embers, with the cricket's chirp and "bellman's drowsy charm" for melody. It is pleasant, so placed, to ask the questions to which no answer comes, save fancy's fitful whisperings. It is pleasanter still to revive the storied past, call up the sceptered dead, and resume the unfinished web of bygone poets. Of what would not Milton dream, free from the delusive joys which had contented him so little? What fancies would he not indulge, till Morpheus gave some "strange, mysterious dream"? There is, of course, in the mood a tinge of weariness; the world is not as it should be, yet it is not too dark to be illumined by the ray of fancy. There is disappointment, but not the disappointment which has deepened into cynicism. There is solitude, but it is the solitude which finds fit companionship with storied heroes. Calm Peace and Quiet were invoked, and the poet's faith is strong.

The pensive mood is essential to a poet's being; but it is none the less a dangerous one, a fact which Milton fully realised, as witness the burst with which "*L'Allegro*" commences:—

"Hence, loathed melancholy,
Of Cerberus and darkest midnight born."

It may be well to indulge the pensive mood to some extent, but it has a tendency to produce moral and spiritual paralysis, if not constantly restrained. The spirit holding communion with the past, looking pityingly on the petty ambitions of the present, gains something of purity; but if it dwell too long alone, is apt to lose its strength. Philosophic or poetic contemplation is prone to degenerate into the too critical mood of Hamlet, in which the dreamer may cry, "Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither." Even the realm of fancy, which tempted the poet's steps with so fair a show, may grow dark, and be peopled with monsters more repulsive than their human prototypes.

In religion, especially, the mood is dangerous; yet Milton's full appreciation of its fascination is apparent:—

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic'd choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes."

There is here a description of the ecstasies of a semi-sensuous worship such as only the great Puritan has left the world. It was no lack of sensibility which led Milton to join the group of earnest men whose tones, whose words, whose worship, must have been a constant offence to his artistic instincts. Milton discovered, as did the nation, the danger which underlay surrender to the inspiring strains of harmony, and the subduing power of perfect form. It is pleasant to be lifted upward without an effort, to lie at the very gate of heaven; but the inevitable reaction comes. Religious exaltation without true religious feeling is debasing, because deceptive. Puritanism discovered the triumph of the storied window, pealing organ, and full-voiced choir to be treacherous. Sense was overpowering spirit, the genius of Catholicism that of Protestantism, and the Puritan had his own rough remedy for the evil of the times. He was very much in earnest, cared little for the gospel of art, and very much for men's souls, perhaps somewhat selfishly for his own soul; so he broke the windows, silenced the organ, and disbanded the choir. It requires some charity, some historic imagination, to judge these men aright. They made their mistakes, and were punished for them; but let it be remembered that a course of action which would be fanatical now may have been prudent then. When the Puritans rejected music, painting, and architecture as aids to religion, they were engaged in a death-struggle with a giant superstition, which had made the means the end.

Even in his youth, writing the closing lines of "*Il Penseroso*," Milton sighed for a peaceful hermitage in which to spend his "weary age." The poetic dedication of himself to a life of pensive musing was not to be hastily accomplished. The poet was to obey the call of duty, and, rousing himself from melancholy mood, to do stern warfare for the right. There is in Milton's love of melancholy a certain evidence of gladness. Man does not woo these thoughts of bygone tragedy when real darkness has gathered about his own soul. The popular literature of the people is for the most part gay; pathos is the luxury of those to whom a little of another's sadness is not unwelcome. Milton could invoke melancholy because, when he pleased, it gave way to the glad mood of his "*L'Allegro*." A time came in his history, as in that of most men, when melancholy was a thing to be shunned as leading to despair.

Milton's love of nature was spontaneous and intense, yet very widely separated from that of our later poets. In reading the productions of Wordsworth and his followers, one is struck with the intensity of their study of nature, the multitude of its secrets which they have discovered. There is a sense of deficiency, of something akin to blindness and deafness in ourselves. Why have not we seen as they have seen, heard as they have heard? In studying Milton's poems, there is no such feeling. His delight in nature is simply that of a cultivated man, who sees the sights and hears the sounds which all

see and hear ; who feels, in relation to them, much as all feel, but expresses his sensations more perfectly than others. He speaks of—

“ Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains, on whose barren breasts
The lab’ring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.”

This is precisely what we all see when we wander in the fields. Milton does not look to nature for a revelation, or listen to her with reverence. If the obvious meaning of the scenes about him is not sufficient, he betakes himself to classic myth. Nymphs haunt the woods, and the genius of the grove lulls him to repose. Every reference he makes to nature is obvious, and easily appreciated. The world was not to Milton what it was to the Hebrew bards ; what it was to a modern poet—“the living, visible garment of God.” Nor does Milton make nature respond to his mood ; he does not reflect sadness on its brighter aspect in his pensive moments, or illumine with his own gladness its drearier aspect in his gayer hours. He simply seeks external objects in harmony with his own feelings. Some of the objects so selected undoubtedly possess a certain natural propriety, but for the most part it is dangerous to attribute any specific speech to nature. The sight or sound which inspires one man with pleasing melancholy, is for another fraught with mirth. For example, Milton speaks of the nightingale as “most musical, most melancholy,” and listens enraptured to her sweet, sad song ; whilst Wordsworth cries—

“ O, Nightingale ! thou surely art
A creature of ebullient heart :
Those notes of thine—they pierce and pierce
Tumultuous harmony and fierce !
Thou singest as if the god of wine
Had helped thee to a valentine ;
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dew, and silent night.”

Probably it would be easy to go through “*Il Penseroso*,” and show that nearly every natural object Milton refers to as inspiring melancholy has inspired other poets with very different emotions. “I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs,” said the pensive Jacques. So it ever is with man in his relation to nature ; he either, like Milton, selects the scenes in keeping with his thoughts ; or, like Hamlet, sees in the beauty about him only a reflection of his own humour. If Milton did not attain the heights which some earnest students of nature have gained, he escaped the mistakes to which

they are prone. His simpler appreciation of nature places him, in one respect at least, in more direct sympathy with the great majority of us.

If we realise the charms of the poetic melancholy Milton indulged, and appreciate the confident expectation of undying fame he cherished, we shall know how to value the sacrifice he made. For many years he forsook the Muses, and devoted himself to stern warfare in defence of Puritanism. Whatever a man's estimate of the Commonwealth; whatever the value he attaches to Milton's pamphlets; if he be a true man, he must realise in Milton's actions undoubted heroism. His pleasure and—what to him was incomparably more—his fame, might wait; there was only one thing he could not postpone—his duty. Better that England should lose a great poem—better that he should die, his power unknown—than that he should be faithless to his God. The true spirit of Puritanism this; or, rather, the true spirit of all God-inspired men in every church.

J. MILNER MACMASTER.

SYMBOLS OF THE CHURCH.

BY THE REV. JAMES CAVE.

II.—THE GOLDEN CANDLESTICK.*

“The seven candlesticks which thou sawest are the seven churches.”—REV. i. 20.

JOHN tells us he was in the isle that is called Patmos, an exile “for the Word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ;” and that he was “in the spirit on the Lord’s-day.” He was in that condition of ecstasy in which spirit triumphs over flesh, and in which prophets and seers were brought to behold “visions and revelations of the Lord.” He then heard behind him “a great voice,” ringing with clarion notes like a trumpet, which caused him to turn to see what the voice was, and whence it proceeded, “and being turned, he saw seven golden candlesticks.”

A golden “candlestick” had formed part of the appointments of the sanctuary of old, being one of the things made by Divine command, and after the pattern shown to Moses in the Mount. That had stood in the Holy Place, supporting upon one stand seven lamps. But here was

* For some of the suggestions in this paper the writer wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to an article by Dr. Milligan in *The Expositor*, vol. viii.

seen, not a sevenfold light, but seven separate, single lights; still seven, but each independent and complete in itself.

It had also been a feature connected with that older candlestick, that it had been attended by a priest. It was part of the high priest's work to "order the lamps upon the pure candlestick before the Lord continually" (Lev. xxiv. 4); to burn incense "every morning when he dresseth the lamps," and when he "lighteth the lamps at even" (Exod. xxx. 7). These lamps which John saw were similarly attended. "In the midst of the seven candlesticks was one like unto the Son of Man," in priestly, kingly garb—the glorified High Priest and King of Men.

Thus there were differences between the candlestick of olden time and those which he saw now. But with these slight and necessary variations, the fundamental ideas remained the same.

These candlesticks he saw, yet they did not tell their own meaning. The symbol was unexplained. The interpreter, however, was at hand. The author of the vision made it plain. "The seven candlesticks which thou sawest are the seven churches." The meaning of the visions is authoritatively given, and the golden candlesticks are set before us as a figure of the Church and the churches.

We have now to try to discover the fitness of the symbol chosen and the truths it was intended to teach. We have before us only the candlestick, or lamp-stand, without any details of interpretation further than that it represents the Church. It may, however, help us to remember that the symbols used in the Apocalypse are all taken from Jewish sources, or are used in a Jewish sense, and are to be read in the light of Jewish usages and ideas. And as there was a candlestick which held such a prominent place among the symbolic articles of the Old Dispensation, and seeing that the same is used in the New, we shall be perfectly safe in concluding that there is a connection and similarity of meaning between the two.

The Tabernacle proper, was a boarded, curtain-covered tent, standing in an outer enclosure open to the sky, and divided by a thick veil into two compartments. This Tabernacle was the dwelling-place of God. The inner sanctuary—the Holy of Holies—contained the Ark of the Covenant, surmounted by the Mercy-seat, over which rested the glory cloud, the symbol of the Awful Presence. Into its sacred precincts the high priest alone must enter; and he must not "come at all times into the holy place," but only once a year, and then "not without blood." That part of the Tabernacle is generally regarded as typical of heaven, where God dwells in light, according to the interpretation given in the Epistle to the Hebrews—"For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true, but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." Outside this was the "Holy Place," less sacred than the "Holiest of All." Access to this was not the prerogative of the high priest alone; it was also open to the priests. Here also entrance

was not permitted to the one man alone upon only one day of the year, but to all the priests and upon every day. Here they performed their daily service. And this, while still a part of God's earthly habitation, is not regarded as a type of heaven, but of heaven's outer court—the visible Church, the organised companies of faithful, Christian men upon the earth.

In this latter place stood the golden candlestick, with its upright central stem, from which sprang, on each side, three curved branches, all the seven arms terminating at the same level, and each supporting a golden lamp. Costly was this article of the Tabernacle, precious and pure; of beaten gold, a talent—worth more than £5,000 of our English money, without the cost of the labour bestowed upon it. For everything that is devoted to God must be of the best—costly, precious, and pure. This lamp-stand, moreover, was not for ornament, but for use. The lamps were filled with oil, and lighted; and nightly, without a break, it stood, and gave forth its steady, brilliant light.

We must bring together the use to which it was put, and the place where it was located, in order to get at what was to be understood by it. The lamp-stand was used for the giving of light, but where? It was not set out in the open wilderness; there was not built for it a tower, on which it might be elevated and stand exposed, to attract the eye of the stranger, or lead home the wandering child. It was not even set out in the uncovered court of the Tabernacle, where, its light piercing the darkness, it might be seen by the people of Israel as they encamped around in their tents by night. But it was lighted and placed, and its light confined, within an apartment walled with boards, and covered with four thicknesses of curtains—two of skins, one of hair, and one of a lighter material, so that no light could extend beyond the chamber in which it stood.

It is a matter of dispute whether the lamps burned always, or only at night. Archbishop Trench says:—"In the Levitical Tabernacle the seven-branched candlestick stood in the Holy Place, which was the pattern of the Church upon earth, as the Holy of Holies was the pattern of the Church in heaven; and the only light which the Holy Place received was derived from that candlestick, the light of common day being quite excluded from it."* But the passage already referred to—"when he *dresseth the lamps*" "*every morning*," "and when Aaron *lighteth the lamp at even*," with the incidental remark in the First Book of Samuel, that the heavenly voice came when "Eli was laid down in his place," "and Samuel was laid down to sleep" *ere the lamp of God went out* in the Temple of the Lord (iii. 2, 3)—would seem to suggest that the lamps only burned through the night. On whichever side the fact lies, it does not affect the purposes which were served by the candlestick, or the thoughts suggested to us therefrom. In either case it *did* burn at night, every night, and all the night through; if also

* "Comm. on the Ep. to the Seven Churches of Asia."

by day, then is our position so much the more strengthened. Burning in that small enclosure, so that no one outside could see it—burning in this place at night, when no one was inside the Holy Place, when the priests were in their quarters asleep—why should it burn then? For whose benefit could it give forth its light under such circumstances, and at such a time?

If we fix our minds well on these plain facts, we shall begin to see what is meant by the Church being set forth under this symbol of the candlestick. Burning there in “the secret place of the Most High,” where only a separated order of men, consecrated to the office, ever entered; and burning at night, when even these left the place to undisturbed solitude, what could it mean?

Surely these thoughts cannot escape us—

(1) *The candlestick was lighted, and burned for God.*—No eye but His could see it, none else could need or benefit by it—burning there in the outer chamber of the Lord’s dwelling, the night through. So we may learn that part of the Church’s duty, part of the Church’s work and experience, part of its privilege and burden, are to burn and shine for God. There is a sense in which the Church is “the light of the world”; an office in the performance of which she stands uncovered and exalted, to send forth the rays of that glory in which God has dressed her; and she has to give heed that her light “shine before men.” But with this we have not to do in our present remarks. It may not always be her privilege to do this. The mists of earth may rise so thick, and the clouds of darkened days may gather so densely around her, that, for the time, her light cannot penetrate far; and the strangers, who “see her light,” and who “come to her rising,” are but few. Little could the Church do in this way in the early stages of her history, when persecuted by the emperors of pagan Rome, and when to be a follower of Christ was to be made to join “the noble army of martyrs”; little, when the Christians of the fair valleys between France and Italy were hunted down by the Papal Church, and, to prevent their light being put out altogether, they were compelled to hide in “dens and caves of the earth”; and little in our own land, in the days of the honoured Pilgrim Fathers, when to be a Christian at home was to have before one the prospect of the foul, loathsome dungeon; and to seek liberty on a freer soil, was to run the gauntlet of the keen watchers of death. No, not at all times is it permitted to the Church to “let her light shine,” and to be made glad in that service by the numbers who come to rejoice, and walk in her light.

There is, however, another function permitted to her, in the performance of which she should never fail. She must always burn in the secret place, quietly, brightly for God. No action from without can prevent that. She is a candlestick placed in the sanctuary of God, where no man may rush in unbidden, where no enemy may force his way. Let him attempt to enter that place, to put forth his hand to

quench the light that is burning there, and He who is its Guardian, dwelling behind the thick veil, will come forth as when the sons of Aaron "offered strange fire before the Lord"—in the devouring fire; and His enemies, and hers, shall be utterly consumed. "God is our refuge and strength," and while we burn quietly, steadily, secretly for Him, He will be our Defender. "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord."

But, though no action from without can extinguish the light of this candlestick, burning in secret before God, we must be careful to see that in this we never fail. We cannot determine what shall be the extent of the sphere we illumine; we cannot say how far our light shall extend. The darkness that settles around us may make this very small; the mists which gather thick about us may shut in the rays of our light that it cannot be seen. To determine this is not in our power. But what does belong to us, is to see that our lamps are kept trimmed, and are quietly, constantly burning. We must not be disquieted because we cannot cover a large space with our light, but we *must* see that we keep our lamps bright, and that we never fail to secure the visits of our High Priest to dress them every morning, and to light them every evening. For, though no other person may be benefited by our shining, and to no other is our dimness exposed, yet the eye of God sees. And woe to us, if He come upon us and find our lamps gone out!

(2.) It is also our business to shine *for the good of others*. The lamps burned in the Holy Place, which we have said was typical of the dwelling-place of God; thence we get the idea, that to the Church belongs the duty, and the consciousness, of burning for God, when it may not be given her to prove attractive to men. This Holy Place was further typical of the Church on earth; whence we may further learn, that the Church has also to live for self-enlightenment—for the up-building and other requirements of the several parts of which she is composed.

Here, again, we may remind ourselves, first, that it may not always be our privilege to penetrate others with our saving light; and, further, that there are other ends for which we have to live, besides the actual conversion of men. This latter is a work which the Church must never neglect, or put into a subordinate place. If she does, it is to her own weakness, and at her peril. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," is a commission to the company of disciples in every age; and as to our individual part in this matter, we must not forget that the absent Lord has "appointed to every man his work." But, not forgetting this, we must also bear in mind that the Church of Christ does not exist for this alone. Other objects call for attention; other ends demand our strength. We must not think we altogether fall short of all successful service for God, and are

leaving our work undone, when this part of it is not making the visible progress we could wish. The candlestick burned in the night-time, and within the enclosed place of service; even so, when our lighting up the spirits of them "that walk in darkness," and "that dwell in the land of the shadow of death," is but very small, let us not overlook this work amongst ourselves. There are mutual duties which, as members of the same family, we owe to one another. There is the shedding of light on each other's clouded paths—the light of comfort to those in sorrow; the light of encouragement to those who are fearful; of help to those who are fainting; of exhortation to him who grows slack, or is tempted; of warning to him who is going astray. And if the Church were to increase her attention to the mutual keeping of her own members, much larger would the measure of her light be wherewith to penetrate the surrounding night of sin.

Before bringing these remarks to a close, let us give a hasty glance at the source whence, and the means by which, this function of light-bearing is derived and sustained. Oil was the material consumed, and throughout Scripture, oil is a symbol of the Holy Spirit. Men were anointed with oil in being set apart to an office. Prophets occasionally, priests, and generally kings, were consecrated to their offices by the ceremony of anointing, which ceremony was "the outward and visible sign" of the communication of the Spirit of God. To the same source and agent we must look here. That by the oil which feeds the lamps the Spirit is meant, the vision of the prophet Zechariah makes quite plain. He saw a candlestick of gold, but with this important addition, that it was put in direct communication with the source of oil. Two olive-trees were growing by the sides, conducting through golden pipes an abundant and unceasing supply of oil to the lamps. The interpretation of the vision was thus given:—"This"—this candlestick, made independent of human aid—"this is the word of the Lord unto Zerubbable, saying, Not by might, nor by power, *but by My Spirit*, saith the Lord of Hosts." The two olive-trees, which in nature convert the juices of the soil and the food of the air into oil, were explained as "the two anointed ones [or sons of oil] that stand by the Lord of the whole earth"—perhaps God's two servants (Zerubbabel the leader, and Joshua the high priest), through whom He supplied all that was needed to keep the lamp of His Church alight in the world.

We turn to that for direction and encouragement. We are only light-bearers, not light-producers. We are the lamps, brought into unity and service in the Church—the golden stand, and neither the lighters nor feeders of the lamps. The high priest performed these offices to the lamps in the olden sanctuary; our Great High Priest before the Throne, by His Spirit, accomplishes the same for us. Our part in the matter is represented as largely passive to receive and *live* the grace which is freely bestowed. We appear as vessels to

be placed at the Master's disposal, to be filled with that which He gives, and to use and communicate it as He shall appoint.

All figures, however, must be taken as imperfect or inadequate. They are not sufficiently expressive, not large enough to teach the whole truth. We are something more than inanimate lamps; we are conscious, responsible agents. While neither asked to provide the oil, nor to fill the lamps, yet we are responsible for seeing that they are kept filled. This is impressed upon both individuals and churches. The former may read it in the Parable of the Virgins. Sad are they whose supply is allowed to become exhausted, and, while they are "gone to buy," the opportunity of gaining the festal throng passes away. "And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came, and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage, and the door was shut."

Churches may find the lesson in these letters to which the candlestick was the introductory scene. "Repent and do the first works," is the Lord's warning to the first of these churches, "or else I will come unto thee quickly, and *will remove thy candlestick out of his place*"—words which forewarn the leaving that place to its own darkness, and the transferring of the light of His grace elsewhere. May He of whom it is said, "the smoking flax, the dimly burning wick, will He not quench," bear with us, and feed us with His grace, that we do not fail as His witnesses upon the earth; but steadily and patiently, in times of dark unfaithfulness and unbelief, may the blended light of His churches keep the testimony to His grace and truth alight in the world.

Kingsbridge.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARIES OF REV. WILLIAM WARD, OF SERAMPORE.

III.

"JOURNAL BEGUN ON BOARD THE 'CRITERION,' CAPT. WICKES, MAY 25TH,
1799.—W. WARD."

TUES., JULY 2ND.—A man of the name of Grain, a black, has begun to read to-day. The prominent features of his countenance bear so strong a resemblance to those of Robert Hall, that we have re-christened him; but he says that he is a very dull man.

THURS., JULY 18TH.—Had some serious conversation with Robt. Hall this

afternoon, who is ill. I get more knowledge of the human heart by thus conversing with these poor creatures than by all books.

FRI., JULY 26TH.—We have now been two months on board our vessel, every day of which God has caused His goodness to pass before us.

SAT., JULY 27TH.—My hopes of our getting comfortably into India have been less disturbed lately ; but I have many fears lest we should not do anything.

WED., AUG. 14TH.—I find great difficulty in praying for Bro. Pearce, as I know not whether he be alive or dead.

MON., AUG. 19TH.—Our ship is an epitome of the world, and here we seem to be

“ A little spot enclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.”

In our little room we sing, we pray, we converse, we preach. Around us all is bustle and vanity. The sailors ascend the yards, guide the vessel, or twist ropes. The idler walks the deck. The blasphemer fills the air with curses. The debauchee runs races with his mistress by moonlight round the deck. The cabin is sometimes an ale-house filled with revellers and blasphemers. The steward and cook bustle from morning till night providing for the belly. The Dr. attends his patients. The boys run round, and Kettering scarce ever is so full of excitement as our ship from morning to night. In teaching the sailors we go village preaching ; on Lord's Day we are surrounded by the great congregation (about 30 perhaps), and thus the *few* here are going to glory, and the *many* to the shades of misery.

FRI., AUG. 23RD.—The fear that we may be all denied a landing or a continuance in the country destroys the joy I should otherwise feel in being so near Bro. Carey and the printing-press at Mudnabatty.

SAT., AUG. 31ST.—We held our “brethren's conference” on deck this evening. We told each other of our faults, and resolved to live in love. Brother M. was too long in prayer ; Bro. G. was too contradictory ; Bro. B. was too jocular and too sour in his replies ; Bro. W. was not sufficiently sociable when reading.

TUES., SEPT. 10TH.—Text to-night, “It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.” What a fine scene ! The temple in ruins—the city in ashes—the Hebrews, prophets, priests and people in chains—Zion desolate—yet the venerable prophet stands in the midst, and lifting his hands to heaven says, “It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.”

THURS., OCT. 3RD.—This day we found ourselves at the entrance of the pilot-ground, in 25 fathoms water. With our late weather, the Capt. says none but Providence could have brought us hither.

WED., OCT. 9TH.—Sometimes I am dejected with the view of our situation altogether, the weakness of our sisters, the clashing of discordant tempers now and

then, the want of Government sanction, the obstacles in the way of success, yet I mostly feel willing to concur in Divine purposes be they what they may.

LORD'S DAY, OCT. 13TH.—We arrived at Serampore by daylight this morning.

MOND., OCT. 14TH.—This evening Bro. Wickes arrived and brought us word that the Government at Calcutta refused to enter his ship, unless we would appear and engage to return to Europe as soon as convenient. We were filled with dismay.

LORD'S DAY, OCT. 20TH.—I am this day 30 years old. What scenes have I passed through! I am now 15,000 miles from England, preaching before a Danish Governor.

THURS., OCT. 31ST.—Bro. Grant continued worse yesterday, and this morning he had a convulsive fit. At half-past two o'clock he died very calmly. Recovered from the depths of infidelity, he promised to be a useful missionary in the hands of our Saviour. He could command many weighty arguments in favour of Christianity. I know not when any death so affected me. The infidelity of my heart says, surely if God meant to count the Hindoos to Christ, He would not cut off His instruments on the threshold of their work, after they have come 15,000 miles on such an errand!

SAT., NOV. 9TH.—Yesterday Bro. Brunsdon waited on Dr. Roxburgh, to whom Bro. Carey had written concerning us, but he gave us no hope of speedy permission to go up the country. This morning Bro. Fountain arrived. The paper, the types, and the press are arrived, but in other respects the mission is surrounded with gloom, and we are almost disheartened. The Europeans everywhere laugh at us, and God seems to cover us by impenetrable clouds. We went this day to the Governor, who promised us a passport for one to go up on a visit to Bro. Carey, and also that we should be made Danish subjects, if we chose, upon residing here.

THURS., NOV. 14TH.—This morning we presented to the Governor a Confession of Faith and Rippon's Hymns. He received them very kindly. About 2 o'clock Bro. F. and I embarked for Mudnabatty.

MON., DEC. 2ND.—While we were forming plans and puzzling ourselves respecting a piece of ground at Serampore for building bungalows, letters arrived from Serampore announcing that the Council at Calcutta, having taken our arrival into consideration, were very angry, and threatened to arrest any of us found upon their territories. The same letter, however, informed us that the Governor of Serampore had been looking in vain for a house for us, and had offered to our brethren a piece of land to build upon, and expressed a wish that our press, if set up at Serampore, might be employed in other things besides the Bible. Every door is shut up in the Company's territories, and opened at Serampore at the same moment. Brother Carey, before our arrival, had resolved to leave all at Mudnabatty, and join us at Serampore. He bears things wonderfully. Bro. Wickes has lent us 1,000 rupees without interest. But though we have sufficient to support

us twelve months, we want much to buy ground and build with, and money is amazingly scarce. We hope our Saviour will provide somehow.

THURS., AP. 24TH, 1800.—This day we set apart as a Day of Thanksgiving in our family, for the establishment of the mission, and for the Divine goodness towards us. We met at six. I read the 23rd and 103rd Psalms. We then sang—

Now, Lord, accept our feeble praise,
The grateful song we wish to raise,
And all the silent heart could say.
Ye saints on yonder distant shore,
In lofty strains our God adore,
Help us our debt of thanks to pay.

Brethren in every heathen land,
Oh ! ne'er distrust His gracious hand ;
With you our Saviour will abide.
Where'er creating power is known,
There shall His bleeding wounds be shown—
There shall His faithful love provide.

Jesus, Thy ways are all divine ;
Our lives, our souls, are wholly Thine ;
This settlement is all Thy own.
Here may the heathen learn Thy name,
Renounce their gods with holy shame,
And hence ascend to share Thy throne.

TUES., JUNE 24TH.—We received a letter to-day from Mr. Brown, of Calcutta, who the day before carried up to Lord Mornington our proposals for publishing by subscription the Bible in Bengali. He says it was well he went up there, for his Lordship, having heard of a press called the mission-press set up at Serampore, had directed his Secretary to inquire of Mr. Brown on the subject. The Secretary's letter had, indeed, arrived at Mr. B.'s by the time he got home. His Lordship made a number of inquiries, but Mr. B. hopes that we shall come to no harm, since he answered them all, and made some promise on our account. Such are the jealousies which our press excites in the minds of the English Government, though we are under the protection of a foreign power.

The Governor-General said to Mr. Brown, that as soon as he saw our advertisement in the Calcutta paper he was for writing about our press immediately to the Danish Governor. "Of what use is it," said he, "for me to read every paper before it is printed at Calcutta, and watch every press there, if a press over which I have no control exists at Serampore?" Mr. Brown assured his Lordship that we should print nothing on the subject of politics. His Lordship asked Mr. Brown if he thought it was safe to publish the Bible without a commentary, 'ing it taught the doctrine of Christian equality. Mr. Brown promised that he

would be answerable for all the harm which the Bible would do. His Lordship acknowledged that he was a friend to making men Christians. Mr. Brown told him that this work would be particularly useful in the college which his Lordship intended to establish for Oriental Literature. He asked if the translation was a good one. Mr. B. replied that if he did not think it were he would not recommend it. His Lordship said he would consult a gentleman well versed in Bengali, and the subscription list might remain with him a little longer.

LORD'S DAY, JULY 13TH.—We have been in a good deal of anxiety lately about money, not knowing where it was to come from.

LORD'S DAY, JULY 27TH.—We are very often much disheartened. We try to keep each other's spirits up as well as we can. At present it is a dead calm. Not a single whisper, "What must I do to be saved?"

WED., OCT. 15TH.—This evening Breth. C. and M. returned from Calcutta, where they had been to endeavour to get a supply of money, and came home very much discouraged. A letter, however, had been received for Bro. C. which he found to contain 90 rupees, a present from Mr. Cunninghame, and an account in the same letter of the conversion of a deist by reading Leland, which we had lent Mr. C., and which he had lent to this person.

FRI., OCT. 17TH.—This day a letter arrived from Mr. Webb, of Dinagepore, a friend of Mr. Cunningham's, who acknowledges having received good from our brother's ministry at Dinagepore and from the death of Brother F. there, and his desire to pursue his eternal welfare. To counterbalance the good tidings from Dinagepore, Mr. Brown, of Calcutta, in a letter yesterday, observes that he rejoices that Mr. Fountain ended his race so well. He supposes he would have no objection to find that Heaven was a monarchy, for he believes that he had the root of the matter in him, and that, therefore, the hay and stubble only will be burned up. He then remarks that we have lost some lives, and have had no success. "Does not this prove that the time for the salvation of the Hindoos has not yet arrived? The Apostles, if their word was not received at one place went to another."

LORD'S DAY, NOV. 16TH.—Brother Carey preached once in English and twice in Bengali, Brother Thomas three times in Bengali, and Brother M. spoke twice, once with the assistance of Kam Bhose. At our English preaching we had Norwegians, Danes, Americans, English, a Greek, Armenians, Malays, a Malabar man, and a Scotchman, so that Brother C. preached to nine nations.

MONDAY, NOV. 24TH.—This day Brother Thomas put on a native dress, and was so completely altered, that, for a moment or two, several of the family did not know him. He went out among the natives; some of them took him for a Mogul. He had some conversation with a few Brahmans, and asked if, in this country, there were any who minded God. They said there were a few English people who were come. He asked if they were good people. They said

yes. These people talked, they said, of one, Jesus Christ, who was God ; and, it was said, that after a while Hindoos, Mussulmans, and Sahibs would all be of His religion.

LORD'S DAY, NOV. 30TH.—Letters from England of date September, 1799. (14 months.)

MONDAY, DEC. 22ND.—Creesturo, Gokol and his wife, and Felix Carey gave us their experience to night. Brother C. concluded in prayer after we had sung "Salvation, oh the joyful sound." Would there be anything improper in making this a day of thanksgiving among you continually ? Brother Thomas is almost mad with joy.

WED., 31ST DEC.—This day Bro. M. returned from Calcutta. Mr. Dexter has promised us 5 or 600 rupees in a few days. Mr. Buchannan wrote to his banker to ask if he would advance £1,000 for bills on England which he would guarantee. His banker would not then. Mr. Brown and Mr. Buchannan got an Order of Council for admitting Mr. Thomas into the Asylum at the Government expense, and they have engaged to allow Mr. Thos. 40 rupees per month out of a fund lately formed for the relief of distressed Europeans.

WED., AP. 8, 1801.—This morning a letter arrived from the other side of the river, from the Rev. Mr. Brown, inviting Bro. C. to go over to him at Gen. Popham's, as he wished to propose Bro. C. to become Bengali professor in the new college at Fortwilliam. Mr. Brown as provost, and Mr. Buchannan as vice-provost, have been filling up the different posts in the college. The Governor-General was at his country house near Gen. Popham's, and Mr. Brown was to have an audience this day on the subject. Bro. Carey went over and took a Bengali Testament with him. Bro. C. urged his own incompetency and want of time. Mr. B. promised if he would accept of the appointment he should be accommodated as much as possible respecting time.

LORD'S DAY, AP. 12TH.—Mr. Buchannan called this morning to inform Bro. C. of his appointment to the professorship. Our governor was with him yesterday. Mr. Buchannan married 2 or 3 Danes here.

FRIDAY, MAY 8TH.—The English flag hoisted at Serampore. We were assured we might go on with our school preaching, &c., in the same peaceful way as under the Danish Government.

LORD'S DAY, MAY 17TH.—The weather is now too hot to go out much, and the natives, full of sin and superstition, say to the Gospel as the Quaker said to the bailiff, "I have seen thee, but I don't like thee." A day or two ago a man whom I had talked with before, as soon as he saw Felix and me, turned his back till we went by, and as we were passing began rubbing his eyes, that I might not know him I suppose. This is discouraging, but we know that when a man first wakes he begins rubbing his eyes. The light is too strong for him.

LORD'S DAY, MAY 31ST.—The Mystery's mind does not seem so deeply affected by divine things as we could wish.

[The Mystery was a servant of Mr. Thomas ; he is always called in the Periodical Accounts *Fakira*, but in Ward's Diary possesses this remarkable *sobriquet*.]

MOND., JUNE 1ST.—This evening I have had the Mystery in my room, and said much to him. He gave me some satisfaction. He says as soon as the rains put some water in the river he will go and fetch his two children to be baptized. If he is baptized first he says he shall not be able to get them. To see what I would say, I suppose, he said when we went to England he would go with us. I TOLD HIM WE CAME HERE TO LIVE AND DIE. He seemed to like this idea very well. On Saturday we received the invoice of some paper and types from Mr. Burlingame. It is very acceptable. The ship which brings these things for us had a great many private letters—not one for us ! Metal letters are an unedifying substitute.

SAT., JUNE 6TH.—Mr. Brown and Mr. Buchannan do preach the Gospel, but the state of religion seems very low at Calcutta. Most of those who have the character of being religious appear to be greatly conformed to the world.

LORD'S DAY, JUNE 14TH.—As our maintenance and the whole mission will be provided by Bro. Carey's salary and the income of the school, we are almost sorry for the arrival of the dollars, lest the Society should hardly be able to meet the large bills we have drawn. We shall, however, begin a fund with the dollars which, by constantly adding the interest, would in seven years meet about half our expenditure.

FRID., JULY 3RD.—This morning Bro. M. and Sister G. went down to Calcutta. After they were gone we received a letter from Mr. Rolt informing us that Bro. Brunsdon was no more. He died between twelve and one this morning.

FRID., AUG. 14TH.—This day our old friend and brother Capt. Wickes arrived to bless all our eyes.

FRID., SEPT. 4TH.—Bro. C. brings us word that Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Buchannan have been talking about a place of worship for Dissenters at Calcutta. Mr. Buchannan recommended it. Mr. C. is very anxious for it. At his request I have drawn up proposals for opening a place, and intimating that if there were Dissenters at Calcutta desirous of such a thing, several ministers should preach in rotation on Lord's Day twice, and once in the week.

FRID., SEPT. 11TH.—This evening Bro. C. brings word from Calcutta that Mr. Buchannan's idea of a Dissenting place of worship is that of inviting a Scotch minister (such as David Bogue, or Stephens of Crown Court), and building a good place of worship. To such a place he would subscribe monthly, but he would have nothing to do with anything upon a small and low scale.

MON., SEPT. 28TH.—Bro. C. still very seriously ill. Though nothing alarming in his case, the appearance of sickness, especially in him, made me very low at times to-day.

WED., SEPT. 30TH.—This morning we went on board Capt. Wickes's ship.

The Capt. is often desponding, but he shines eminently in the Christian temper. The affection betwixt every man, woman, and child towards him in our family and of him towards us, is too strong to be expressed.

THURS., OCT. 8TH.—We had drawn for some money on the Society, but the person to whom Dexter was to pay it insists on money, and not bills, wherefore Capt. Wickes has lent us 1,000 rupees. We borrowed it only for a few days, but the Capt. says he does not want it at present. It may be in our hands twelve months. If he come again at the end of that time, we may pay it him, or otherwise send it in cloth to him to America. He sent by Bro. M. also a present of cloth to our Hindoo brethren and sisters. Brother M. brings word that there has been 25,000 rupees subscribed at Calcutta for the building of a tabernacle there, and that Mr. Bogue is talked of as to be invited to come to preach in it on a very handsome salary. The thought of a place for the Scotch in Calcutta originated with the Governor-General.

LORD'S DAY, JAN. 3RD, 1802.—Last week a deputation from the Government went in procession to Kallee Ghat and made a thankoffering to the goddess of the Hindoos (Kallee), in the name of the company, for the victories and successes which the English have lately obtained in this country. Five thousand rupees were offered. Several thousand natives witnessed the English presenting their offering to this idol. We have been much grieved at this act, in which the natives exult over us.

MOND., FEB. 8TH.—I have got the following account of Mr. Fernandez from himself. He was born at Macao, where he lived with and was instructed by an Augustine monk, who was a vicar there. The character of the monks there is very bad. He left Macao when about sixteen or seventeen, with this monk, whose name was Fra Felix. He came to Calcutta in 1775, with the intention of being made a priest. After staying four months, he went to Coffin Bazar and stayed two years. At this time he began to suspect that image worship was wrong. Hence he went to Calcutta, and stayed there till 1781, where he was a writer in the Council-house, but which situation he was obliged to leave on account of bad health. He was afterwards a writer at Chinsurah for two years. He again went to Calcutta, and stayed till 1786. Thence he went to Dinagepore. There he thought himself a good Christian, till he got from a Hindoo sircar an English Bible in exchange for another book. He read and found that image worship was forbidden in the Commandments. He immediately went into his oratory and destroyed all his images except the crucifix, which he could not find it in his heart to destroy. He afterwards gave it away to a begging Capuchin. The reading of the Bible produced some slight religious impressions on his mind, but this wore off till 1791, when he lost two of his children in a fortnight; then his Bible became precious; but still more so in 1794, when his wife went away from him. In 1796 he became acquainted with Mr. Thomas, and, after corresponding with him twelve months, Mr. Fountain and

Mr. Powell visited him and introduced prayer into his house. He had seen many English, but these were the first praying English he had seen. He was surprised when they kneeled down to pray. This led him to an acquaintance with all the brethren. He opened his new house to worship; Bro. Fountain pressed him to examine the Scriptures on Baptism. After examination, he was convinced of the truth, and his experience of the power of the Gospel on his heart led him to be baptized and join the Baptist church in Bengal, of which, it is needless to say, he is a very great ornament.

FRI., MARCH 5TH.—Brethren M. and C. came from Calcutta this evening. Our brethren had a long conversation with Mr. Brown, who said we might very legally contract marriages at our house. He also thought we might build a place of worship for natives at Calcutta, calling it a Portuguese chapel, and he recommended what kind of a place to raise, and in what manner to proceed. He said we had been watched very closely since we had lived here, and that, at one time, it was agitated about restricting our labours, but that Mr. Buchannan interfered and said they might send us away, but they had no power to direct how we should instruct the natives.

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

A DROWNED CITY.

THE second city in Hungary has been almost entirely swept away by flood. The Theiss, an enormous affluent of the Danube, augmented by the Marosz, a tributary as vast almost as itself, has brought this spring from the Carpathians, a head of water too powerful to be restrained by artificial defence. The dyke system, which was the reliance of the Hungarian town, has failed, and an enormous disaster has been the result. Szegedin, centre of an agricultural district, and with good water communication, with the fertile plain of its country, in a quiet way was a prosperous busy town, collecting and re-distributing considerable quantities of corn to the emolument of a large population, perhaps some eighty thousand people—a large census for a town in Eastern Austria. This town, with a suddenness which is awful, is invaded by an overflow from its giant river, which had been dyked again and again until the bed of the stream was higher than the level of the town itself. It is not surprising that three-fourths of the town-buildings have been swept away or undermined, perhaps not surprising that so many as four thousand people have perished in consequence of the disaster. The

suddenness of the event appears, from the universal complaint about want of boats, which might have rescued many unfortunates from their death—a complaint showing how terribly unexpected the accident was. The human misery cannot, however, be measured even by this immense death-roll. Exposure of thousands more to wet, and then to cold, through a night of suffering, means more, perhaps, than any of us are capable of appreciating. It is not like a suburb invaded by the slow rise of the waters of the Thames, when people, if not property, can be moved; when other less unfortunate districts of the town can send needed help, and when a wealthy and sympathetic population is ready to send ample and immediate support. We see, instead, a ruin rapid, unexpected, almost universal; a vast destruction of property as well as of life, and that in the midst of a population which, however thrifty, is scarcely able to afford the requisite aid.

In the midst of our own complaints about bad times, we have chivalrously discovered that we can afford to send assistance to these poor people, and the Lord Mayor of London has opened a Mansion House Fund. This fund, considering the distance of the distress and previous ignorance of the locality, has already realised a respectable sum of money, which will be appreciated on the spot; indeed, we have already heard that the action of London in this respect has deserved and received the gratitude of Hungary. It is possible that such action is a cheaper method of securing respect abroad than the maintenance of vast armaments by sea and land; but let that pass by the way. We have seen it hinted that English liberality has not been so prominent as it is wont to appear; but we have plenty to do at home, and the sufferers have besides a large area of sympathy to draw upon. Not unreasonably may they expect aid from the large commercial cities of Germany, whose better acquaintance with the Hungarian town may overbalance Teutonic jealousy of the Magyar.

GENERAL HAVELOCK'S EYE.

The *Daily News*, forecasting that ere long public interest may be directed to Burmah, has sent one of its able descriptive correspondents up the Irrawaddy. A deeply interesting account of his journey as far as Mandalay appeared in the issue of March 20th. Along the banks he noticed an indescribable number of pagodas, leaving the impression that wealth is more easily secured for the service of error than for that of truth. As soon as a native of Burmah begins to grow rich, his first ambition is to build a temple. We wish Christians could take this lesson, and, instead of giving a guinea here and another there, erect and pay for a place of worship right out as these Pagans do. The letter contains a very vivid description of the City of Pagun, with not less than 800 or 1,000 temples—some of them cruciform like a cathedral, showing how close is the resemblance of Papal to Pagan

modes of worship. The narrative leaves a deep impression on the mind of how much both beauty and tawdriness of architecture has been used in the service of superstition. It concludes with a reference to the late Sir H. Havelock's account of his campaigns at Pagun, in whose idol temples he felt no interest; and the writer adds, "Havelock had an eye, in an architectural sense, only for a barrack or a Baptist chapel."

At first glance, it appeared to us that this last clause was too bad. We have no sympathy with throwing a stone at a lion's sepulchre. But, on second thoughts, it takes the form of a grand compliment. This stern old successor of the Ironsides saw that the battles of this world needed steel blades rather than jewelled hilts. He preferred what was right to what was pretty. He knew that for the glory of his country a barrack was better than a ball-room; and that for the glory of the Kingdom of God a Baptist Chapel was better than a decorated Cathedral, whether it be Pagan, Papal, or Anglican.

THE CASE OF HABRON.

During the past month much public interest has been awakened in the case of a young Irishman who was undergoing the sentence of penal servitude at Portland, having first very narrowly escaped the capital sentence which had been passed upon him as the murderer of a policeman at Manchester. The late notable convict Peace, in the closing days of his life, confessed that he himself was the murderer, and that the young Irishman Habron was entirely innocent. No pains appear to have been spared by the Home Secretary, Mr. Cross, to elicit the complete truth. One part of the investigation included a most scientific examination of the fatal bullet, which, from some peculiarities of construction, was brought home to the possession of the actual murderer. The innocent sufferer has been released, and special arrangements are to be made for his future support; but there are some warnings arising out of this case connected with the administration of justice in this country which will, we trust, render Peace's confession productive of good—perhaps the only good he ever did for the community. The lessons to which we refer are—The notorious unfitness of the police to act as criminal prosecutors;—The absurdity of the weight of evidence which is attached to "foot-prints," especially since boots and shoes are now largely made by machinery;—The imminent necessity for a Court of Appeal in criminal cases;—And the moral injury inflicted on the Queen's prerogative, and on the Queen's English, in the announcement to the world that an innocent sufferer who is relieved from *durance vile* receives the Royal Pardon. It is time that such anomalies of language as the last were relegated to the days of yellow starch.

SOUTH AFRICA.

It is almost impossible to penetrate the manifold complications of the state of things in South Africa. The Home Government disowns the responsibility of the invasion of the Zulu country. The High Commissioner, and the Commander-in-chief in Natal, both of them ask to be relieved of their onerous duties, and Colonel Pearson and his beleaguered division are evidently cut off and liable to the fate of the sufferers at Isandula. The desperate condition of affairs at the date of our latest intelligence, March 5th, could not be more completely emphasised than by the fact that it had been impossible to relieve the force entrenched at Ekowe. A fatal paralysis seems to have fallen on our political and military leaders in South Africa. "None of the men of might have found their hands."

We make no pretensions to military technical knowledge, but the Isandula business enforces some first principles which we should have thought it impossible for a novice to overlook.

We have erred in our estimate of the enemy. He was known to have a large army trained in a certain kind of barbaric discipline. It was no doubt thought that our superior equipment, and more scientific tactics, might reasonably be expected to counter-balance numerical superiority. What has been apparently overlooked is the superior facility of movement possessed by the savage warriors. The agility of Cetewayo's soldiers gives them the mobility of cavalry, and this facile power of movement is just the most dangerous quality of a hostile force—a lesson which European tacticians should at any rate have learnt from the campaigns of the first Napoleon, and the more recent lessons of the Franco-German war. It is the explanation of the disaster on the banks of the Tugela, in the month of January, and of the loss of the brave fellows whose mode of death has sent home to the nation's heart the greatness of their worth, and the depth of its loss.

REVIEWS.

HANDBOOKS FOR BIBLE CLASSES.—
The Epistle of Paul to the Churches of Galatia. With Introductions and Notes. By the Rev. James MacGregor, D.D., New College, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George-street. 1879.

THIS is the first of a series of *Handbooks for Bible Classes* published under the editorial care of Dr. Marcus Dods and the Rev. Alexander Whyte. They are intended to present in a compact and popular form the results of the highest scholarship, and the most recent critical and historical investigations, thus supplying the average pupil with an adequate amount of information on Biblical and religious subjects. If the first issue be a fair sample of the series, we confidently predict for it a wide and cordial reception. Professor Mac Gregor has compressed into his small manual as much solid learning and suggestive thought as is rarely found in books three or four times its size. His introduction admirably discusses such questions as the authorship, date, and contents of the epistle; the origin and characteristics of the Galatians; the import of the principal theological terms employed in the epistle, such as justification, righteousness, faith, law, flesh, spirit, &c. His notes are the outgrowth of a keen and searching analysis, a depth of spiritual intuition, and of fine expository powers which invest them with the highest worth. They are not a series of detached criticisms, but a broad and comprehensive elucidation of the progress of the apostle's thought enriched by copious illustration from Biblical, classical, and historical sources. Such manuals as these are simply invaluable. They will render the work of our Bible-classes a source of unfailling pleasure as well as instruction, and promote such a study of the Scriptures as we should all desire to see. We most cordially commend the

series to the attention of ministers and Sunday School teachers, and all students of the Bible.

RIDES OUT AND ABOUT. A Book of Travels and Adventures.

THE WAVES OF THIS TROUBLESOME WORLD.

HOMELY HEROES AND HEROINES. By Anna J. Buckland.

THE YOUNG FOLKS OF HAZELBROOK. By the Author of "Ben Holt's Good Name." London: Religious Tract Society.

THESE are four capital books, such as all juveniles will be sure to delight in. "Rides Out and About," containing the Rambles of an Australian School Inspector, the Californian Overland Express, and an Adventure in the Desert, cannot fail to become a general favourite. It is written in a stirring and graphic style, and abounds in fine incidents. The writer has the happy power of blending amusement with instruction. "The Waves of this Troublesome World" is not a peculiarly happy title, but the book is good. The story is one of mingled sorrow and joy, of trial and victory, and teaches in a very impressive manner the reality of God's providential care, and the value of upright, honest conduct. "Homely Heroes and Heroines" records in a brief and pleasing form the lives of many whom it is a delight to know—Agnes Green, William Carey, Sarah Martin, and others less known to fame, but well deserving of everlasting remembrance. Such deeds as are recounted here furnish our young people with examples to which they will look up with enthusiastic admiration, and which will act as an incentive to them all their days. "The Young Folks of

Hazelbrook " is a story of English life of which we have ourselves seen many instances, and is thoroughly healthy in tone. Happy indeed are the children who can command such pleasure and instruction as is here provided for them.

THE KINGDOM AND THE PEOPLE; or, The Parables of our Lord Jesus Christ Explained and Illustrated. By Mary Seeley. London: Religious Tract Society.

THERE cannot be said to be any lack either of learned or practical expositions of the Parables of our Lord. The works of French, Greswell, Lisco, and Arnot furnish for Biblical students mines of wealth, which years of labour cannot exhaust, and render most other

works superfluous. Miss Seeley's book is of an entirely different class. It is not a critical and exegetical commentary, nor does its strength lie in exposition. It presents such a view of the parables as would be taken by an ordinary intelligent and careful reader, and illustrates their lessons from the pages of Christian biography, and from events which have come under the writer's observation. The illustrations are generally striking, and always appropriate. The book is written in a clear and graceful style, in a devout spirit, and for a thoroughly practical end. The illustrations in which it abounds will be of great value in evangelistic services, Sunday School addresses, and Bible-classes. They will also be of service in family reading. For this latter purpose few books are more suitable.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Hall, Rev. H. (Whitchurch, Salop), Wigan.

Maclean, Rev. E. (Greenock, N.B.), Stockwell.

Smalley, Rev. J. (Littleborough), Leominster.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Cambridge, Rev. T. G. Tarn, March 11th.

Glasgow, Rev. P. J. Rollo, February 16th.

Leicester, Rev. J. G. Greenough, March 18th.

Nailsworth, Rev. Hutton, February 20th.

Southsea, Rev. P. G. Scorey, March 4th.

RESIGNATIONS.

Bayley, Rev. R. H., Olham.

Mackie, Rev. R. B., Bildestone, Suffolk.

THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1879.

SCENES FROM CHURCH HISTORY.

III.

PATRICK, THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

II.—HIS EVANGELISTIC AND EPISCOPAL LABOURS.

THE difficulties which confront us in our inquiries as to the exact year of Patrick's birth are unfortunately not alone. They are followed by a long train of similar difficulties with regard to the dates of all the chief events in his career, and no conclusion can be reached except by the careful balancing of absolutely conflicting assertions. The compulsory registration of births and deaths under the supervision of the Government is an institution for which historians cannot be too grateful. Had there been in the principal nations of mediæval Europe a Registrar-General, assisted by a competent staff of subordinates, we should have been saved an enormous amount of useless labour, and kept clear of many a keen and angry controversy. Statistics in every form are proverbially dry. The work of the mere chronicler is perhaps little better than drudgery, and yet momentous issues may hang upon it. If we could bring forward such evidence as a Registration Court could furnish with regard to the year of Patrick's birth, and of the commencement of his mission in Ireland, we should be able with greater ease to show the utter falsity of the pretensions of the Romish Church in its claims to have inaugurated and controlled the evangelistic labours of the Irish saint, and to have had its supremacy recognised in Ireland from the very outset of its Christian history. Such evidence, unfortunately, does not exist; and although the probabilities in favour of the position we have already taken seem to us so strong as to amount to a certainty, yet they are probabilities only, and by those who come to the study of the subject with a strong ecclesiastical bias their force may be disregarded. If Patrick was really an agent of the Pope, he could not

have set foot in Ireland at an earlier date than A.D. 432. Tillemont and Dr. Todd say A.D. 440.

Dr. Killen, with a far nearer approach to accuracy, believes that he arrived in the country towards the close of A.D. 405, shortly after the death of Niall the Great, or Niall of the Nine Hostages, who by his conquests had struck terror into the hearts of both Britons and Gauls, and whose death not improbably suggested to Patrick that a fitting opportunity had arrived for carrying out the work on which his heart was set. This date is specifically mentioned by Marcus, an Irish bishop who flourished in the early part of the ninth century, and by Nennius, a Briton who lived about the same time. Traditions of high antiquity affirm that Patrick spent sixty years in Ireland; and it has been proved, as definitely as such a point can be proved, by Dr. Lanigan, "a learned and acute Roman Catholic historian," that he died in A.D. 465. In the *Book of Armagh* it is stated that "from the Passion of Christ to the death of Patrick there were 436 years," so that if our Lord was crucified A.D. 30, we reach the date 466, or, if the 436 years were not fully completed, 465.

Patrick appears to have effected his first landing in the region of the Cuolenni, "the territory of which was co-extensive with the present barony of Rathdown, in the north of the county of Wicklow." But he did not there enter upon any evangelistic labours, and it must have been for some subordinate purpose that he landed. He retained throughout his life a vivid remembrance of the days of his captivity, when he tended his master's flocks and herds in North Dalaradia, and found in his solitary communings a greater boon than physical and social freedom. For his old master—Milchu—he must have had a genuine affection, and he ardently desired his conversion. As he had escaped from his service without being redeemed, he determined at the outset of his mission to visit the scenes which were so familiar to him, and to offer to Milchu a double ransom—"an earthly one in money, and a spiritual one by making known to him the Christian faith." Sailing northwards, he ran short of provisions, and, after making an unsuccessful attempt to procure them in one of the Skerries Islands, he reached the mouth of the River Slain, at the southwestern extremity of Strangford Lough. Here he ventured on shore, and, with his companions, advanced into the interior of the country to secure the food of which they were in search.

As they were pursuing their quest they came across a swineherd who mistook them for a band of pirates, and fled from them in terror. His master Dichu, a native chieftain of noble descent, came out armed to resist their invasion and put them to death. But Dichu soon saw that his vassal had been the dupe of a groundless fear, and that Patrick was bent on far other ends than that of ravaging the coasts. Impressed by the frank and majestic appearance of the stranger, and seeing that neither he nor his comrades were armed either for attack or defence, the chieftain offered to them the hospitality

of his house. This offer Patrick gladly accepted, and used the opportunity thus thrown in his way for the furtherance of his mission. He delivered his message in the chieftain's own language, and in a short time won him over to the faith of Christ. Dichu became the first-fruits of Patrick's labours. Along with other members of his house he was baptized, and is also said to have bestowed upon Patrick the ground on which was afterwards built the celebrated church *Sabhal Patraic*, "The Barn of Patrick," and which is still known by the name of Sabhal or Saul.

The missionary could not, however, rest satisfied until he had reached the scenes of his captivity, and, having received so great an encouragement in his first attempt at evangelization, he set out for Sliabh Mis (the hill now called Slemish), where he could survey the ground on which he had spent so many lonely, and yet profitable years. Milchu was still alive, powerful and prosperous, but too haughty to receive instruction from one who had formerly been his slave, and too firmly attached to his ancestral religion to believe that there could be another of superior or equal worth. Patrick's efforts to gain a hearing were vain, and he had to retire from the scene baffled and disappointed. He naturally returned to the hospitable house of his first convert, remained with him for a considerable time preaching and teaching throughout the entire neighbourhood, and finding in the peasantry a singular readiness to receive his words.

He next resolved to visit the more central parts of Ireland and attack idolatry in its very stronghold. He therefore sailed to the mouth of the Boyne, and approached the famous hill of Tara, at a time (corresponding to our Easter) when it was known that King Laoghaire would have assembled around him his tributary chieftains to celebrate a great Druidical solemnity. The picture which the legends give us of this event is striking and beautiful. How far it is based on fact, we are not prepared to say. When Patrick reached the neighbourhood of Tara, Easter Eve had already set in, and his first act was to erect a tent as a shelter for himself and his companions. The smoke of the fire he had kindled in the tent was noticed by the priests in the King's Court, who were filled with alarm at so unwonted a sight. No fire was allowed to be kindled during this festival until the king had lighted the sacred fire in the palace, and never had there been witnessed so flagrant a violation of the traditionary customs. The Druids—who knew that no native would thus set at defiance a time-honoured observance—were apprehensive of the downfall of their order, and warned Laoghaire that if the fire were allowed to burn, the man who had lighted it would ere long acquire the sovereignty of Ireland and retain it for ever. Thus admonished, the monarch at once sent messengers to summon the innovators into the royal presence. They made no attempt to escape from their captors, but willingly accompanied them. Their conduct before the king was calm and dignified—the nature of their mission was

explained, and Patrick so far obtained his object that he was permitted to preach the Gospel wheresoever he would, so long as he did not create disturbance or endanger the peace of the land.

The week following this Patrick appeared at Tailton, where a large concourse of people had gathered together to amuse themselves by games and sports. It was probably here that he began to collect his audience by beating his drum—a practice which he is said to have frequently adopted with marked success. He had to encounter the powerful and persistent opposition of the Druids; his life was frequently in peril; one danger was no sooner past than another followed on its heels. But many of the chiefs listened to him gladly; the people felt that the Gospel of Christ was mightier than the paganism in which they had been trained; and in the evangelistic tours which he prosecuted year after year he received the greatest encouragement, and knew that his work was not in vain. The whole of Ireland was his diocese or parish. He journeyed from well-nigh one end of it to the other. In Connaught, Westmeath, Ulster, Mayo—wherever, in fact, he set foot—God caused him to triumph, and he unquestionably did much to win for Ireland the honourable appellation which she afterwards bore, and of which for a long time she was not unworthy—"the Isle of Saints."

The extent of his success has doubtless been exaggerated. We may freely admit that his converts could be numbered by thousands, but it by no means follows that the whole population cordially accepted the Gospel. Among the multitudes who listened to his words were some who mocked and turned away in indifference or contempt, as well as some who believed. It was not every chief that agreed to meet his enemy under the banner of Christ, nor did the whole company of the Druids and bards lay down their superstitions at the foot of the Cross. Patrick's success was remarkable, but it is against all evidence to represent it as universal.

The clansmen were more easily gained when they were fortified by the example of their chief, and it was with a clear comprehension of the conditions that surrounded him that Patrick so earnestly addressed himself to the royal and ducal families. His disciples came from the houses of foremost rank, although on this score there has been no small amount of weak-minded exaggeration. There is, so far as we can see, absolutely no ground for asserting that King Laoghaire was converted to Christ, and that Patrick assisted him in revising the laws of Ireland—the *Senchus Mor*—so as to harmonise them with the law of Christ. Some of the bards would, in all likelihood, join the newly-formed churches, and employ in the service of Christ the powers of song which had previously been devoted to the praise of the Druidical gods. But here again we must not be too eager to secure the patronage of persons of distinction.

Patrick's work was carried on with prudence as well as with zeal. When the occasion demanded it, he was valiant and uncompromising.

Idolatry he could not tolerate, and he overthrew, not only the lesser objects of superstitious veneration, such as the numerous pillar-stones, but even the idols. The chief of these was the *Crom-cruach*, or *Crom-dubh*, "the black stooping-stone," which stood on the Plain of Magh Sleacht, surrounded by twelve smaller idols. This the bold-hearted missionary destroyed, and, by his courage, won the respect of the people. But he conciliated, as far as possible, their prejudices; did not denounce or put an end to their old festivals, but sought to detach them from their heathen foundations, and to free them from all unchristian and immoral elements.

With the superstitions of Druidism—its deification of Nature, its worship of the sun and moon and stars, its belief in mysterious genii sporting about hill and valley, wood and stream, sea and river, and influencing the destinies of men with its magical incantations and soothsayings—he had no sympathy. But the method by which he sought to accomplish his object was not that of the mere iconoclast. He frankly acknowledged—wherever he could discern it—"a soul of goodness in things evil," and spent less time in the denunciation of error than in the proclamation of truth. The sun, the moon, and the stars were not themselves gods, but simply the creatures of God. Christ is the creator of all things, and His is the glory reflected from all the great objects of the material world which have been ignorantly worshipped. Heaven and earth excite our reverence, but claim it not for themselves, but for Him of whose thought they are an expression, and of whose power they are the product. The genii are unreal beings, but there is One in whom we live and move, who inspires and controls all things, and by whose providence our steps are guided.

Thus, in an incident related in the *Book of Armagh*, probably by a writer of a later date, Patrick and his attendants are said to have met two of the daughters of King Laoghaire, who mistook them for fairies or men of the hills. He preached unto them the true God. In answer to their inquiries as to who He was, the evangelist replied:—"Our God is the God of all men; the God of heaven and earth, of the sea and rivers; the God of the sun, the moon, and all stars; the God of the high mountains and the lowly valleys; the God who is above heaven, and in heaven, and under heaven. He hath an habitation in the heaven and earth and sea, and all that are therein. He inspireth all things. He quickeneth all things. He is over all things. He sustaineth all things. He giveth light to the light of the sun. And He hath made springs in a dry ground, and dry islands in the sea, and hath appointed the stars to serve the greater lights."

And again, in his *Confessions*, we have in all probability his own words:—"The sun, which we see in the heavens, rises for our sakes at His bidding day by day, but His splendour will not endure." "We believe in and adore the true sun, Jesus Christ." "They who believe in Him will rise again in the glory of the true sun, in the glory of Jesus Christ. He will never wane, nor set; nor will any perish of

those who do His will, but they shall live for ever, even as He liveth for ever with God the Father Almighty and with the Holy Spirit, world without end."

The doctrines which Patrick inculcated were such as we should now describe as Evangelical, and certainly show no trace of his submission to a commanding authority at Rome. There is a long paragraph in his *Confessions* which bears a close resemblance to the Nicene Creed, of which, in substance at any rate, he was a zealous advocate. He taught the doctrine of the Trinity, attributed the creation of all things to the Son, proclaimed "the virtue of Christ's Crucifixion," or the Atonement; believed in the necessity of regeneration, which he attributed to no ritual efficacy, but to the operation of the Holy Ghost on the souls of such as believe, whose presence in us he regards as the pledge of immortality. He makes no allusion to such distinctively Papal dogmas as the virtue of auricular confession, transubstantiation and purgatory. His creed was more primitive and apostolical than that of the Church of Rome, which has unfortunately acquired so wide a sway in the "Isle of Saints."

Patrick's form of Church government was both Episcopal and Congregational. He naturally acquired great authority in the supervision of the communities in which his labours resulted, and he would probably advocate the appointment of overseers as demanded by the authority of Christ and the interests of the churches. The statement that he formed 365 churches and ordained 365 bishops may not be far from the truth, but these bishops were pastors of single congregations—or possibly, in some instances, of a group of congregations, and widely different from the ecclesiastical dignitaries to whom the title is now applied. Afterwards, "the stream of tendency" was unquestionably in the direction of Episcopacy in its modern sense, but for sometime the constitution of the Irish church was popular. The people themselves had the right to elect their pastors and rulers, and in the synods which Patrick organised, and of which he was president, laymen and clerics were invested with equal powers.

The monastic schools which Patrick established; and which must, on the lowest computation, have been very numerous, were intended mainly as schools for the instruction of the people, and for the training of a native ministry. He attached to himself many sons of the chieftains, and fired them with an enthusiasm similar to his own. The invention of an alphabet for the Irish language has been attributed to him, on apparently valid grounds; and, though he was not himself a scholar, he had a true appreciation of scholarship, and rendered its attainment possible to those over whom he had gained influence. His monastic houses were of the simplest order, and resembled "a rude village of huts or bothies made of wood, planks, and moss." The monks were busily occupied—some in the cultivation of the land, others in intellectual pursuits, acquiring and imparting know-

ledge, transcribing the Scriptures, and preaching—but all working with zeal, and controlled by the power of a master-mind.

The social welfare of the people was likewise an object of Patrick's care. One incident, well-known and well-authenticated, illustrates this feature of his work. A piratical British chieftain, named Coroticus—a petty sovereign of Cardiganshire—landed on the Irish coast with a band of armed followers, slew a number of the natives, and carried off a still greater number to be sold as slaves to heathen Picts and Scots. These captives had recently been baptized by Patrick, and were deprived of their liberty by a man who himself professed to be a Christian. The evangelist was indignant at the infliction of so gross a wrong by one who ostensibly acknowledged the authority of Christ, and sent to him a vigorous expostulation, and a demand for the restoration of the captives. His messengers were dismissed with contempt, and he thereupon wrote a second letter couched in still stronger terms, and threatening the chieftain with excommunication, unless he repented of his wickedness and restored the stolen captives. Whether the threat was effectual we are not told—apparently it was not. None the less, however, the incident invests the name of the Irish apostle with the brightest honour, and claims for him a place among the world's greatest benefactors. Such is the spirit with which Christ inspires His servants, and such the tendency of His Gospel to destroy all tyranny and oppression. The idea of the brotherhood of men living in bonds of universal love is not a baseless dream—Christianity has already done much to realise it, and, under the guidance of its principles, we know that

“God has formed mankind to be one mighty family;
Himself our Father, and the world our home.”

Tradition ascribes to Patrick the foundation of the city as well as the Archbishopric of Armagh—the Ecclesiastical metropolis of Ireland. Associated with this tradition are a number of other legends which are intended to enhance the fame of the great missionary, and to claim for him a species of glory which he would have been the last to acknowledge. Such legends, though they have been widely circulated and are still eagerly defended, we may safely set aside as unworthy of credence.

Patrick devoted himself to his great work with unwearied assiduity, and found in its progress his truest delight. His friends often urged him to leave it for a time in the hands of the men he had gathered round him, while he himself enjoyed a well-earned rest in the home of his childhood. But though keenly alive to the claims of kindred and retaining his affection for the land of his birth, he could not be induced to leave the post in which, as he believed, God had placed him. “I pray God,” he touchingly said, “that He would grant me perseverance to enable me to prove myself a faithful witness, for the sake of my God, to the end. And if I have ever laboured to accom-

plish anything good for the sake of my God whom I love, may He grant that with these converts and captives of mine I may pour out my blood for His name." His desire was virtually granted. He died in a good old age, labouring diligently unto the end. During a visit which he paid to the scene of his first success as a missionary of Christ—on the ground given to him by his earliest convert (Dichu) at *Sabhal Patraic*—he breathed his last. This was in A.D. 465. In labours he had been most abundant. No less abundant has been his reward.

In addition to the *Confessions*, to which we have so often alluded, there is still extant a poem in the Celtic language, known as the "Hymn of Patrick," said to have been composed by him before his approach to King Laoghaire. The hymn is of the nature of a charm—to ward off spiritual foes. It was for many centuries a favourite song in Ireland, and some portions of it are still repeated at night as a protection from evil. This hymn is on all hands allowed to be the oldest existing monument of the Irish language, but it can scarcely be regarded as the composition of the Irish Apostle. It may, however, be the work of his contemporary, Sen Patrick, the Abbot of Armagh—"Patrick of the prayers, who had good Latin"—and it contains the sentiments to which both these distinguished men would have subscribed. Some of these sentiments, such as the prayer against "women (witches), smiths, and druids," and the invocation of the objects and powers of nature, we shall not be able to endorse. But who of us cannot make his own such words as these—"I bind to myself to-day the power of God to guide me, the wisdom of God to teach me, the eye of God to watch over me, the ear of God to hear me, the word of God to give me speech. . . Christ be with me, Christ before me, Christ behind me, Christ within me, Christ beneath me, Christ above me, Christ at my right hand, Christ at my left, Christ at the fort, Christ at the chariot-seat, Christ at the poop, Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me, Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks to me, Christ in every eye that sees me, Christ in every ear that hears me."

That Ireland was rescued from her old Druidical superstitions, and enlightened by a purer faith was, under God, mainly due to the heroic labours of Patrick. Alas! that that faith should have been enfeebled and its glory obscured by superstitions, engendered by a corrupt and degraded Church. Well would it be for Ireland if, in the nineteenth century, another apostle, like-minded with her "patron saint," could effect for her a similar reformation!

AN OLD AMUSEMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SAVIOUR FOR CHILDREN."

"And their children dance."—JOB xxi. 11.

DID you ever hear of that before? Perhaps not. But now you have heard it, you are not very likely to forget it. And that is one reason why I have read it to you. Do you say, "But you are not going to talk to us about dancing, are you?" Well, yes. Why shouldn't I? It is a thing in which some young people take delight. Perhaps you would like to dance. Since, too, the Bible speaks of children, and of this amusement of theirs, why should not I talk to them about it?

Some of you, I am afraid, do not take much notice of what is said at church; but you will listen to me to-day, won't you?

In this chapter of the Bible a good old patriarch tells us of people who were well off in the world; and, after saying some things to show us how very prosperous they were, he adds: "And their children dance." This may have been the best proof which he could give of their good fortune. What, indeed, would wealth have been to them; what their sheep and oxen, if all had not been well with their children. Their lot would not have been considered happy; nor should we have found in the Book of Job so bright a picture of their homes, but for the simple and innocent mirth of the young people.

Well, you are thinking of what is said here: "And their children dance." Then:

They were not sickly, but healthy. Children who are unwell do not want to dance. It's a pity for young folk to be ill, and to be obliged to lie in bed, isn't it? But some have to do so. And not a few of them are in great pain. How sad it must be for parents to see their children suffer! The people, however, of whom we read in this verse of the Bible had little or no sickness in their families. Their children were healthy and happy, or they would not have danced. Again:

They were not deaf. You may fancy them listening to the music, and dancing to it. What a precious thing is hearing!

A little while ago I called at a gentleman's house, and his daughter, a beautiful little girl, came into the room where I was sitting. I began to talk to her; but I soon found that she could not hear what was said. Her mother, too, told me that when she played upon the harp, as she did sometimes, her child could not hear one note of the music. Only think of it! Do you not feel sorry for such a little girl? What a grief it must be to her parents!

Now the people of whom we read in the book of Job had no such trouble. For it is said: "They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ." "And their children dance." Then:

They were not lame. Young people who cannot walk without crutches may look on while others dance, but they cannot take any part in it. I am thinking of a little boy whom I once knew. He was a poor cripple. His parents thought, however, that as he grew older he would be able to walk better. They used to give him pence when they fancied him leaning less upon his stick. What would they not have given to see him dance! Alas, instead of that, he became worse; and they could not look at him but with aching hearts. But the people whom Job accounted happy, had nothing of that sort to grieve them. Their children had the use of their limbs. They joined in the dance. Then, too:

They were not quarrelsome. It is very disagreeable for young people to quarrel. But some are so ill-natured that, they are more ready to fight than dance. How miserable they must be! And how unhappy it must make their parents! We would flee from scenes of angry passion to watch merry-hearted children in the dance. Less quarrelling and more dancing would improve many homes. It would make parents now as happy as those of whom we read here. Job thought that they had very little trouble. As he describes them, they have no gloom in their families; they pitch their tents in the sunshine: "And," he says, "their children dance."

Well now, I want to talk to you about this amusement. And let me say:

1. It is ancient.

"Ancient," a little boy says, "what do you mean by 'ancient?'" I'll tell you. It cannot be said of dancing, "See, this is new." No, "It hath been already of old time, which was before us." Children danced thousands and thousands of years before you were born. Hence we read of it in the Book of Job, which some people have supposed to be older than any other part of the Bible. It is no new thing, then, for children to dance.

Now, when people try to improve old things, they are in great danger of spoiling them. Dancing is no longer the child-like thing it once was. It has lost its simplicity. There was a time when to join in it was to be so delighted as to leap for joy. It is of this amusement, as we may suppose it to have been at the beginning, that the patriarch writes. We may fancy him sitting in his tent, watching the children at their play. And as they laughed and danced, he felt how such a scene must gladden the hearts of their parents. So, when writing of the things which make them happy, he does not forget this: "And their children dance." Again, it is not only ancient, but:

2. It is natural.

What is more natural than for children to dance? Some of them

can imagine music even where there is not any, and dance to their own fancied tune. But if there is music in the streets, they cannot help dancing then. If we call upon a friend, we find that the little folk in his house, hearing the flute or the harp outside, are dancing in a manner very much as we may suppose the children did of old time. It is as natural for them to do so as for birds to sing in the trees, or for the lambs to jump and skip about the green fields. In the verse which we have read, the Bible speaks of "little ones like a flock." This may remind us of spring-time, when everything is so charming. There is sunshine and shower, and plenty of grass. A carpet, too, of beautiful flowers is spread over all the meadow. The birds make sweetest music, and then the little ones of the flock begin to dance. May we not look for the children to do so? Is not such innocent diversion for them? God gives them sunshine and music and merry hearts. It would be strange if they were not delighted. It is perfectly natural for them to dance. Then, I think we may say:

3. It is right.

Job, an inspired man, does not say it is wrong. He speaks of the faults of these people, but he does not blame them for letting their children dance. They do not appear, however, to have taken any part in it themselves; unless, indeed, it may have been to supply the music. Perhaps they thought they were too old to dance. But they didn't feel it to be any part of their duty to deprive the young people of this recreation. Had they been asked to do so, I daresay they would have said, "Let the children dance: why shouldn't they?"

Some people think that dancing is a waste of time. And I should not wonder if they shake their heads, and find fault with me for talking to you about it. I'll tell you what I should like them to do. "What," you say, "dance?" O, no! but read the Bible just where I have turned it down. Here is one place. It says, "A time to dance" (Ecclesiastes iii. 4). Is that so? I believe it is. But if such a time comes, and there is nobody to dance, it is not used as it ought to be. What can be done? Let the children dance. It is right for them to do so. Again, there is another place that I have turned down. Here it will be found that Jeremiah, a man of tears, lamented "when the young men ceased from their music and there was no more dancing" (Lamentations v. 14—15).

Suppose we now turn to the New Testament. We read of one who, as he drew nigh to his father's house, heard music and dancing. "And he was angry, and would not go in." Instead of joining in the dance, he stood outside. He was as miserable as an unloving heart could make him. He complained of his father, he found fault with his brother, and he did what he could to mar the happiness of a home in which there was great cause for rejoicing. In the story, as told by Jesus (Luke xv. 11—32), there is a contrast which is evidently in favour of those who danced.

But, it may be asked, "Does Jesus Christ say anything about

children dancing?" Yes, He does. He compares ill-natured folk whom nobody could please to children who would not dance, although their companions played the flute for them (Luke vii. 32). Do you suppose that the Saviour would have talked in that way if it had been wrong to dance? Perhaps you have been taught, as some of us were in our childhood, to regard dancing as a sinful amusement. But it's a mistake. If anybody says, "Ah! on the right side," you have good sense enough to know that "a mistake" is always on the wrong side. For young people to be told that a thing is sinful when it is not, burdens the conscience as God never meant it to be. And when the error is found out, it may occasion a distrust of parents and teachers, just when it is important that there should be the strongest confidence in them.

While, however, dancing is not sinful, you may make it so. But then you can put what is wrong into the very best things—your prayers, for example, as when you say what is untrue; or your praises, as when you sing what you do not mean. Is it any wonder, then, that people can put sin into an amusement?

But now, do any of you ask whether it is right to dance? Read the Bible. Solomon says, "*There is a time to dance.*" The prophet Jeremiah laments that the music and dancing of the young people should cease. And the Saviour tells us an affecting story of one who, though he heard music and dancing in his own home, had not enough love and joy in his heart to unite in it. Besides, He likens the men of a perverse generation to children who wouldn't dance when the pipe or the flute was played for them. If we did not know it before, I think we may gather from all this that it is right, quite right, for children to dance. Again, let me say:

4. It is healthy.

So much could not be said for some amusements. I think, however, it may be said of this, that it is an exercise which is not at all hurtful, but beneficial, to health. "What," somebody says, "to sit up late at night, to spend hours in one large room where there is music and dancing?" No, never. We would not say anything in favour of such a custom. For young people to be permitted to do so—as, alas! too many are—might be injurious to body and soul. It has impaired the health, damaged the character, and blighted the happiness of not a few. When we speak of dancing as healthy, we mean the playful, innocent dance of the children, as we have sometimes seen it in the playground, on their father's lawn, on the village green, or in the market-place. Let them dance. It will do them good. Children ought not to be kept too long at their books; they must not be always bending over their tasks. We do not want to see them like old folks, with dimmed eyes and crook-backed. No. Then let them have a holiday sometimes. Let them have plenty of play, laughter, and fun. Why shouldn't they dance? It will strengthen limbs, cheer the spirit, and prepare the mind for the next lesson.

It will do them good and no harm. It's a healthy exercise. Once more :

5. It is pleasant.

It is so to the young who join in it. And to others who are older it is a pleasing sight. Parents often find their care and sorrow chased away by the merriment of simple-hearted children in the dance.

"The children ! ah, the children !
Your innocent, joyous ones ;
Your daughters, with souls of sunshine ;
Your buoyant and laughing sons.
Look long at their happy faces,
Drink love from their sparkling eyes,
For the wonderful charm of childhood,
How soon it withers and dies."

When the patriarch said, "And their children dance," he knew how pleasing it was to their parents. He was speaking, too, of what appeared *to him* "a pleasant thing."

Sometimes children play at games that we do not like ; silly games, that we do not care to watch. Some young people have too much good sense to join in these, although asked to do so by those who would, perhaps, frown upon the dance. When we looked at some of your amusements at Christmas, we could not help thinking how much pleasanter it would have been if a brother or a teacher had played his flute or his fiddle and you had danced to it. Of course, it is possible to mar this recreation by behaviour which all right-minded people condemn as improper. The good taste and refined feeling of those who engage in it are of great importance. Besides, time may be given to it which ought to be employed in some other way. It may have been thus with the people of old. It is not for you or your parents to be like them in everything. For instance: they didn't like to feel that God was with them. Although He was so good, and gave them everything that they had, yet, if they happened to think of Him and His presence, they tried to forget it all as soon as they could. It may be thus with some men and women and children now. But, what strange conduct ! For, "God is Love." He gave them an ear for music. He gave them an eye for the beautiful. He made them to laugh. He is not displeased with them for being merry. If, however, they cannot dance without wishing to forget Him, their hearts are wrong, and their dancing too.

There is another thing about the people of whom we read here : they didn't care to do anything for God. They asked, "What is the Almighty that we should serve Him ?" Think of that. Although He had done so much for them and their children, they did not wish to do anything for Him. I hope it is not so with you or your parents. Do you ask : "How may we serve God ? Must we leave the playground, give up our amusements, and refuse to dance ?" No : but

you are to show in the midst of all your mirth that you would not willingly say or do anything to displease Him.

I'll tell you one other thing about these people of whom we read in the Book of Job : they did not pray. Hence, when sickness and death came, as come they will to every one of us some day, they couldn't ask a mighty and merciful Saviour to help them. It may have been thus with their children, too. They danced, but we are not told that they ever prayed.

Now, the Bible that tells us of "A time to dance," teaches us to pray. He who gives us music, and sunshine, and laughter, and every pleasant thing, is the hearer of prayer. God is not angry with you when you are so happy as to dance for joy. Then why should not you pray to Him ? Some have thought of Him even "in the dance," and have blessed His name. Why shouldn't you ? He does not forget you. His eye is ever upon you. He takes care of you. He pities you when you are weak. He is pleased to see you healthy and strong. He wishes you to be happy. Oh ! that all the children may be His loving servants for ever.

SYMBOLS OF THE CHURCH.

BY THE REV. JAMES CAVE.

III.—THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

"Ye are the light of the world."—MATT. v. 14.

IN our last paper we considered the church under the symbol of the candlestick. For our interpretation of the symbol we went to the seven-branched lampstand of gold, which had its appointed station in the Holy Place in the Tabernacle and the Temple. We thought of it, burning there in solitude, where none could use or behold its light. This served to remind us of the fact that often the church has to burn steadily for God, when her light cannot penetrate far into the surrounding darkness ; and also to bring before us our duty of mutually helping one another by casting light about our brethren's path, as well as seeking the spiritual enlightenment of mankind. We still purpose looking at the church as a bearer of light, but in yet another aspect.

Our Lord, on two occasions, made use of these words—"I am the Light of the world." The first utterance of them is supposed to have arisen in the following way :—At the Feast of Tabernacles, the most

joyous festival of the year, we are told—though no mention is made of the circumstance in Scripture—that in one of the Temple courts “were two gigantic candelabra, fifty cubits high and sumptuously gilded, on the summit of which, nightly, during the feast, lamps were lit, which shed their soft light over all the city.”* Each of these monster light-bearers supported four lamps. These clusters of light, lifted above the walls of the building, would shed their lustre over the city—“the more remarkable in the profound darkness which then, as now, reigned through the night of an oriental town.”† Their light would serve as an illumination to the whole place, and, situated on an eminence, as was Jerusalem, the break they would make in the darkness would be seen across the valleys, and from the tops of the distant hills. In the presence of these lamps, and having reference to their bright and far-reaching illumination, our Lord is supposed to have uttered the words—“I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life” (John viii. 12).

On the other occasion when He spoke thus, the statement was connected with a practical manifestation of Himself in this character. It was as He was going out of the Temple after having spoken the words quoted above, and His enemies “took up stones” to cast at Him, to give expression to their envy and rage. As He passed by, in His escape from His would-be murderers, He saw a blind man whose eyes had never seen the light of common day. Jesus, thinking of this man’s darkness, natural and spiritual, thus addressed His disciples—“As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.” And at once, suiting the action to the word, He anointed the eyes of the man, blind from his birth, and manifested Himself as “the Light of the world”—pouring on those “sightless eyeballs” the light of day; and then, opening the eyes of his darkened understanding, lighting them up with the rays of truth and life.

The character which Christ claimed for Himself, He here applies to His disciples. As unconditionally as He said “I am,” He now says “Ye are—the light of the world.” And it may help us to an understanding of His meaning, to bear in mind the two occasions with which His words were connected. Let the lampstands, with which His first words are associated, remind us of this “pure candlestick” of God, in one of its uses, burning in the secret place for His glory and its own enlightenment, now brought out into the court of the Temple, and lifted high to send forth its kindly light over nations “sitting in darkness, and in the shadow of death.” Let us also carry with us that practical example of the Lord’s, and bear in mind that such, too, is the part the Church is to take; that to us belongs the duty of carrying His restoring light, and applying His healing touch, so as to open the

* Farrar’s “Life of Christ,” chap. xl.

† Stanley: “Sinai and Palestine,” p. 428.

eyes of those blind from their birth ; that it is ours to be the servants and helpers of all men—" eyes to the blind, feet to the lame," so that " when the ear hears us, then it blesses us, and when the eye sees us, it gives witness to us," and " the blessing of him that was ready to perish " is our portion.

We must now try to discover what this symbol teaches of the office and work of the Church. Christ's words are, " Ye are the light of the world." Nor do we take any liberty when we apply them to the Church collectively, rather than to the disciples individually. True, our Lord was speaking to His disciples, but He addresses them, not separately—" Ye are the *lights*"—but together, " Ye are *the light* of the world." Each flickering lamp is not contemplated apart, as telling its own independent tale. A commonness of origin, a unity of purpose, a blending of effort, belong to our light-bearing for God, and our light-giving to men. We are separate lights, it is true : each has his torch, or lamp, independently lighted, and individually maintained ; or we are as the stars which hang out their innumerable lamps on high. But all stars reflect one light—the " seven stars " are held in the same right hand—and as the light of these myriad torches, burning from the sky, come down to us at night, we think of them, not so much as lights, in their separate capacity, but as the light—in their blended office and work—of the world. So here, the Lord groups all our tiny reflections together, and, thinking of us as all deriving our light from one source, using it in one harmonious purpose, and for one common effort, He regards the many as one—" Ye are the light of the world."

Such is the position of the Church in this dark night of Time. This is the Lord's statement of the case. He says, not " Ye should be," but " Ye *are*—the light of the world." He speaks, not imperatively, but indicatively. The words He used neither urge to a duty nor call to a privilege : they state a simple fact. Whatever the position to be understood, and whatever the function set forth by this symbol ; these, we must understand, are our position and function amid the darkness of this world.

(1) The symbol of light reminds us that *it is the property of light to illumine*—to counteract the darkness, in which the eye of man cannot see, and to penetrate the curtain of the night which quite shuts off his vision. The candle, according to Christ's own figure, when elevated on a candlestick and given a clear course, " giveth light to all that are in the house." This was what He was, and how He acted upon men. He enabled them to see. " In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." He shed upon them the rays which penetrated the film that hung over their vision, and enabled them to see hidden things and things forgotten. He made the atmosphere so clear to sight that was dim, that men could see things within and beyond the veil—God's love, His readiness to forgive and restore, the life and home He has prepared for them that love Him. This position

we are bound to accept as ours, on the authoritative statement of our Lord. But for the light of Christians, the world would be in darkness. Light there is in the inspired Book—"words," the "entrance" of which "giveth light"; truths which "are able to make men wise unto salvation." It is, in fact, a torch which, in threading the dark maze of life, may be "a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path." But it is only, to any, a light when brought beneath the eye. The lids which shut in the printed characters of the book are as effectual to shut out the rays that are treasured there from the individual, as though it had not been lighted in this world's night. How small, in fact, is the area over which the direct rays of this light from heaven extends! How few resort to it for illumination! What a powerful competitor for the reading moments of men is the newspaper against the life-giving Word of God! How many spend an hour a day seeking for light upon current events, who spend not a minute with the lamp taken "from off the everlasting throne" to get light on things of eternal moment, and to learn how to live and how to die! There is the light, the altar-fire whence our torches for guidance may, and must, be kindled; but to the great bulk of men it is a light whose living, searching rays never fall upon the eye. Hence the place left for the church, and hence the need which the church must supply. The light of the book, men may fail to see directly; and if that be all the light there is in the world it will be left in darkness. There must be a medium—an atmosphere, to communicate and diffuse these rays divine. This necessity God has met in His people. By them this light is received unto themselves, and transmitted to the eye. They are as moons, and as stars, made radiant with His light; and theirs it is to reflect it upon the darkness of this world.

The Christian, consequently, should be the highest type of man; the Church, the noblest of all societies. In it should be gathered up all the scattered rays of heavenly light; by it they should be focussed into one clear, bright beam of godliness, shining in its clearness above the earthborn lights of natural disposition or moral action. In many cases the Church of Christ falls short of this ideal, and we are compelled to confess that many of her sons would compare unfavourably with the integrity of some of the noblest outside her border. But nothing less than this can suffice. She is—and none can alter it—"the light of the world." Where no Christian life is, how dark are the people! The nations "sit in darkness" that have not come to the "brightness of her rising." Lying, cheating, theft, and every form of wickedness, make up the ordinary and unblushing intercourse of the people. The corrupt passions of the human heart have sway, and the "gross darkness" which comes of sin "covers the people," because there the light of truth is not.

Our business is to keep the light of heaven clear. From the Church, men must receive not the light of creeds and theological truths alone, but the light of every-day righteousness. God—who

hates iniquity, to whom "a false balance is an abomination" and "a just weight His delight"—should have in His people His witnesses, and a manifestation of His character. Insincerity, exaggeration (in action or in speech), should not be found among them, as becometh saints. The Christian name should be better than oath, or surety, or bond; the word of a Christian man, security as valuable as an attested deed. And in the Church, men ought every day, to be able to see how to live. We must take it as a truth which needs no proof, that the world will be no better than the Church. The sphere illumined can be no brighter than that which is its light. And these words should sink down into our ears—"If the *light* that is in thee be *darkness*, how great is that darkness!"

(2) Another sense in which this symbol is to find practical action may be best expressed in a Scripture phrase—*Light is spoken of as making manifest things which are hidden in darkness*. This is treated of by Paul in chapter v. of his letter to the Ephesians. In verses 3, 4, certain things are mentioned which should have no quarter from the followers of Christ—"fornication and all uncleanness, or covetousness . . . neither filthiness nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient." He next quotes the deterring fact that no quarter will those in whom they are found receive from the God of holiness. They can have "no inheritance in the Kingdom of Christ and of God." "Because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience." Then follow this reminder and exhortation:—"For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light" (8). "And have no fellowship with the unfruitful things of darkness, *but rather reprove them*" (11). The whole being enforced by this general statement: "But all things that are reproved [when they are reproved] are *made manifest by the light*, for whatsoever doth make manifest is light:" or as it is rendered, "*whatsoever is made manifest is light*"—i.e., brought out of darkness, and made light by the rays of that which, shining upon it, "reproves" and makes it manifest. Paul's message here is just this: "Ye have yourselves become light. You dwell in the midst of darkness, in which are concealed things horrible and unclean. Your light is not to have fellowship with darkness, and by it be rendered dim, but it is yours to 'reprove' it, to shine upon the deeds of darkness, and to bring them out clear into the light."

But the light that "reproves" and "makes manifest" must itself be clear and bright. The smoky lamp will not reveal much. If carried into the dark room, the shadow of its own smoke, curling along the ceiling, will hide the dinginess there may be there, and the corners and parts lying in shade will remain unsearched out. The smoky lamp may be carried in and out, and few living things courting the darkness will be disturbed, and few revelations will be made. One five minutes of the electric light would have a greatly different effect. One flash of its colourless, fearfully searching flame

would make a marvellous change. The cobwebs would stand out in the glare, the whitened walls would reveal their soiled condition, the lover of darkness would make his speedy flight. Light would bring the hidden facts of darkness into view and reprove them. So for the fulfilling of this necessary office of the Church, she must herself be pure and clear. Only by the concentrated light of her own uprightness and purity can she make the wickedness outside to stand out, be ashamed, and shrink away. Recent events have furnished us with a pointed illustration of this fact. Men, in their benevolence, have shown a readiness to lighten the sufferings caused by the failures of the banks. For Scotland, more especially, a lottery was proposed. Now, lotteries are essentially bad, whether the prize be a twelfth-cake or a thousand pounds. They are wrong in principle, and in the desires to which they appeal, and hurtful to those who take part in them. They are condemned both by the spirit of the Christian religion, and by English law. Against this lottery in question some of the nobler sons of Scotland lifted up their voice. But, feeling that they who would reprove darkness must have their own light clear, an appeal was made to the governing body of the church, to discountenance lotteries of every description at bazaars held in connection with their places of worship. More pointedly still, an advocate of the lottery scheme confidently appealed to those Christians who had profited so largely by raffling and other kindred practices, in helping off their Church debts, on the ground that what had been so freely resorted to in their own case could not consistently be denied to others. Each by a different path arrives at the same point—that for the Church of Christ to purify the world, she must herself be pure. To remove the mote that is in the eye of another, requires that there shall be no beam in our own. And mighty indeed would be the Church's power to reprove and make manifest the evil deeds of others if she herself dwelt and walked in the light.

(3) *Light is also for guidance*:—like the lantern in the lighthouse tower, flashing its light across the treacherous sea; like the light set in the window to throw its kindly beams across moor and fell. A mother had her daughter decoyed away from her home. The girl was gone, she knew not where. But she never fastened the cottage door, and always set a light in the window the night through to guide her child, if perchance she should seek her home. Such is to be the action of the Lord's church upon the earth. Her sons and daughters are straying out upon the waste and the wild. Unceasingly should the lamp be set in the window to attract the eye and guide to the open door. From the hill-top on which the city is set should the light go forth across the waste, that wanderers may see it and come and seek in it their home.

But here again, how can the Church give light, unless she is light? and how can she be light, unless her lamps are kept filled and trimmed, and she, like the lamp of the moon, moves ever in the

in this country. Perhaps in an evening sometimes a sister has tea to make for 20 or 30 people. Sister Grant has the care of all the linen, &c., constantly, so that she is of considerable use to the Mission, though she has no husband, and cannot talk to the native women. Sister M.'s labour for the Mission is the greatest.

THURS., JULY 15TH.—Yesterday Dr. Ryland's letter to Bro. C., dated Jan., 1800, arrived by the way of Madras [two years and six months], like two or three others just received, and cost a rupee and a half. One for me cost three rupees, being double. If letters come direct to Bengal, they cost a few pence only. By this letter we perceive that Chamberlain is most likely on his way to us. We hope another brother, as well as sister, accompany him.

MON., JULY 19TH.—There are many heavy burdens in the Mission; without grace to support us according to our day we should sink. This day the Danish flag has been hoisted, and we are again under the Danes. It has been in the hands of the English since May 8th, 1801.

FRID., JULY 30TH.—Sister M. very ill. My spirits rather depressed about her, both on her account and on account of the Mission, lest nobody should be willing to come to fill up our places when we die.

. THURS., AUG. 19TH.—This morning we got the box from England. Only one Evangelical Mag. and *one* Missionary!! No Periodical Accounts, no Baptist Registers, though some books have dates on them so late as Feb. 12, 1802. Not one letter!!!!

LORD'S DAY, SEPT. 5TH.—This day at noon Mr. Rolt was baptized at the tank, there being too much water in the river on account of the rains. It is a pleasing sight to see a baptizing in the tank, which has steps to go down into it; and adjoining the steps is an alcove covered with running plants and seats. Under the trees, on the brink of this fine piece of water, are natives, spectators of the ceremony. I enjoyed the baptizing a good deal. Bro. M. and Mr. Rolt are very intimate, and I hope Bro. M. has been useful to him. Mr. D. sat down with us at the ordinance. We had many scruples about him; we consulted Mr. Forsyth, who lived a good while at his house. He thinks Mr. D. a repentant backslider. We talked to Mr. D. before we consented, on sanctifying the Lord's Day, on the necessity of family religion, and on avoiding passion. God is adding one and another to us, so that I think 22 persons sat down to the Lord's Supper to-day, and three were absent,—Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Powell, and Gokol, who is still suspended.

THURS., SEPT. 16TH.—This day we have received the most afflictive intelligence; no less than that of the murder of Samdas, at a place near Chinsurah, about 14 miles from hence. Gokol affirmed that if Sam was not raised from the dead, the whole Gospel was false. He seems to have infused this notion into young Petumber also.

FRID., SEPT. 17TH.—Yesterday evening, young Petumber quarrelled with and

beat his wife, and raised the neighbourhood. It seems that he and Gokol went to some place at Chinsurah, and tried to raise Sam from the dead, while we were there examining evidence. This evening at the Church-meeting Petumber's fault was solemnly inquired into, and much serious talk was had with him.

THURS., SEPT. 23RD.—This morning I went down to Calcutta, and took with me a "Sketch of the Progress of the Gospel throughout the World," a small thing of 12 pages, which we have printed to give away amongst those who profess the Gospel here, that we may, if possible, warm their hearts and set them a-praying. I had some sweet conversation with good old Mr. Obeck and with Mr. Cunningham, with whom I dined. Mr. Martin (Henry Martyn) was also present. Sister Rolt, as she was riding in her *palanquin* the other day, received a note by the hands of a gentleman's servant, the writer of which offers to take her as his mistress, provide for her, and shortly take her to Europe, if she will abandon Mr. Rolt. Many people have died at Calcutta lately. I think Dexter says he has furnished 20 or more funerals in a month; yet we have been blessed with good health. Mr. Moon, the usher in our school, has left us, so that Bro. M. has the whole school falling on him again. If we had a clever brother, who would be content to take pot-luck with us as an usher, Bro. M., who has an active turn, and loves to itinerate, would be greatly relieved.

FRI., OCT. 1ST.—This morning Bro. C. brought up 1,439 rupees from Mr. Cunningham, as a present to our Bengali school.

LORD'S DAY, OCT. 3RD.—This day I spent as a day of fasting and prayer, on account of the state of my own soul, the state of our Church, and with a view to my expected journey, as well as to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Before the ordinance Gokol was excluded.

WED., OCT. 20TH.—My birthday. . I find very great unfitness for my work, or for any work which requires much of the life of godliness. Upon the whole, we cannot but say that the work goes on; but our preaching hitherto is not attended with the demonstration or power of the Spirit. May God own His work. Vain is the arm and help of man. The depravity and base principles we have to contend with, and the conduct of one or two of the baptized, is more difficult to bear than the death of so many of our friends.

MON., NOV. 13TH.—I am ready to doubt whether Europeans will ever be extensively useful in converting souls by preaching in this country. God can do all things. Paul could become a Jew to win Jews, and a Gentile to win Gentiles; but, however needful, we cannot become Hindoos to win them, or Mussulmans to win Mussulmans. We are very happy in our family, enjoying uninterrupted harmony and love. Our temporal wants are well supplied. We should be glad of another helper or two; but above all, we need the Spirit of the living God to breathe on these dry bones. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence. Oh, now for one great effort of prayer by every praying soul on earth, that this kingdom may be taken for the Hindoos by force! The Hindoos represent prayer in

which all the powers are absorbed for thousands of years together, as overcoming their gods themselves.

FRI., NOV. 26TH.—Bro. Carey brought with him from Calcutta 1,000 rupees, which a Capt. Sandys has presented to the Mission. He has been lately wrought upon through the death of his wife, and is about to go to England.

MOND., DEC. 6TH.—This day a man came from Culna, having heard that we gave 1,000 rupees and a mistress to those who would lose caste. He is of the writer caste. We have been talking to him, and so has Koomol. Whether better desires will be born in his mind we cannot tell. God can call him, even on his way to Damascus.

LORD'S DAY, DEC. 12TH.—We have lately printed 1,000 of Dr. Doddridge's sermon on the "Care of the Soul," by way of address to the professors of Christianity in India.

FRI., DEC. 17TH.—Bro. Carey brings word from Calcutta that Mr. Buchannan has a strong desire to get the Bible translated into Hindostanee and Persian. When Mr. Buchannan mentioned it to the Governor-General he said he could not, as Governor, patronise it, but he would be a friend to it as much as he could.

FRI., DEC. 24TH.—Bro. C. says that Mr. Brown called upon him this week, and in conversation expressed a deal of concern for perpetuating the Gospel at Calcutta, and said he rather wondered we had not a place of worship at Calcutta. Brother C. said we had very much wished for such a thing, but we were afraid of offending Government. He asked who gave us that fear. Bro. C. said he did not know, but we certainly had it. Mr. B. thought it was not our duty to think of such a thing. He said Government was bound to protect the Christian religion. Mr. Buchannan, he said, wondered that we did not begin a place of worship. Mr. Brown pointed out a spot where he thought it would be advisable to build a meeting-house. It is near the shipping, among which are many European sailors, who would most likely come to hear. It is also among European houses, but on the borders of the native town. It would, therefore, accommodate sailors, Europeans, and the natives. Bro. C. afterwards talked the matter over with Mr. Rolt, who confessed that the spot which Mr. Brown mentioned was exactly right. They calculated. Mr. Rolt promised all his trouble for nothing. He would be the very person to superintend the building. He supposes the expense will not be less than 10 or 20,000 rupees. In order that the Gospel may be perpetuated at Calcutta, it is now said that the Presidency Church will be given to the Presbyterians, and that the Marquis has it in contemplation to lay the first stone of a new large Presidency Church before he leaves this country.

MON., DEC. 27TH.—This morning we had a meeting to seek counsel of God, and to consult about building a place at Calcutta.

FRI., DEC. 31ST.—Brethn. C. and M. consulted with Mr. Brown and Mr. Buchannan about a place of worship. They advise us to take a house, and not to fear anything about Government. If Government should interfere, they will then

come forward and explain for us. But all fear, they say, is groundless. Bro. M. sought out a house very diligently, and found one in a good situation. The man asks 120 rupees a month for it. This evening we have talked much on the subject.

1803. SAT., JAN. 1ST.—Capt. Sandys went down again to Calcutta; Bro. M. went with him to take the house which we resolved upon, trusting in God to see us through the expense, which we suppose at first will fall principally upon us.

LORD'S DAY, JAN. 23RD.—This day Brethren Carey and Marshman opened the house at Calcutta, but except two or three religious friends, nobody attended. We have chosen those times when there is no service at church.

MON., JAN. 24TH.—This forenoon we were filled with astonishment and joy by receiving a letter from the supercargo of Monticello, informing us that Bro. and Sister Chamberlain had arrived near Calcutta, by the way of America. Not a line from England respecting their departure thence!

WED., JAN. 26TH.—This morning I went down, and about noon met the ship. I was much rejoiced at meeting with Bro. and Sister C. We came up to Calcutta, and joined Bro. Carey. We have no longer any dread of Calcutta. Letters from America refreshed us, and I was exceedingly rejoiced to hear of the conversion of Wm. Wickes. We went on to Bro. and Sister Rolt's. As the tide did not serve, we stayed all night at Calcutta, where was a grand illumination on account of the Peace.

THURS., JAN. 27TH.—This morning we arrived at Serampore before the family were up. It was an hour of joy. In the evening we went to Creeshnoo's. I catechised the children, and we sang 3 hymns in Bengalee. Bro. Chamberlain joined us in "Dya Mora." Our friends made inquiries whether our new brother and sister had left father, mother, brothers, or sisters. Again and again the tears came into Brother and Sister C.'s eyes during the singing and conversation. Joymoni said, "They cannot talk our language, but we see that all our hearts are one. We are united in the death of Christ."

LORD'S DAY, MAY 22ND.—Rev. Mr. Brown was a hearer with us to-day. He has bought a house, and lives here. Bro. C. preached.

TUES., MAY 24TH.—It is a sad thing to have our children surrounded with servants whose every breath smells of sin. Ah! the hardest work of a Missionary does not consist of his travels in an inhospitable climate.

LORD'S DAY, AUG. 21ST.—Bro. C.'s employment in the College is a great blessing, as it has greatly improved his Bengalee, and gives him the assistance of the best pundits in the country.

MON., SEPT. 12TH.—We are building an addition to our printing office. We have 14 compositors, 3 pressmen, and 5 bookbinders.

FRI., SEPT. 16TH.—Bro. Carey has paid to Mr. Udney this week 3,441 rupees 5 annas, the amount of the debt, with 12 per cent. interest, incurred in trying to begin a small indigo work at Kidderpore, which was to have been the seat of the Mission, had we not come to Serampore. We had hopes that Mr. Udney would

have given this sum to the Mission, or at least the interest ; but——'twas well we had it——and 'tis well we have it not to pay.

WED., SEPT. 28TH.—Every conversation that I have with the natives makes me perceive more and more at what a distance these immense multitudes of immortals are from embracing the truth as it is in Jesus. Their prejudices, habits, caste, aversion to English manners and people, and ignorance of the religion of nature and conscience, prove that God only can make them put on the profession of Christ in sincerity. Yet still the work seems nearer than ever. Who can despair ? “God’s eternal thought moves on,” and miracles have been performed already.

MON., OCT. 10TH.—I was very sorry that, though our two native brethren went up twice to Mr. E.’s, yet they got nothing to eat. It is not merely Hindoos who are bound by the chain of caste. I was afraid this circumstance would hurt the minds of our brethren. Having left their own countrymen to form a communion with foreigners, it seems a cruel thing that persons who profess to wish to gather them as one family in Christ should refuse them an occasional place at their table, or a little food. Though they said nothing, I know they felt it.

THURS., OCT. 20TH.—My birthday. I am frightened, not because I am growing older, but that, after so many years of culture, I should exhibit so many marks of the barren fig-tree. I can scarcely expect anything this year but the order, “Cut it down ; why cumbereth it the ground ?” Oh, how wonderful Divine patience and forbearance ! Grace surely could not be more conspicuous in the conversion and salvation of Paul than it is in my preservation. But, perhaps, the stroke is only suspended, and is not the less certain on account of any present delay.

1804. SAT., JAN. 14TH.—Letters have been received this week, from America, from Capt. Hague and Rev. Mr. Williams. Oh ! if Kettering, &c., had been in America, how much more regularly we should hear from our friends.

TUES., JAN. 31ST.—This evening Jonathan Carey, running in the garden, broke his thigh. I sent to the Danish doctor, who soon arrived and set it. On Lord’s Day Bro. Carey had a letter from Calcutta, acquainting him that he would be Moderator at the examination of the students next week, and that, in consequence, he would have to make a speech in Sanscrit. As he has never tried to talk Sanscrit, he is a little frightened about it.

TUES., FEB. 14TH.—We have been trying lately to mix lead and antimony, to make metal for printing-type. I hope we may succeed, which will be a saving. We are also trying to get a man who can make paper, that we may make our own paper.

THURS., FEB. 16TH.—My fever stronger to-day. I had none yesterday. I have taken an emetic and a dose of calomel, and to-morrow I mean to take an ounce of bark, as it is not my fever day.

SAT., FEB. 25TH.—Sister M., who had at first 3 rupees out of the monthly

schooling of each young lady, some time ago had it reduced to 2, and now she requests that it may be reduced to one.

FRI., MARCH 9TH.—Bro. C. is not able to come up this evening, having been invited, with many others, to sup with the Governor-General. There is also to be an illumination in celebration of the peace with the Mahrattas.

MON., MAR. 26TH.—As I and Bro. C. have been expending our private property in providing for new clothes and other expenses (Bro. M. must have done so had not Sister M. had an allowance), we have agreed to raise the allowance of 8 rupees per month to 10.

LORD'S DAY, JUNE 17TH.—I was too late at Calcutta to-day to preach at $\frac{1}{2}$ -past twelve. We were from 7 till after 4 in getting down by boat on account of the wind and tide being contrary. Oh! it's hard labour to preach to 8 or 10 persons only, and that constantly.

SAT., AUG. 25TH.—This evening we sat up till late to determine what we can do about providing support for our new brethren and sisters coming out. We resolved upon proposing to join Bro. Fernandez in business; to propose to him, also, the joint purchase of the chintz manufactory next door to us; and we talked of beginning at a future time the printing business at Calcutta, through Felix, and one of our new brethren perhaps.

LORD'S DAY, DEC. 16TH.—I was at Calcutta. Attendance middling. At the Bengalee preaching between 50 and 60. Mr. Brown preached an excellent sermon at night, at the Mission church. He introduced an account of the happy death of a young lady of Calcutta, who died last week. Some little time ago a Mrs. Smith died at Calcutta, to whom Mr. Burney, a son of Dr. Burney the musician, had been useful. It is remarkable that this Mr. Burney is one of the fruits of Bro. Thomas's ministry in this country. He is an excellent man.

1805. LORD'S DAY, FEB. 10TH.—Bro. Carey being detained till late last night to dine with the Governor-General, he stayed to preach at Calcutta. The Governor very graciously stopped and conversed with Bro. Carey for 5 minutes or thereabouts, as he was walking with Mr. Brown in the levée-room. He asked how we were going on, thanked brother Carey for his Sanscrit speech, and said he would rather have the testimony of a person like him respecting the college than the applauses of a Parliament.

SAT., FEB. 16TH.—Bro. Carey has brought word that the college will be at the expense of providing men from Macao who know Chinese and Latin, if any one of our family will begin to learn and superintend a translation of the Scriptures into the Chinese language. Bro. Marshman, I suppose, will embrace the opportunity.

THURS., FEB. 21ST.—Our brethren, Moore and Rowe, are arrived at Calcutta in health and safety. They were so near a French frigate, betwixt here and Madras, that they heard the firing of the guns in an engagement betwixt the Frenchman and an English frigate.

MOND., FEB. 25TH.—I stayed at Calcutta and bought a new hat. It cost 24 rupees, viz., £2 10s.

WED., MAR. 27TH.—This day we have bought the premises on our right hand, adjoining us, at 14,200 rupees. There are many buildings upon the ground, which is walled round. It was a chintz dyeing manufactory. At the front of river is a very large building, occupied as a warehouse.

THURS., AP. 11TH.—We have let the warehouse belonging to our new purchase for 110 rupees a month. Mr. —, one of the missionaries at Madras, refuses to see the brethren lately gone there from the London Society. He is a covetous cumberer of the ground, and a scandal to the name of a missionary. He is jealous of them.

FRI., MAY 31ST.—This evening, at the church meeting, Brethren and Sisters Mardon and Biss were received into the church by dismission from the church at Plymouth. At this meeting it was unanimously resolved:—"That this church would permit to occasional communion those persons of known piety who should request it, though in our opinion they were unbaptized. Such persons must give timely notice of their wish, and must be approved of by the church." They would only be permitted to sit down to the Lord's Supper, without having anything to do with the affairs of the church. This alteration of church rules has not been effected by my arguments (though I should think it an honour if it had). Mr. and Mrs. Brown seem to have set Bro. Marshman a-thinking upon it, and Bro. Marshman converted Bro. Carey, and our new brethren have gone into it cheerfully. All our sisters seem to have been previously on the amiable side of the question. I rejoice that the first Christian church in Bengal has shaken off that apparent moroseness of temper which has so long made Baptists appear unlovely in the Christian world. I am glad that this Church considers real religion alone as the ground of admission to the Lord's Table. With respect to a church state, a stricter union may be required; but to partake of the Lord's Supper worthily, it requires only that a man's heart be right with God.

AN EPISODE IN JOHN BUNYAN'S LIFE.

EXTRACTED FROM "THE SINGULAR EXPERIENCE AND GREAT SUFFERINGS OF MRS. AGNES BEAUMONT, WHO WAS BORN AT EDWORTH, IN THE COUNTY OF BEDFORD : AS WRITTEN BY HERSELF."*

SINCE I was first awakened, the Lord has pleased to exercise me with many and great trials ; but, blessed be His gracious name, He hath caused all to work together for my advantage, and given me occasion to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." O how great has the kindness of the Lord been to me in afflictive dispensations ; never leaving me without His teachings and comfortable presence when in the midst of them ! I have often observed, the more trouble I have had, either from within or without, the more I have found of God's presence, when I have been helped to keep close to Him by frequent fervent prayer ; and O, how sweet is His presence to a poor soul when surrounded with sorrows on every side !

About a quarter of a year before the Lord was pleased to remove my father, I had great and frequent enjoyments of God ; and He was pleased to pour out a spirit of grace and of supplication upon me in a very wonderful manner, both day and night. There was scarce a corner in the house, barns, stables, closes, or hedges, where I did not pour out my soul to God. And, sometimes, ere I have risen from my knees, I have been as if in heaven, and as if my very heart would break with joy and consolation, which hath caused floods of tears, with admiration at the love of Christ to such a great sinner as myself. I have frequently wept and cried for joy ; at which times, some who saw me would say, "Why do you grieve so, Agnes ? Are you minded to kill yourself with sorrow ?"—when indeed mine were tears of joy and not of grief, flowing from a sense of the love of Christ to my soul. Before the Lord brought this approaching trial, I had many scriptures to show me I had some difficulty to meet with, at which I thought sometimes my heart would sink ; but presently I had one promise or another to bear me up. I concluded I had some hard thing to meet with, from the following words which frequently darted into my mind :

* We are indebted to the interesting and now scarce volume by Rev. Samuel James, of Hitchin, from which Mr. Trestrail culled the history of Laurence Spooner in our March issue, for this touching story of Agnes Beaumont. Our readers have to thank Mr. Jeeves, of Hitchin, a descendant of Mr. James, for enabling us to transfer it to the pages of this Magazine. It is an interesting chapter of Christian experience, and a valuable contribution to our too scanty knowledge of the Glorious Dreamer.—
EDITOR.

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble ; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."

I often said to my sister Pruden, "I have something coming upon me, but I know not what it will be." I had also many dreams, some of which I believe were from God. Soon after one of these dreams, there was a church meeting at Gamlingay, about a week before which I was much in prayer, especially for two things—the one that the Lord would incline the heart of my father to let me go, which he sometimes refused ; and in those days it was like death to me to be kept from such a meeting. I have found by experience that to pray hard was the most successful method of obtaining my father's consent ; for when I have not thus prayed, I have found it very difficult to prevail. The other request was that the Lord would go with me, and that I might enjoy His presence there at His table—that, as in many times past, it might be a sealing ordinance to my soul, and that I might have such a sight of a bleeding and dying Saviour as might melt my heart, and enlarge it in love to His name.

The Lord was pleased to grant me my requests. Upon asking my father, the day before, he seemed unwilling at first ; but pleading with him and telling him that I would do all my work in the morning, before I went out, and return home at night, I gained his consent. Friday being come, I prepared everything ready to set out. My father inquired who carried me. I told him I thought Mr. Wilson, of Hitchin, as he had told my brother, the Tuesday before, he should call. I went to my brother's and waited, expecting to meet Mr. Wilson ; but he not coming, it cut me to the heart, and fearing I should not go, I burst into tears, for my brother had told me that his horses were all at work, and that he could not spare one more than what he and my sister were to ride on ; and, it being the depth of winter, I could not walk thither.

Now I was afraid that all my prayers on this account were lost ; my way seemed to be hedged up with thorns. At last, quite unexpectedly, came Mr. Bunyan. The sight of him caused a mixture both of joy and grief. I was glad to see him, but afraid he would not be willing to take me up behind him, and how to ask him I knew not. At length I desired my brother to do it, which he did. But Mr. Bunyan answered, with some degree of roughness, "No, I will not carry her." These words were cutting indeed, and made me weep bitterly. My brother said, "Sir, if you do not carry her, you will break her heart ;" but he made the same reply, adding, "Your father would be grievously angry if I should." "I will assure that," said I. And thus, with much entreaty, he was prevailed upon, and O ! how glad I was to think I was going.

When after we set out, my father came to my brother's, and asked his whom his daughter rode behind. They said, "Mr. Bunyan." Upon

hearing this, his anger was greatly inflamed ; he ran down the close, thinking to overtake me and pull me off the horse, but we were gone out of his reach.

I had not ridden far before my heart began to be lifted up with pride at the thoughts of riding behind the servant of the Lord, and was pleased if any looked after us as we rode along. Indeed, I thought myself very happy that day ; first, that it pleased God to make way for my going, and then, that I should have the honour to ride behind Mr. Bunyan, who would sometimes be speaking to me about the things of God. My pride soon had a fall, for, in entering Gamlingay, we were met by one Mr. Lane, a clergyman, who lived at Bedford, and knew us both, and spoke to us, but looked very hard at us as we rode along, and soon after raised a vile scandal upon us, though, blessed be God, it was false.

The meeting began not long after we got thither ; and the Lord made it a sweet season to my soul indeed. O ! it was a feast of fat things ! I sat under His shadow with great delight. When at the Lord's Table, I found such a return of prayer that I was scarcely able to bear up under it. I was, as it were, carried up to heaven, and had such a sight of the Saviour as even broke my heart in pieces. O ! how I then longed to be with Christ ! How willingly would I have died in my place, and gone immediately to glory ! A sense of my sins and of His dying love made me love Him and long to be with Him. I have often thought of His goodness, in His remarkable visit to my soul that day ; but He knew the temptations that I was to meet with the very same night and a few days after.

The meeting being ended, I began to think how I should get home, for Mr. Bunyan was not to go by Edworth ; and having promised to return that night, I was filled with many fears lest I should break my word. I inquired of several persons if they went my way, but no one could assist me except a young woman who lived about half a mile on this side of my father's house. As the road was very dirty and deep, it being the depth of winter, I was afraid to venture behind her ; but at last I did, and she set me down at sister Pruden's gate, from whence I hastened through the dirt, having no pattens, hoping to be at home before my father was in bed. But on coming to the door I found it locked, with the key in it ; and, seeing no light, my heart began to sink, for I perceived what I was like to meet with. At other times my father would take the key with him, and give it me from the window. However, I called to him, and he answered, " Who is there ? " To which I said, " It is I, father, come home wet and dirty ; pray let me in. " He replied, " Where you have been all day, you may go at night ; " and with many such sayings, he discovered great anger because of my riding behind Mr. Bunyan, declaring that I should never come within his doors any more unless I would promise never to go after that man

again. I stood at the chamber window pleading to be let in. I begged, I cried, but all in vain ; for instead of yielding to my importunity, he bid me begone from the window, or else he would rise and put me out of the yard. I then stood silent awhile, and that thought pierced my mind, how if I should come at last when the door is shut, and Christ should say to me, "Depart from Me, I know you not."

At length, seeing my father refused to let me in, it was put into my heart to spend that night in prayer. I could, indeed, have gone to my brother's, who lived about a quarter of a mile off, and where I might have had a good supper and a warm bed. No, thought I, into the barn I will go, and cry to Heaven that Jesus Christ would not shut me out at the last day, and that I may have some fresh discoveries of His love to my soul. I did so, and, though naturally of a timorous temper—and many frightful things presented themselves to my mind, as that I might be murdered before morning, or catch my death with cold, yet one Scripture after another gave me encouragement—such as, "Pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly," and "Call upon Me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not,"—and with many such good words was I comforted.

Being thus in the barn, and a very dark night, I was again assaulted by Satan ; but having received strength from the Lord and His Word, I spake out (as I remember), saying, "Satan, my Father hath thee in a chain ; thou canst not hurt me." I then returned to the Throne of Grace ; and, indeed, it was a blessed night to my soul—a night to be remembered to the end of my life, and I hope I never shall forget it ; it was surely a night of prayer—yea, and of praise, too, when the Lord was pleased to keep all fears from my heart. Surely He was with me in a wonderful manner ! O ! the heart-ravishing visits He gave me, and the spirit of faith which He poured out upon me ! It froze very hard that night, but I felt no cold, although the dirt was frozen on my shoes in the morning.

Whilst thus most delightfully engaged, that Scripture came with mighty power on my mind—"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you." The word "Beloved" made such melody in my heart as is not to be expressed, but the rest of the words concerning "the fiery trial" occasioned some dread, yet still that first word—"Beloved"—sounded louder than all the rest, and was much in my mind the whole night afterward.

When the morning appeared, I peeped through the cracks of the barn to watch my father's opening the door. Presently he came out and locked it after him, which, I thought, looked very dark, apprehending from hence

he was resolved I should not go in, but still that word "Beloved" sounded in my heart. He soon came into the barn with a fork in his hand, and, seeing me in riding-dress, made a stand, when I thus addressed him : " Good morning, father ; I have had a cold night's lodging here, but God has been good to me, else I should have had a worse." He said it was no matter. I prayed him to let me go in, saying, " I hope, father, you are not angry with me," and kept following him about the yard as he went to fodder the cows. Notwithstanding this he would not regard me, but the more I entreated him the more his anger rose against me, declaring that I should never enter his house again unless I would promise not to go to a meeting again as long as he lived. I replied, " Father, my soul is of too much worth to do this. Can you in my stead answer for me at the Great Day ? If so, I will obey you in this demand as I do in all other things." Yet I could not prevail.

At last some of my brother's men came into the yard, and, seeing my case, at their return reported that their old master had shut Agnes out of doors. Upon hearing this my brother was greatly concerned, and came to my father and endeavoured to prevail with him to be reconciled. But he grew more angry with him than with me, and at last would not hear him, on which my brother said, " Go home with me, sister, you will catch your death with cold." But I refused, still hoping to be more successful in a further application. I, therefore, continued following my father about the yard, taking hold of his arm and crying and hanging about him, saying, " Pray, father, let me go in." I have since wondered how I durst be so bold, my father being of a hasty temper, insomuch that his anger has often made me glad to get out of his sight, though, when his passion was over, few exceeded him in good nature. Seeing I could not prevail I went and sat down at the door, and at length began to be faint and cold, it being a very sharp morning. I was also grieved for being the occasion of keeping my father in the cold so long ; for he kept walking about the yard, and I saw he would not go into the house while I was there. I therefore went to my brother's, and obtained some refreshment and warmth. Then I retired and poured out my soul to God, who was pleased to continue on me a spirit of grace and supplication, and forsook me not in this day of great trouble.

About noon, it being Saturday, I asked my sister to go with me to my father's, which she readily did, and, finding him in the house and the door locked, we went to the window. My sister said, " Now, father, I hope your anger is over, and you will let my sister in," entreating him to be reconciled, while I burst out with many tears to see him so angry. I do not think fit to mention all he said, but, among other things, he protested that he would not give me one penny so long as he lived—no, nor when he died neither—

but that he would sooner leave his substance to a stranger than to me. Perceiving that my sister's strong pleadings were vain, I desired my father to give me my Bible and pattens, if he would not please to let me in; which he also refused, saying that he was resolved I should not have a penny nor a penny's-worth as long as he lived, nor at his death. On this I went home with my sister, bitterly weeping, and withdrew into her chamber, where the Lord gave hopes of a better inheritance. O! now I was willing to go to service, and to be stripped of all for Christ. I saw that I had a better portion than that of silver and gold, and was enabled to believe I should never want.

My inclination, towards night, was to go to my father once more, and, since he was so very angry both with my brother and sister, I concluded to go alone. Upon coming to the door I found it partly open, and, the key being on the outside and my father within, I pushed the door gently and was about to enter, which he perceiving, ran hastily to shut it, and had I not instantly withdrawn, one of my legs had been between the door and the threshold. I would not be so uncivil to my father as to lock him into his own house; however, having this opportunity, I took the key, intending, when he was gone out, to venture in, and lie at his mercy. After a while he came and looked behind the house, and, seeing me standing in a narrow passage between the house and the pond, he took me by the arm, saying, "Hussey! give me the key quietly, or else I will throw you into the pond." I immediately resigned it, with silence and sadness.

It appeared in vain to contend. I went down the closes to a wood-side, with sighs and groans and a heart full of sorrow, when these Scriptures came into my mind, "Call upon Me, and I will answer thee; and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open to their cry." And that was a wonderful word at this time, "In all their afflictions He was afflicted." This was Saturday night. The next morning, I said to my brother, "Let us call on my father as we go to the meeting," but, upon his telling me this would but further provoke him, we forebore. As we went along he said, "Sister, you are now brought upon the stage to act for Christ; I pray God help you to bear your testimony for Him; I would by no means have you to consent to my father's terms." "No, brother," I replied, "I would sooner beg my bread from door to door." While I sat at meeting my mind was hurried, as no wonder, considering my case; but, service being ended, I called on my father, and he said if I would promise never to go to a meeting as long as he lived, I should then go into the house, and he would provide for me as his own child; if not, I should never have a farthing from him. "Father," said I, "my soul is of more worth than so, I dare not make you such a promise." He replied, "What do

you say? If you now refuse to comply you shall never be offered it more, and I am determined that you shall never come within my doors again as long as you live." Being thus urged, at last I answered, "Well, father, I will promise you I will never go to a meeting again, as long as you live, without your consent." Hereupon he gave me the key, and I went into the house.

But, O! soon after I had entered the door, that awful scripture was brought to my mind, "Whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in Heaven." O! thought I, what will become of me? What have I done this night? I was so filled with terror that I was going to run out of the house again, but I thought this would not alter what I had done. Now, alas! all my comforts were gone, and in their room nothing but grief and rendings of conscience. In this instance, I saw that all my resolutions had come to nothing. This was Lord's-day night, and a black night it was to me.

On Monday morning came my brother, and his first salutation was—"O, sister, what have you done? What do you say to this: 'He that denies Me before men, him will I deny before My Father'?" This cut me to the heart, but I said little; and my father coming in, he went away. This day I went into every corner of the house and yard, crying as if my heart would break; and, though several promises came into my mind, I durst not take courage from any. When my father came in, I withdrew into the barn to pray and give vent to my sorrow; when, as I stood sighing and crying, "Lord, what shall I do?" these words surprised me—"There shall be a way to escape, that you may be able to bear it." Lord! thought I, what way wilt Thou make for my escape? Wilt Thou make my father willing to let me go to Thine ordinances? If Thou dost, still what a wretch was I thus to deny Christ? I cried earnestly, "Lord, pardon and pity me." In the evening my father asked me what was the matter. I burst into tears, saying, "O! father, I am distressed at the thought of my promise not to go to meeting again without your consent, and fear you will not be willing." He was so moved that he wept like a child, bidding me not let that trouble me, for we should not disagree; at which I was a little comforted, and said, "Pray, father, forgive me, wherein I have been undutiful to you." He then told me, with tears, how much he was troubled for me that night he shut me out of doors, insomuch that he could not sleep, adding, it was my riding behind John Bunyan that made him so angry.

[NOTE BY REV. S. JAMES.—Some evil-minded men of the town, especially Mr. Farry, had set her father against Mr. Bunyan, for in time past he had heard him preach, and had been much melted under the word; he would pray and frequently go to the meeting. Yea, and when his daughter was first under spiritual concern

he had very great awakenings himself, and would say to some of the neighbours, "My daughter can scarce eat, drink, or sleep, and I have lived these threescore years and have scarce ever thought of my soul." He would then hear the word with many tears, and pray in secret, but Mr. Farry would again persuade him against the Dissenters—representing them as hypocrites.]

(To be continued.)

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

MR. BRIGHT ON THE BEACONSFIELD ADMINISTRATION.

THE wise and weighty words in which Mr. Bright summed up his indictment of the present Government, at the meeting of his constituents in Birmingham, deserve to be repeated wherever a dozen Englishmen meet, and to be perpetuated in every historical record of the present period. "They have played, in my view, falsely, both with Parliament and with the country. They have wasted, and are now wasting, the blood and treasure of our people. They have tarnished the mild reign of the Queen by needless war and slaughter on two continents, and by the menace of needless war in Europe; they have soiled the fair name of England by subjecting and handing over the population of a province which had been freed by Russia through war and treaty, to the cruel and odious government of the Turk. And beyond this, they have shown, in my view, during an interval of five years, through which they have been in possession of office and of power, that they are imbecile at home and turbulent and wicked abroad."

IMMORAL ADVERTISEMENTS IN RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

It is well known to all who have any experience in the conduct of periodical publications, that great vigilance is necessary on the part of their managers to avoid the host of adventurers and impostors who trade upon the public by means of advertisements. The utmost vigilance will not, however, always succeed in eluding the ingenious and persistent attempts to break down the barriers by means of which all high-class journalists endeavour to exclude from their columns that which is palpably false and viciously deceptive. For the most part the publishers of our serial literature are commendably successful in the exclusion of the offensive announcements to which our remarks refer. It is, however, manifest from some files of religious newspapers now before us, that a far more rigid law of selection in reference to advertisements is indispensable in some of the papers circulating in

Christian families, and accredited as representative of Christian men. In the columns of one of these papers the reader is offered, for *half-a-crown*, "A splendid single-stone diamond ring, selected Paris brilliant of great lustre, claw-setting, 18 carat, gold cased mount equal to one costing twenty guineas."

On another page of the same journal, "A beautiful graduated curb Albert, &c., every link stamped 18 carat, and beautifully finished, together with gold plated studs, black studs, and a very superior Cameo scarf-pin," are all included, together with postage and registration, for two shillings and eightpence.

Gold pencil-cases for eighteenpence are of frequent appearance among the self-denying contributions of these martyrs to the public good. In one instance, indeed, the value of the offering is enhanced by the consideration that the vendor is the son of a Baptist minister, though certainly such a definition as *vendor* ought not to be applied to the philanthropic phenomenon who parts with gold pencil-cases at the rate of eighteenpence each. *Verbum sap. sat.* We hope no longer to see, side by side with the sermons of our most eminent preachers and the details of Christian work throughout the world, these lying wonders. "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?"

OUR RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES.

It is a pleasant change to turn from the contemplation of political affairs to the more precious interests of the kingdom of Christ in our world, and to anticipate the gathering of our friends from all parts of the country to the annual meetings of our various Missionary societies. In the days of our childhood these anniversaries, in our own denomination, were held in mid-June, and at that time all the educational institutions of the country then kept holiday. This is one reason why such assemblies were then more numerously attended than is oftentimes now the case. Another advantage attached to this later period of holding the meetings was, that persons in advanced life or in delicate health had rarely to encounter, as the frequenters of our meetings have now, the sharp easterly winds of April and May; and for this reason, also, many were present who, from similar classes of the community, are now excluded.

We fear that some, if not all, of our societies will have to report deficiencies of income consequent upon the commercial depression of the past year. No section of the community, no region of the country, has altogether escaped the prevailing restriction of trade. Should disappointment and difficulty present themselves from this source, the consciousness of increased trust in the living God may become a greater source of prosperity than the most flourishing of balance-sheets. May His all-sufficient grace and love rest richly on all our

assemblies, and bless them to the welfare of many souls and the glory of His own sacred name !

WAYS AND MEANS.

The fortnight which preceded the Chancellor's introduction of his Budget to the House of Commons was a season of remarkable activity in the circles of duty-paying articles of commerce. Adopting the very peculiar language of the markets, we may truthfully say that tea and spirits were frightfully agitated, tobacco was alarmed, and colonial produce generally convulsed by the dread of increased taxation. It is not for us to determine whether or not the deputies of the Finance Minister display their official zeal in the aiding and abetting of such rumours, but they are always rife at the time immediately before the announcement of the Budget. This year a remarkable influx to the revenue was the result of the apprehensions of the dealers in spirits and tea—more than a quarter of a million in excess of the average having been paid in a few days to release tea from bond. It was, however, in due course discovered that only foreign cigars and cocoa paste had fallen under the sentence of increased charge. Much surprise was awakened throughout the country that no special charges were made to meet the war expenditure of the year. These, however, were relegated to more prosperous seasons. It is a curious circumstance in connection with the financial necessities of the administration, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has recently submitted to the railway companies a proposal to commute the passenger duty for a lump sum of ten millions. It is surely a sign of disorganisation either in Sir Stafford Northcote's well-ordered mind or in the fiscal condition of the country, that the time should have come for selling reversions. Let the Church beware ; for ever since Rehoboam bought off Shishak with the golden treasures of the temple, her secular protectors have been prone to seek more than sanctuary in her sacred enclosures.

THE RETURN OF MR. SPURGEON.

Not only has a very hearty and universal expression of "welcome home" greeted our honoured friend from the various sections of the Christian community, but in some directions, whence we should hardly have expected it, there have been utterances of respectful sympathy, which show how deep an interest his name and his welfare awaken in his fellow-countrymen. There is a kindness and a wisdom about the words of the *Lancet*, which are especially generous, as well as seasonable. "Mr. Spurgeon belongs to the nation more than to his denomination ; and we will venture on a little gratuitous advice to him and his friends, at the risk of having it discarded as gratuitous advice is apt to be. If all accounts be true, the worst symptoms in

Mr. Spurgeon's case are those which imply overwork. . . . Few men have worked so hard as he. Let him rest hard, and we venture to hope that he may yet live long to speak in unsurpassed English his message to his countrymen." Our readers, we are assured, will more than ever remember him in their prayers, as myriads of God's people have done during the weary weeks of this protracted winter; but a very practical proof of their sympathy would be the suppression of all solicitations for public service, and of all correspondence not absolutely necessary. Still more efficiently will Mr. Spurgeon's friends remove some of the burden of his multiplied labours by generous support of the public institutions which make so heavy and so constant a demand on his strength. All honour to the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church for their steadfastness and zeal during their loved pastor's absence! Long may he and they glorify God in each other!

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The intelligence has at length arrived of the relief of Ekowe and the liberation of Colonel Pearson and his companions after their long captivity. The night of the 2nd of April appears to have been the time of their rescue, and the loss of our men about thirty. Lord Chelmsford commanded in person. Nearly a thousand of the Zulus were slain. This news is, however, accompanied by the tidings of a severe engagement between Colonel Wood's detachment and the Zulus at Zlobane, in which more than two hundred of our people and more than two thousand of the Zulus were slain. We can but rejoice that the anxious suspense of the country is removed respecting Ekowe, while we deeply deplore the appalling sacrifice of human life. It is sad work that our own countrymen should fall in a cause that can procure no honour to us as a people; and a reproach to us that the lion-hearted savages, our equals in valour, should be butchered more remorselessly than so many cattle.

There is one voice, that of the Bishop of Natal, which raises a vigorous protest against the cruel injustice of the invasion of Zululand. Preaching at Maritzburg on the day appointed for fasting and humiliation, Bishop Colenso is reported as saying:—

I will not prostitute my sacred office by speaking peace to you when there is no peace, by hiding the sins which we are bound to confess, and telling you of faults which are not the real burden that weighs us down. Rather I will not dare to provoke the Most High God with such cowardly delinquency in duty, such base hypocrisy. What colonist doubted that the origin of the war and the disaster was the annexation of the Transvaal, when, as the Boers complained, we came by stealth as a thief in the night and deprived them of their rights? The Nemesis of that act was the Zulu difficulty. With respect to the disputed territory, had we done justly there? We, the dominant power in South

Africa, allowed sixteen years to elapse after the Zulus first complained before we took action. Ten years ago the Zulu King, chiefs, and people solicited the friendly offices of the English to avert war with the Boers on this question, which seemed to them inevitable. They even begged the Government to take over a strip of their territory as a bulwark between themselves and the Boers. Arbitration began, and was fruitless ; and in 1875 the Acting Resident issued a proclamation, annexing the land in question to the Transvaal. At length, in 1877, when a boundary commission was appointed, it found the Zulus to have claimed territory which was justly their own, but the award, which might have been the herald of peace, was converted by the High Commissioner into a declaration of war, and stripped of its value by a reservation of all private rights acquired under the Boer Government.

Where in our invasion of Zululand did we show that we were men who "love mercy"? Did we not, immediately we crossed the border, lay upon the Zulus the terrible scourge of war? Had we not already killed 5,000 human beings and plundered 10,000 head of cattle? We had lost many precious lives ; but were there no griefs, no relatives mourning their dead in Zululand? Had we not heard the wail that had gone up in all parts of the country for those who had bravely and nobly died in repelling the invader and fighting for their King and fatherland? Should we kill 10,000 more to avenge the losses of Isandhlwana? Would that please God, who required of us that we should "do justly" and "love mercy"? Alas! that an English statesman could find no nobler words than to speak of "wiping out this stain," if he really meant that the stain on our name was to be wiped out with the blood of a brave and loyal people. The Zulu King, as was well known, had sued at our hands for peace. It might be for other motives, but he trusted and believed the King was sincere in his expression of grief for the present war, and the slaughter at Isandhlwana. He seemed to have said: "This war is all a dreadful mistake, a horrible nightmare. Is it possible that I am fighting with my English father, with whom I have lived all along in unbroken friendly intercourse, and have no wish whatever to do so? My young men did wrong in crossing at Rorke's Drift. I ordered them not to cross ; and when I struck, I struck only in self-defence ; and as before, in my own and my father's time, so ever since the bloody day, the Zulus have never invaded Natal. As Englishmen, speak the word that no more blood be shed. Let the war be brought to an end, and give me only such terms as I and my people can accept." We were bound to meet the Zulu King when he came with a prayer of peace, to propose for our higher and stronger position such terms as it would be within his power to accept, and having done this to leave the rest to God.

CONGO MISSION VALEDICTORY SERVICE.

THE meeting which was held on the 23rd of April, in the Cannon Street Hotel, to take leave of Mr. Comber and his colleagues, Messrs. Crudgington, Hartland, and Bentley, on the occasion of their departure for West Central Africa, was one of the most enthusiastic of the many public gatherings it has fallen to our lot to attend. The interest awakened in Africa by the miserable war now raging there, may in some measure have contributed to the unusual attendance which overtaxed the capacity of the largest hall in the City of London, and involved the necessity of a double meeting—but the entire tone of the proceedings, and the spirit of the audience, pointed to a far deeper cause, and gave indication of what we trust will prove to be a revival of missionary zeal in our churches. Passing by the admirable addresses of the Treasurer, the Secretary, and other representatives of the London churches, our remarks must be restricted to the members of the mission. Mr. Comber has already won the confidence of the Committee and of the churches by good service rendered at the Cameroons Station, and has attracted considerable attention from the scientific world by his successful expedition to San Salvador and Makutah. Lord Dufferin's commendation of Mr. Comber's pacific exploration, at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, will long be remembered as a seasonable rebuke of the great American traveller Mr. Stanley, who had said of the regions Mr. Comber traversed, it would be impossible for Europeans to travel there without loss of life. Mr. Comber's indomitable energy, great amiability, abundant *savoir faire*, strong faith, and generous self-negation, mark him as a most promising leader of such an expedition. Mr. Comber is a former scholar and teacher of the Sunday-school connected with Dr. Stanford's church at Camberwell. Second only to their zeal in the Master's service is the strong attachment which his companions entertain towards their still youthful senior.

Mr. Crudgington has graduated through the infant class at Westbourne Grove Chapel, the Sunday-school and church at Hampstead, Rawdon College, and at the Leeds Medical School has qualified with honourable success for service as a medical missionary, though he is not less intent than either of his companions in spiritual work. We

significance of the era has not yet been fully sounded, and more than ever is it imperative on all intelligent Christians to familiarise themselves with every aspect of the mighty struggle. Dr. Hagenbach is a learned, eloquent, and trustworthy guide. If his style is not so brilliant as D'Aubigne's, it is more concise and philosophic. He has a broader grasp of mind, a more penetrative insight, a more subtle analysis, and a finer discrimination of character. Of the external progress of the Reformation, and the chief actors in it—Erasmus, Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Zwingli—he has given us a vivid picture. His elucidation of the principles which inspired the movement is especially clear and masterly. The study of such a work in the existing state of our English ecclesiastical life is imperatively demanded. Dr. Hagenbach combines in himself the profound reverence of the Mystics, the fervour of the Reformers, and the culture of the Liberals. He is orthodox without being narrow, decisive but not intolerant, loyal to the Scriptures, yet an advocate of progress. The point on which we most differ from him is in his description of the Anabaptists. He does not seem to us sufficiently to distinguish between the spiritual principle of which their rejection of infant baptism was the outgrowth, and the excesses in other directions in which they unfortunately indulged. These volumes, though complete in themselves, were published as part of a larger work, the whole of which in an English dress would be welcome.

Philippi's Commentary on the Romans has for many years been known to students familiar with German. A translation of it cannot fail to be acceptable. It is princi-

pally an exegetical commentary, and ranks next to Meyer's. Philippi brings to the interpretation of the Greek text a penetrating analytical power, which lays bare every separate element in the Apostle's thought, and traces it to its very roots. His synthesis is equally admirable. He never overlooks the connection in which a verse stands to its context, or fails to regard it as a link in a chain of thought. We have found Vol. I. of this commentary particularly helpful, and Vol. II. is no less satisfactory. There is in the work an earnest evangelical spirit, which we do not always find in German exegetes, and frequently we see a resemblance to Dr. Lightfoot, who is certainly the foremost of our English commentators. We should for some reasons have been glad if Mr. Banks had translated the Latin quotations from Calvin and Bengel, as we are anxious to see the "Foreign Theological Library" studied by laymen as well as ministers, by men who have unhappily forgotten their Latin, and even by those who never had any to forget.

CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL HANDBOOK TO THE GOSPEL OF MATTHEW. Vol. II. CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL HANDBOOK TO THE EPISTLES TO THE CORINTHIANS. Vol. II. By Heinrich August Wilhelm Meyer, Th.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street. 1879.

MEYER's peculiar characteristics as a commentator are so generally known that it is almost superfluous to enumerate them. As an exegete he is simply unrivalled. On this ground he stands alone, and there is not a single critic of note who would be reluctant to yield him the palm. His doctrinal views are not always

satisfactory, and he occasionally surrenders more than he should to the exacting demands of rationalism. But we very rarely consult him in vain. Again and again we have found in him more substantial help towards the interpretation of a difficult clause or verse than we could gather from any other quarter; and while we are by no means insensible to his grave defects, we feel that Messrs. Clark have never rendered to Biblical students a more important service than by their admirable and scholarly translation of Meyer. It is only fair to say also that Meyer's later editions are far less rationalistic than his earlier. He approached more and more closely to the evangelical faith. Witness, *e.g.*, what we can only call his magnificent defence of the objective reality of Christ's Atonement for sin, in his remarks on "Reconciliation," 2 Cor. v. 18—21; or take again his note on Christ's Resurrection, 1 Cor. xv., and his incisive refutation of the impugnors of that event in his remarks on Matt. xxviii.

We regret that he should so frequently have alleged that we have in the Gospels words attributed to Christ which were not spoken by Him, and incidents which are not historically true. But the readers to whom Meyer addressed himself are such as can exercise their own judgment and long for the fullest light. He needs to be read with discrimination and care, and when so read, we venture to say no commentator will be more truly helpful. The publishers intimate that they are to publish four more volumes of the series, thus including all that was written by Dr. Meyer himself. The commentaries on the other books of the New Testament—the Pastoral Epistles of Paul, the Hebrews, the Epistles of James, Peter,

John and Jude, and the Apocalypse—were furnished by scholars whose co-operation Dr. Meyer secured. These will only be published in response to a generally expressed desire. Surely such a desire will be felt by all thoughtful students of Scripture. The work on the Apocalypse, by Dr. Düsterdieck (who belongs to the spiritualistic school), is of great value. The rest we do not know; but their adoption by Meyer is an ample guarantee of their exegetical worth. We trust that the publishers will be encouraged to issue the entire series.

OUTLINES OF THEOLOGY. By Archibald Alexander Hodge, D.D. New Edition, Re-written and Enlarged. London: Thos. Nelson & Sons, Paternoster Row. 1879.

DR. HODGE'S "Outlines of Theology" is a work which happily needs no commendation. It has had a wide circulation both in Great Britain and America; it is used as a text-book in many of our colleges, and has been translated into Welsh and modern Greek. This popularity is on every ground well merited. A more useful book of its kind we do not know. The present edition has been subjected to a thorough revision; several of the old chapters have been re-arranged and several new ones added. The additions are of great value. The sections entitled "A Comparison of Systems" and "Creeds and Confessions" will be especially helpful, as they state in a clear and concise form the salient points of the Socinian, the Arminian, and the Calvinistic theologies, give the text of the ancient creeds—the Apostles', the Nicene, the Athanasian, &c.—and summarize the doctrinal standards of the various churches.

A special feature of this edition is the Catena of quotations appended to each chapter, in which disputed doctrines are discussed, from the principal confessions and creeds as well as from classical theological writers. Doctrines are thus stated in the language of their advocates. In its improved form the work is sure to be still more extensively used. In respect to the comprehensiveness of its range, the fulness and accuracy of its knowledge, the vigour and incisiveness of its thought, and the general lucidity of its style, it is unsurpassed. It is altogether a fine exposition and defence of the theology of the Reformation.

ENTERING ON LIFE. A Book for Young Men. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. Seventh Edition.

THE GREAT AND PRECIOUS PROMISES, or Light from Beyond. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. Third Edition. Strahan & Co., Limited, 34, Paternoster-row, London, 1879.

THE popularity of Dr. Geikie's great work on "The Life and Words of Christ" has created in many minds a desire to know something of his other and earlier writings, and we are glad to find that the publishers have re-issued them in a beautiful and attractive form. The book for Young Men gained on its first appearance a cordial welcome. It was heartily commended by the late Dean Alford as a truly delightful work, and, better than all, it was read by the class for whom it is intended. It has already exerted a considerable influence, and will, we believe, take precedence over all similar books. Dr. Geikie is both an independent and original thinker. The range of his knowledge is surprising. His illustrations are drawn from every conceivable quarter.

His cautions and counsels are wise and weighty, and, as a help to the formation of an intelligent upright Christian character, his book stands in the very foremost rank. It is, moreover, written with such simplicity and grace that it forms delightful reading. The other work, on "The Great and Precious Promises," is of a different character, and is intended rather to be a manual of devotion. It consists of thirty-one short chapters, simple, affectionate, earnest, well calculated to dispel mental and spiritual darkness, to nerve the Christian reader with strength, and to open in his heart a well-spring of joy. It is given to few men to write so well as Dr. Geikie.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT: A Series of Sermons on Temptation, preached in New College Chapel, London. By Rev. Johnson Barker, LL.B. London: W. Kent & Co., Paternoster Row. 1879.

THE title of Mr. Barker's excellent little book should not deter our readers from purchasing it. Anxious that they should avoid whatever is forbidden, we strongly advise them to secure these wise and helpful sermons. The fruit they offer for our acceptance is the reverse of forbidden, and has, in fact, been carefully gathered from the tree of life. The title is somewhat of a misnomer. To have been correct, it should have been thrown into the form made so familiar by the essays of A. K. H. B.—"Concerning Forbidden Fruit." A more searching exposure of the false attractions of that fruit, of the means whereby it excites our desires, and of the evil results which it induces, we could not desire. The whole subject of temptation is discussed with a clear

sense of its gravity, with a deep knowledge of human nature, and with manly robustness of thought and plainness of speech. Mr. Barker is no recluse. His utterances are free from all weakness and exaggeration. They have in them the ring of a pure and healthy nature, and tell of power born of experience. *The Tempter, the Secret of Temptation, the Limits of Temptation, the Purpose of Temptation, the Temptations of Business and of Home, the Helper of the Tempted, with Words of Caution and Council,* are the subjects passed under review. The sermons are published by request of those who heard them. The request was wisely made and no less wisely yielded to, and we cannot doubt that in their published form the sermons will be widely appreciated.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH: Memorials of the late Rev. John Barnett, of Blaby. Edited by his Son. London: Grattan, Marshall & Co., Amen Corner. Leicester: James Vice, Market Place.

THIS motto—"Faithful unto Death"—admirably describes the spirit of Mr. Barnett's life. He was, however, one of "the faithful who are not famous." He lived in comparative obscurity as a village schoolmaster and pastor, and to many, even in our own denomination, his name was unknown.

As we have read these Memorials, we have been unable to avoid a feeling of regret that the subject of them did not take the position to which his character and abilities entitled him. Had he been placed in what would appear to us more favourable circumstances, he would

naturally have come to the front in our denominational gatherings. His modesty, however, invariably kept him in the background. But he is certainly of the number of those who, being dead, yet speak. We cannot command the space for an outline of his life, and shall not therefore attempt it. But we strongly advise our readers to procure these "Memorials." They will thus be brought into contact with a man who was inspired by a true love for the souls of men, who laboured in season and out of season, amid poverty and trial, and in whose life were plainly revealed the presence and power of Christ. He was, in many respects, a model pastor, and his whole career shows us how much true-hearted, Christian work, may be carried on, unrecognised by man, but honoured and remembered by God. The most touching episode in the book is that which relates to the surrender of one of Mr. Barnett's sons, of the Christian faith, his temporary scepticism, and his subsequent restoration to his old beliefs. Mr. Barnett's letters to his sons—both before and after this crisis—are singularly beautiful. Their high intelligence, solid, practical sense and chastened piety are equally conspicuous. Happy the sons who had such a father. The book is edited (as the title-page modestly expresses it) by Mr. Barnett's only surviving son—the Rev. J. P. Barnett, of Oxford. He has arranged the materials of the Memoir with great skill, and the connecting links he has himself supplied are in happy accordance with the life portrayed. The writer is a man of a profoundly reverential and affectionate nature. His book is a biographical gem.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the EDITOR of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—Will you permit me to say that the term, "Mystery," which appears in "Ward's Journal" (pp. 184, 185 of your April number) is not, as the note there would imply, "a *sobriquet*," but merely the designation of Fakira's *trade*. The word means, "a carpenter," and should have been written, *Mistri*, with the accent on the first, and the last *i* pronounced like *ee*.

April 7th.

J. D. BATE.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPEL OPENED.

Bedale, March 31st.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Harrison, Rev. J. S. (Metropolitan Tabernacle College), Blackburn.

Jenkins, Rev. D. R. (Salford), Wrexham.

Tuckwell, Rev. J. H. (Regent's Park College), Cotton End, Beds.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Brentford, Rev. A. F. Brown, April 8th.

Burwell (Cambridgeshire), Rev. C. Hewitt, April 11th.

Cowdenheath (Fife), Rev. Alexander Smith, March 16th.

Torrington, Rev. J. Middleton, March 31st.

RESIGNATIONS.

Davies, Rev. D., Llandudno.

Knell, Rev. A., Ridgmount, Beds.

Robinson, Rev. W. T., Trowbridge, Wilts.

Wilkinson, Rev. J., Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

DEATHS.

Blackmore, Rev. T. W., at Bideford, March 28th, aged 78.

Morgan, Rev. T. H., at South Hackney, April 8th, aged 67.

THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1879.

SCENES FROM CHURCH HISTORY.

IV.

BISCOP AND BEDE.

THERE is perhaps no district in England which has undergone a greater and more marvellous transformation than that to which our minds are carried by the name of the Venerable Bede. Nowhere can we find a more perfect expression of the spirit of enterprise and energy to which we owe our pre-eminence among the nations. The greatness of modern England depends far more upon her industry and skill in the mechanical arts, upon the produce of her manufactories, and the extent of her merchandise, than upon the strength of her armies and the pursuit of military and imperial glory. And if we wish to see a striking illustration of our mercantile and commercial life, we can look to no district which will more readily lend itself to our purpose than the two northern counties which border the Tyne.

Between the Northumbria of Bede's day and the Northumberland and Durham of our own, the contrast is as complete as the strongest imagination can realise. In his day the whole district was quiet and retired, thinly populated,—the very ideal of a rich and beautiful country. The Tyne ran through miles of solitary moorland; there were here and there forests of massive trees, and the huntsman had no cause to complain of lack of sport. In our day the loveliness of the country has been destroyed. Instead of a locality quiet and retired, we find a number of busy, prosperous towns with innumerable manufactories. In every direction we see a forest of tall and smoke-grimmed chimneys, throwing out their volumes of black cloud, and hear the ceaseless din of the heavy hammers. Steam-engines and vast iron ships are produced in rapid succession. The railways which cover the district like network, and over which the iron-horse

carries his precious freight with such ease, are in every way typical of the work in which the swarthy sons of toil are there engaged. In a commercial sense, England has had no greater benefactors than the Stephensons, whose engineering triumphs have effected a revolution in the methods of our manufacture and in facilities for travel the magnitude of which we cannot easily measure. The coal mines of the district yield an annual supply of something like twenty-two millions of tons, and the present make of iron is, we believe, about six hundred thousand tons. Of the copper and lead mines, of the chemical and the glass works, and the various other industries of "Northumbria," we need not speak. It is sufficiently evident from this brief reference that the Venerable Bede, were he to reappear on earth, would be unable to recognise in this thriving mercantile district the dear sequestered spot in which he passed his days. He might see in the chancel of the old church where he served, in the ruined abbey or the crumbling minster, something to remind him of his former days; but how little that something is! The country is the same, and yet not the same. He would be lost among the spacious harbours, the quays and dockyards, which girdle the coast. The ships, with their tall masts and heavy tonnage, would appear to him as monsters. The noise of the forges would have, to ears such as his, an unearthly sound. The lurid flames of the furnaces and the wreaths of noxious smoke would hide the glory of the heavens, and the unsightly mounds of refuse would be a sad disfigurement of the scenes he loved so well. Bede might, perhaps, join Mr. Ruskin in his fierce diatribes against unnecessary igneous force and against the nation's persistent destruction of all that pencil and colour have to represent. The populous towns which skirt the Tyne and cover the surrounding neighbourhood might be to him also "spots of a dreadful mildew spreading like patches and blotches over the country they consume;" and he might, with our great modern teacher, insist that manufactories needing the help of fire should be reduced to their lowest limit, "so that nothing may ever be made of iron which can be as effectually made of wood or stone; and nothing moved by steam that can be as effectually moved by natural forces." But whether he deplored the change or not, he would at once recognise it, and marvel at its greatness.

We also can see the extent of the change, and find it no easy task to imagine ourselves amid the surroundings of Bede. He has, however, told us what those surroundings were, and in thought, at least, we can reproduce them.

A student of ecclesiastical history necessarily associates with the Venerable Bede another name—less widely known, but equally worthy of remembrance, and to which Bede himself invariably paid the highest honour—the name of Benedict Biscop. Biscop was, at the time we are introduced to him, an orphan of noble descent, and was born about 629. His parents had enjoyed the special favour of King Oswy, who then ruled over Northumbria, and after their death Oswy adopted

Biscop, and endowed him with large and valuable estates. Biscop was of a refined and gentle nature, and had no pleasure in the rough sports and the cruel predatory warfare which fired the ambition of the other nobles. He had already acquired a taste for learning. The vision of another kingdom than the Saxon Heptarchy had dawned on his mind. He was intent on achieving a higher glory than he could gain by martial prowess or conquests steeped in blood. The Christianity which his countrymen had accepted in form laid a firm hold upon him, and turned all the currents of his life into its own channels. He saw that only as the people were Christianized could they be raised from their degradation, and made united, strong, and happy. And to this task he therefore wished to address himself. When the King sought to engage him in predatory warfare, and held out to him the prospect of fame, he declared that his soul longed after other shouts than those of the battle, and other songs than those of the victor's revels; that it had been borne upon him as his work that he should train men's souls to wisdom, rather than teach them the arts of destruction. Oswy was at first disappointed and angry. But after awhile, he permitted Biscop to pursue his course, and gave his sanction to him as he set out for Rome, where he went, in company with St. Wilfred, to fit himself by study and research for the task on which his heart was set. This was in the year 654. On his way home, he visited the monastery of Lerins, in Provence, and found in the society of the learned and holy men who then dwelt within its walls the sympathy and help which he sorely needed. After a short time, he took the monastic vows and became a monk of the order of St. Benedict. Hence the name by which he was henceforth known. In 668 he paid a second visit to Rome, and when he returned to England it was as companion and interpreter to Theodore, the newly-appointed archbishop of Canterbury. His friendship with Theodore secured for him the position of abbot of the monastery of St. Peter (afterwards known as St. Augustine's) at Canterbury—a position which, in the course of two years, he resigned in favour of Hadrian—that "fountain of letters and river of arts," under whose direction the college exercised a widespread influence for good, and fostered, in the clergy and the laity of England, a love of learning such as their rude forefathers would have despised. On his resignation of this post, Biscop repaired a third time to Rome in order to obtain books to aid him in the carrying out of his purpose.

In the year 674 he revisited the scenes of his early life in Northumbria. Oswy had been long dead, and Ecgfrid reigned in his stead. But the new king had a kindly remembrance of him, received him with every expression of honour, and conferred upon him a grant of seventy hydes of land at the mouth of the river Wear, where he at once erected a monastery dedicated to St. Peter. This building forms a notable chapter in the history of English architecture as well as of English religion. Biscop went to Gaul for masons skilled in

building "in the Roman method." From Gaul also he procured glaziers to make lamps, to fill the windows of the chancel and clerestory with glass, which was now, for the first time, used in England. Another visit to Rome followed. Biscop, as usual, returned home laden with spoils. He brought with him books, relics, and paintings. Among the latter were pictures of the Virgin Mary, and of the twelve apostles, for adorning the middle of the roof of the church; pictures from the Gospel history for adorning the south wall; pictures of the Apocalypse and the visions of St. John, for adorning the north wall—that all "those who entered into that church, though unlearned, might behold the lovely aspect of Christ and His saints, or thereby be brought to call to mind the incarnation of our blessed Lord, and by seeing before their eyes the terror of the final judgment might remember more seriously and strictly to examine themselves."

Biscop also brought with him John, the archchanter of St. Peter's and abbot of St. Martin's at Rome, who introduced the Roman choral service, and whose reputation was so great that the music masters from all the other monasteries of the North came to hear him, and prevailed upon him to set up schools for teaching music in other parts of the kingdom.

Ecgfrid was so delighted with the monastery at Wearmouth that he resolved to promote the foundation of another; and for this purpose he gave forty more hydes of land, at a place on the opposite side of the Wear, then called Girwi, and now known as Jarrow. This monastery was built in 680 or 681, and was dedicated to St. Paul. Benedict remained at Wearmouth, but sent seventeen of his monks (with Ceolfred as abbot) to take up their abode in it. And among the monks thus despatched was a lad of eight or nine years old, who was destined to acquire a fame greater than even Biscop's.

Before we bid adieu to Biscop let us say a word about this work to which he devoted his main strength. The founder of a monastery may not appear to all our readers worthy of any special eulogy. And if the monastic institutions had been in their origin what they were in the era before the Reformation, we should heartily concur in their opinion. We have only too conclusive evidence that in nine cases out of ten they became abodes of indolence and luxury, loathsome dens of vice, and sources of widespread corruption. But they were not always such. They were, at the time of their foundation, the only places in which men could find refuge for themselves from incessant strife and hostility—where they could pursue the paths of learning and cultivate the arts of peace. The monks entered upon their life in obedience to a great and elevated purpose; they employed their time in diligent study, especially of the sacred Scriptures, and in hard, uncomplaining labour; they exemplified, in the highest form the world had as yet seen, a sense of responsibility to God, a spirit of honourable brotherhood, and a generous enthusiasm of humanity. Worship, study, and manual labour occupied their time.

Of Biscop himself we are told that he, "like the rest of the brothers, delighted to exercise himself in winnowing the corn and threshing it; in giving milk to the lambs and calves; in the bakehouse, in the garden, in the kitchen, and in the other employments of the monastery, cheerful and obedient." No writer has more mercilessly exposed the abuses of the monastic system than Mr. Froude; and yet he bears ungrudging testimony to the grandeur of the idea of which they were originally an embodiment.

"The heavenly graces had once descended upon the monastic orders, making them ministers of mercy, patterns of celestial life, breathing witnesses of the power of the Spirit in renewing and sanctifying the heart. And then it was that art, and wealth, and genius poured out their treasures to raise fitting tabernacles for the dwelling of so divine a soul. Alike in the village and the city, amongst the unadorned walls and lowly roofs which closed in the humble dwellings of the laity, the majestic houses of the Father of Mankind, and of His especial servants, rose up in sovereign beauty. And ever at the sacred gates sat Mercy, pouring out relief from a never-failing store to the poor and suffering; ever within the sacred aisles the voices of holy men were pealing heavenward in intercession for the sins of mankind; and such blessed influences were thought to exhale around these mysterious precincts that even the poor outcasts of society—the debtor, the felon, and the outlaw—gathered round the walls as the sick man sought the shadow of the apostles, and lay there sheltered from the avenging hand, till their sins were washed off from their souls. The abbeyes of the middle ages floated through the storms of war and conquest, like the ark upon the waves of the flood, in the midst of violence remaining inviolate, through the awful reverence which surrounded them. The abbeyes, as Henry's visitors found them, were as little like what they once had been as the living man in the pride of his growth is like the corpse which the earth makes haste to hide for ever."

The lad of eight or nine years to whom we have referred was Bede or Bede. He was, according to his own testimony, "born of a noble stock of the Angles," but of the names of his parents we are ignorant. The place of his birth is commonly believed to have been Monkton, near Wearmouth, and its date 673. In his seventh year, his parents placed him under the care of Benedict Biscop, in the monastery of St. Peter's, from whence, as we have seen, he was shortly removed to the neighbouring monastery of St. Paul's, at Jarrow. The removal did not, however, prove any disadvantage, for Jarrow and Monkwearmouth were, as he himself has described them, "one single monastery built in two different places"—"so great was the concord and unity between them." In Jarrow Bede remained to the end of his days. "I spent my whole life in the same monastery," he says, "and while attentive to the rule of my order and the service of the church, my constant pleasure lay in learning or teaching or writing." The words

sketch for us, as Mr. Green remarks, "a scholar's life, the more touching in its simplicity that it is the life of the first great English scholar. The quiet grandeur of a life consecrated to knowledge, the tranquil pleasure that lies in learning and teaching and writing, dawned for Englishmen in the story of Bede."

At the age of nineteen he was ordained deacon by John, Bishop of Hexham, afterwards the renowned St. John of Beverley. In his thirtieth year he took priest's orders, but never sought ecclesiastical preferment. It must have been about the time of his ordination as priest that Sergius, bishop of Rome, having heard of his fame, wrote a letter to Ceolfrid, under whose superintendence at Jarrow Bede lived, asking the abbot to oblige him and the Western Churches by permitting Bede to go to Rome and assist him in the controversies then raging—a request which, possibly on account of the death of Sergius immediately after, was not complied with. Bede remained in his beloved monastery, and probably never travelled further from it than to York, which he visited shortly before his death.

Fierce barbaric strife raged around him. Sanguinary wars were of constant occurrence. Ambitious politicians were plotting and counter-plotting, but Bede never swerved from the even tenor of his way. He devoted his life to learning. He traversed a wide range of subjects. In Latin and Greek he was well versed, and with Hebrew he had at least a slight acquaintance. Of the books which Benedict had brought from Rome he must have made constant use. "Little by little, the young scholar thus made himself master of the whole range of the science of his time: he became, as Burke rightly styled him, "the father of English learning." He made frequent quotations from Plato and Aristotle, Seneca and Cicero, Lucretius, Ovid, and Virgil. For Virgil he had a special fondness. "The diversity as well as the extent of his reading is remarkable: grammar, rhetoric, poetry, biography, arithmetic, chronology, the holy places, the Paschal controversy, epigrams, hymns, sermons, pastoral admonitions, and the conduct of penitents: even speculations on natural science—on which he specially quotes Pliny—furnished work for his pen, besides his great works on history and the interpretation of Scripture. "On all these points," adds Professor Stubbs, from whose article we quote, "his knowledge was thoroughly up to the learning of his day: his judgment independent, and his conclusions sound. He must have had good teachers, as well as a good library, and an insatiable desire of learning." So great and versatile were his acquisitions that he must have been a walking encyclopædia.

He is said to have gathered around him at Jarrow not less than six hundred monks, into whom he sought to infuse his own spirit; and, in addition to these monks, strangers from various parts came to his school for instruction.

The evils of the monastic life showed themselves even in Bede's day, and he did not fail to protest courageously against them. In

his view, these institutions were never intended to interfere with the duties of domestic and social life, and their indefinite multiplication was a thing to be prohibited. Thus, in the year 731, he wrote:—"Peace being established in the kingdom of Northumberland, both the nobility and the common people, laying aside the exercise of their arms, betook themselves to monasteries, and persuaded their children to accept the ecclesiastical tonsure, and retire thither too. But whither this will tend time must show." And a few years later—in 735—when time had partly at least shown the validity of his fears, he uses language at which the ears of fastidious Anglicans would be shocked. "For thirty years past our country hath been infatuated with this mad error." It was to him an insuperable grief that the charity of the age should flow in this one direction, and he would gladly have diminished the number of the monastic houses, so as to have increased the number of the bishops and secular clergy, that the entire land might have been evangelized. He went so far as to advise his friend, Egbert, Bishop of York, to seek the sanction of Ceolwulf, King of Northumberland, to the creation of several new bishoprics. He would, without scruple, have appropriated to this design the revenues of superfluous monasteries—"those houses of which we all know there are many unworthy the name of monasteries."

He employs an argument which has a wider bearing than he himself imagined, at the enforcement of which advocates of a State Church stand aghast, but which is undoubtedly valid, and which, moreover, has been sanctioned by the greatest lawyers and statesmen of modern times, as well as practically applied to the Episcopal Church in Ireland.

"There are many and very great foundations of this kind which, as is commonly said, are neither profitable to God nor men; for in them men are neither trained to live regularly as monks for the honour of God nor brought up to arms to defend their country. And to take such places and convert to bishop's sees is so far from being a fault that it is a great instance of wisdom and virtue; for how can it be unjust for some princes to employ the mistaken charities of others to better purposes? But if it be a fault, it is just such a fault as it is for a wise judge to reverse a wrong judgment, or a good clerk to correct the errors of a bad scribe."

Mr. Green, in his brief but appreciative reference to Bede, affirms that, "first among English scholars, first among English theologians, first among English historians, it is in the monk of Jarrow that English literature strikes its roots." He may, in fact, claim to be regarded as the father of our national education—literary, theological, and scientific. When England was just emerging from a state of barbarism he lighted in her midst the torch of knowledge, and instructed her sons in all the branches we have named. His great work is unquestionably his "Ecclesiastical History of England," in

which he tells us with a charming simplicity and straightforwardness how our country was converted to the faith of Christ. We are indebted to him for all that we really know of the century and a half after the landing of Augustine. Many of the facts he narrates are such as fell under his own observation. Other particulars he gathered from his friends in different parts of the kingdom. Native chronicles and public documents were pressed into his service; and with the sanction of Pope Gregory III. the records of the Roman See were examined to aid him. This history was translated into Anglo-Saxon by King Alfred, and has appeared in various editions in our own day.

His industry may be measured by the fact that he left behind him no less than forty-five works. Many of them were Commentaries on the Holy Scriptures, and it must never be forgotten that it was from the Scriptures that Bede drew his inspiration. Purvey, the reviser of Wickliffe's Version, looks back to him as a pioneer in the great work of translation, and says of him, "Bede translated the Bible and expounded much in Saxon that was English or common language of this land at his time." There is, indeed, no apparent ground for the assertion that he translated the whole Bible, but he must have rendered a considerable portion of it. The reproach to which even the priests were open before his time, of knowing little more than the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, he did in no small measure remove, and had his spirit been generally imbibed, the evils which disgraced the Church of the middle ages would never have existed.

From the life of Bede, given by his pupil Cuthbert, we obtain many pleasant glimpses of his character. He was a true patriot, a fervent lover of his country. He had a genuine delight in old English songs. To his pupils he was affectionate and helpful. He lived among them as a father among his children, loving them, rebuking them when necessary, but seeking only their good. His love was richly repaid. They were all proud to think of him as their "dear father," "their most beloved master." Cuthbert affirms that he never "saw anyone who was so diligent in rendering thanks to the living God." Like Milton, he lived ever as in his great Taskmaster's eye. All his joys came to him from the unmerited love of a heavenly Father; and his afflictions, were they not "grace-tokens" from the same source?

Shortly before his death in 735, he visited his friend Ecgbert, bishop of York, and hoped to repeat the visit the following year. But this was not to be. About Easter of this year it was evident to himself and his friends that the end was approaching. He suffered from physical prostration and languor, and could no longer command his old energy. But he still kept up his interest in the progress of his pupils, and superintended their studies. He never became discontented or querulous. His genial, loving spirit remained with him to the last. He frequently repeated old English songs, and especially one which spoke of the necessity of preparation for "the journey

that all needs must go." He often quoted the words of the Apostle, "He scourgeth every son whom He receiveth," and recalled the saying of Ambrose, "I have not lived so as to be ashamed to live among you; but I do not fear to die, for we have a gracious God." In chanting the antiphon for Ascension Day, "O King of Glory, Lord of Hosts, who as on this day didst ascend far above all heavens, leave us not orphans," he burst into tears as the last words fell from his lips, remained for a time in silent meditation, and, in the space of an hour, repeated the antiphon.

Thus the days rolled on to Ascension-tide, and still the venerable and saintly scholar continued his work, dictating extracts from Bishop Isidore, and bringing to a completion his translation of the Gospel of John. Some of his pupils were anxious that he should rest, but he replied, "I don't want my boys to read a lie or to work to no purpose." On the Tuesday before Ascension Day his sickness increased; he had great difficulty in breathing, but still laboured at his teaching, saying to his pupils, "Learn with what speed you may; I know not how long I may last." Another sleepless night followed; but again the old man called his scholars to his side. When, during an exercise of worship, he was left alone with one who continued writing, "There is still a chapter wanting," said the scribe, "and it is hard for thee to question thyself any longer." "It is easily done," said Bede; "take my pen, and write quickly." Diligently did the scribe employ the moments that remained, his toil being broken only by commissions which Bede charged him to fulfil. He bethought him of some valuables he had in his little chest, and wished to give them to the priests of the monastery. The priests were accordingly summoned to his side, and he spake tenderly and affectionately to each, urged them to pray for him, and told them how he longed to depart and to be with Christ. Amid tears and farewells the day wore on to eventide. "There is yet one sentence not written, dear master," said the boy. "Write it quickly," replied the dying man. "It is finished now," said the little scribe. "Yes; thou hast spoken truly; all is finished now." Then the boy took his dear master's head between his hands, and supported him as he sat opposite to the place in which he was wont to pray. There he chanted the solemn doxology, "Glory be to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost;" and as he reached the close of the song, his spirit passed peacefully away. It was a fitting close to a calm, beautiful, and noble life; a life in which had been manifested the presence and the power of Christ, and on which all generations will look with reverence, gratitude, and delight.

The church in which he ministered at Jarrow still in part remains. On the east window is a representation of his death in the arms of his disciples, the youthful scribe sitting at his feet. Beneath it are his own words:—

"Write quickly. All is at an end. It is finished."

THE SELF-WITNESSING PRESENCE OF CHRIST.

IT is a remark of Olshausen in his Commentary on the Gospels, that, "It is characteristic of the mind that its more Divine faculties often prevail over unbelief." Many have probably verified the certainty of this. A Christian's ability to apprehend, spiritually, the truth; his sense of its value, and strength of soul to rest on its assurances, have delivered and upheld him in experiences of darkness. More, however, is frequently to be recognised than mere mental agency in such a matter. A higher, though an invisible, power requires to be acknowledged as an important factor in the result. When Mary Magdalene, at the Sepulchre, before she had fully turned herself, responded to the voice that spoke, the spiritual discernment of her nature triumphed over her unbelief; but this was so because Christ Himself had spoken in the tone she recognised and in the accent which flashed conviction to her heart. The disciples going to Emmaus found their understandings enlightened and the truth opened more fully to their spiritual intelligence, but the glow of their spirits within them, as they knew afterwards, was because Christ was near.

There are self-witnessing manifestations of Christ to the devout heart that are very real and very precious. We do well when we own them. It is a comfort when our natures respond to them. They are experienced in connection with the working of our higher faculties. But they are not to be regarded as the mere operation of those faculties alone. They are Divine in their source and in fulfilment of assurances that are among the "exceeding great and precious promises."

The times when such self-witnessing is enjoyed are various, according to the vicissitudes through which Christians are called to pass. Some, however, may be readily specified.

When troubled and unsettled in mind from external causes of spiritual disquiet, an invisible but not unfelt succour has come to the believer's aid. The modern spirit of scepticism seems to infect almost everything. It comes into our periodicals and reviews. It lurks in the newspapers and taints the novel. It betrays itself in conversation, and even shows itself at times in Parliamentary debates. Old beliefs have covert inuendoes directed at them. Improbabilities are secretly sought to be instilled. The positivism of philosophy, the favourite "fetish" of the present day, looms large and misty on every side. Is it a wonder if even Christian hearts sometimes feel the chill of the shadow, and need the renewal of their trust? But like the regal forces of the sun felt through the mists, though perchance the

bright orb itself is as yet indistinct, the self-witnessing presence of Christ is often then proved by the heart. We hardly know, or perhaps give ourselves at the time to trace how they come. But there do come to us remembrances laden with fragrant memories, convictions full of peaceful persuasions, experiences warm with a conscious friendship. It seems asked—Is there not a felt suitability between the Gospel and the soul, relieving it of its burden and meeting its perplexities and needs? Have we not “tasted and seen that the Lord is good”? As we hold the truth up to the light, are there not “watermarks” of evidence, as Dr. Bushnell suggests, that only then become visible? Does not man’s pride ever wrestle against Christ’s supremacy? Is not our nature too much inclined to be “of the sect of the Sadducees”? Could faith be called upon to assert itself if absolute demonstration were accessible? Such musings coming with assuring force help and stay the unsettled spirit. Can we question from whom they come? Have we not reason to say,

“Methinks I know Thee, Thou beloved one?”

We remember an aged Christian minister relating an experience of the kind. After years of most confident trust in revealed truth, the foundations seemed shaken. To use his own expression, “a horror of great darkness” fell upon him. But while, agitated and grieved, he wrestled with his doubts and prayed, renewed assurance visited and calmed his spirit. Gently, peacefully, but yet prevailing, there came the re-ascendancy of old beliefs and the re-confirmation of former convictions. The dark thoughts that troubled him were put to the rout; nor could he have been more sure of the source of his help, if an audible voice from the great Teacher Himself had said, “I am the Truth;” leading to the response, “To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life.”

In the midst of a man’s life-work, when he is sad and weary, the witnessing of Christ is very precious. Not a few are sometimes cast down because of the lot in which they are placed. Their work appears inferior to their capacities. It is opposed to their tastes. They wonder they ever undertook it. If they could free themselves, they would. The pursuits of others seem more attractive. Very welcome to such are kindly assurances that steal in. They feel bidden, yet they hardly know whence, to remember the ordinations of Providence—“A man’s heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps.” We do not go forth unbidden into the world. Chance is not our leader. Life’s pilgrims are directed into different paths by an unseen yet mighty guidance. We are not to look upon any lawful employ as unworthy or mean. We can ennoble everything by cherishing a lofty motive. A larger view of life in its necessary variety and entirety should be taken, and the whole regarded as under the appointment of the Divine hand. Perhaps it is the best of all work in which a man is engaged. But he

is only partially successful, and has much to depress. Disappointment and anxiety seem to settle down upon him. Like Elijah, he is ready to murmur. Baal's worshippers are so many, Jehovah's so few. It is said that one of the most useful and popular ministers of our denomination, who has passed from us within recent years, was known to look back upon his life with painful reminiscences. His influence, after all, seemed so limited. So much had there been to be done, and yet so little had he accomplished. But as the "still small voice" accosted Elijah, and reasoned with and reassured him, so despondency in the Master's vineyard is often mercifully dispelled. One seems to ask—Do you think you know all the hidden ones whose secret hearts have been moved? Behind your doubts, as behind the clouds of night, may there not be a scene of multitudinous splendour? Have you forgotten it is God's work, and that He asks but faithfulness and zeal? A beautiful legend concerning St. Patrick relates how he besought God to show him the effects of his life-long labours, and how there appeared to him a countless flock of many-coloured birds in whom, emblematically, he was given to see the saints that were to rise with him as their apostle at the Day of Judgment. To many, probably, who are ready to lament their non-success, as they think, some such cheering intimation might, if the truth were known, even now be appropriate.

There are, besides, other seasons of solicitude. "What shall I do," the Christian is sometimes disposed to say, "amid these difficulties that beset me? Losses and disappointments perpetually cross my path; one hope after another seems to fade; one prop after another is smitten down. The lights go out, and I hardly feel equal to the oppressive realities of life." When Hagar was sent forth from the House of Abraham, and her little store was exhausted, she must have felt thus. When commercial depression comes and weighs hard on a man's business, or when bereavement takes away the strong and helpful, we feel thus. But Christ does not withhold Himself. Often His felt presence thrills the heart. In some calm hour of reflection a soothing spell has come over the spirit. We think: Has it not been promised that God's care shall never be wanting towards His people? Have not the illustrations divinely used proved and impressed this in a manner that cannot be misunderstood? The lilies of the field and birds of the air still teach the lesson once drawn from them. Does not Christ call us "friends," and is there not still force in His assurances about earthly riches and heavenly treasures? Such life is given to these old, yet ever new, truths that it is as if an unseen presence quickened us to recollection and renewed to us the strongest convictions we ever felt. There are moments also when temptation has been strong, but the Christian has felt as though Christ's eye has fallen upon him and he has been stayed. There are emergencies when duty has been pressing, but an inspiring sense of Divine support has animated and sustained. Christ is still near us

in life, and with a deeper sense and fuller apprehension of the words than Jacob had, we may say, "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not."

This self-witnessing of Christ meets with acknowledgment and grateful response from the soul. The viewless wind, breathing through the Æolian harp, makes it yield sweet music under its unseen touches; so the sense of the presence of Christ becomes conscious to our souls that bear witness to his invisible nearness and unchanging truth.

After Richard the First was shipwrecked in the Adriatic, he was taken captive and immured in a castle on the continent. None of his friends knew the place of his imprisonment. The French tradition will be remembered that professes to relate how he was discovered. One, Blondel, a favourite minstrel, determined to find the spot. He took his harp, and visiting the stately old structures of feudalism, played familiar strains about the grated windows and massive walls. It was when he was thus engaged before a castle in the Tyrol that, striking from his instrument an air composed by Richard himself, answering strains from within took up and completed the tune. They were the grateful response of the imprisoned captive. Is it not somewhat thus that our souls yield their conscious testimony to the seeking and delivering presence of Christ? Captive, bound, darkened, and perplexed, we hear the voice of the Heavenly Friend, and respond to His kindly interest and gracious intent. Our hearts rejoice in His sympathy, and inwardly feel the tokens of His love. So it was with the Apostle Paul. He felt the stay and comfort of divine power when he stood before Nero. All others had forsaken him, but an invisible one was near. An inspiration of courage and skill equal to his "day" was given, and afterwards, in recalling the event, he could thus interpret it, "The Lord stood with me and strengthened me."

The Christian can verify the truth that it is Christ, because he can say to himself,—I have known this before. Not now for the first time do these supports and comforts come. Past experiences hold their likenesses before him, and he can trace their origin and own their character. Wherefore did he doubt? Does not Christ live? Is He not ever the same? From Him can anything be hidden? Can He forget?

It is just like Christ to befriend and encourage. Did He not thus act towards His disciples in His earthly ministry. He recovered them from uncertainties, resolved their doubts, enlightened and confirmed them in His truth. Sometimes drawing them aside to "rest awhile," He refreshed them after their work. At other times, quitting the multitudes, He expounded to them His truth alone. He sought to renew the apprehension of great principles in their hearts, open their understandings to wider views, and bind them in a closer fellowship to Himself. Let the kingdom of God be pre-eminently sought, and the Father, whose infinite heart has love exhaustless

for the entire Church, would guard their interests and secure their welfare.

The great promise, moreover, still remains. "Lo ! I am with you alway." The life of that can never be deadened by the idea of limiting it to the disciples. The assurance, "I will not leave you comfortless," belongs to all believers and all times. In the presence of the Spirit, Christ's own presence is to be discerned, in all the dispositions of love, tenderness, and faithfulness, by which He was distinguished when on earth. So He would have His disciples believe when He "breathed on them," and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." So the Apostle Paul taught when he wrote, "The Lord is that Spirit." As the dove knows the note of its mate, so the Christian soul knows and rejoices in the voice of Christ. Mr. Ruskin has said, "We are only human as we are sensitive." We think it may be said, in proportion to the depth, keenness and vitality of our Christian life we shall be able to recognise the presence of the Divine. Calm, confidence and hope, succeed to agitation and alarm, and we can say, and include how much in it, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His."

Let us grip the truth. Though we often fail to realise it, Christ is near to us, feels for us, helps us. How a mother watches her child though the little one is all unconscious ! The gentle guardian of its interests is at hand, aware of its wants, ready to secure, prompt to comfort. He who has made that mother's heart is more tender still. Not a thought, not a sorrow but Christ knows, and we deprive ourselves of much solace so far as we fail to own and appropriate His sympathy. But let us remember, the self-witnessing of Christ can only be expected as the privilege of the loving heart. When in the mist of early morning Christ stood, after his resurrection, on the shore of the lake of Galilee, and his form and aspect were undiscernible, it was to the disciple who so loved Jesus, as Christ loved him, that the truth first came, and who then exclaimed, "It is the Lord." Love is the key to this mystery as to all the truth of God ; and with this inspired we shall prove the fulfilment of Christ's word, "If a man love Me he shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him and will manifest Myself to him."

G. McMICHAEL, B.A.

ON BURDENING THE LITTLE ONES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SAVIOUR FOR CHILDREN."

"And the children fell under the wood."—LAMENTATIONS v. 13.

A LITTLE while ago I talked to you about children whose parents had plenty, and who could, therefore, supply them with whatever they needed. They are so pictured in the Bible as to lead us to suppose that they were healthy and strong; there was a good deal of innocent glee in their homes; and, while dancing to the timbrel and harp, they appear to have been as happy as they could be.

It is pleasant to see the joyousness of children. A distinguished writer, who loved them very much, asks—"Should they have anything else? I can endure," he says, "a melancholy man, but not a melancholy child."

Well, boys and girls should be cheerful; and especially when there is everything to make them so. We must not, however, forget such as are sorrowful. It is a mistake to conclude that children have no troubles. Some of them have a great many. Although young, they have to work, and to suffer much. Sometimes parents are cruel; or they are very poor; or they are sick; or they are dead. And their sons and daughters, having great misfortunes to bear, faint and fall under them. Is not that very sad? It is enough to make anybody weep. So the prophet Jeremiah felt; and, in this verse which you have just read, he is lamenting the hard lot of some poor people's children.

Perhaps I ought to tell you that there was a good deal of poverty at this time in the land of Judæa. Indeed, all the rich people had been forced from their homes; their enemies had carried them off to a distant country, where they had to live in captivity. "None remained," as the Bible says, "save the poorest sort of the people of the land" (2 Kings xxiv. 14). The children of these poor folk would have to work hard for a living. Some of them were sent by their parents, or by Assyrian masters, whom they were obliged to obey, to gather wood. When returning from the forests, heavily laden, it was, as you may suppose, no uncommon thing for a weary child to fall under his load. Hence we read here: "And the children fell under the wood."

Did anybody see them fall, or hear them cry? God did. He knows, too, now what children suffer. He does not forget them. He speaks of them in His Word; and, in His love, He does all He

can to comfort them. When poor and oppressed, they would be broken-hearted but for Him, who is "a very present help" to the young as well as to the old.

"There, now! you would have gone down again if I hadn't had hold of your hand," said a father to his little girl, the other day, as they went along the street. What a good thing that he had hold of her hand! He saved her from a fall. And, let me say that "your Heavenly Father" is still better "able to keep you from falling." This is His word to all the children, but especially to those of them who are in trouble, or who are afraid of misfortune: "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee" (Isaiah xli. 13).

I wonder whether the boys and girls whose sufferings Jeremiah lamented ever prayed to God. Perhaps not. Many of the grown-up people had turned to the worship of idols. The Almighty saw, too, what part the children took in it. "Seest thou not," He said, "what they do in the cities of Judah and in the streets of Jerusalem? The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke me to anger" (Jeremiah vii. 17, 18). Was not that very wicked? For such conduct "the king" of Judah, "and all the princes, and all the mighty men of valour, even ten thousand captives," were carried to Babylon. The people, too, who were left behind suffered much; and, as the Bible tells us, their children had to toil in carrying wood. Who would not have pitied them, as one, and another, and another, fainted under his burden? I can almost hear you asking:

"Why did they fall down?"

First of all, perhaps it was *Because they had had too little to eat*. We read in this book of Lamentations: "The young children ask bread, and no man breaketh it unto them." Some asked their mothers for food when they had none to give them; and it is said that they fainted in the streets. And "their soul was poured out into their mother's bosom." When teaching the people to pray to God for their little ones, the prophet said, "Arise, cry out . . . lift up thy hands toward Him for the life of thy young children that faint for hunger." Thus it may have been with some who "fell under the wood." "Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them."

And there are young people now whose fare is but scanty, and yet they have to work. Is it not hard? Do you not feel sorry for them? I am sure you do. Well, ask God to bless them. If you have plenty, He expects you to be willing to give some of it to those who have not enough. None are more deserving of help than children who, though they work, have but little to eat.

I have sometimes noticed that little ones ask the same question two or three times over, as though it had not been answered. It is like saying, "We want to hear more of it;" and, wishing me to tell

them something else about these children who "fell under the wood," they are asking again:

"Why did they fall down?"

Perhaps it was *Because they had too far to go*. Some of you soon get tired. One day I heard a little girl, who was walking through the fields, gathering flowers, say, "Oh, it is so far, and I am so tired; I shall fall down if you don't carry me." Now, the children of whom we read here were from home, perhaps far away, gathering wood; and they became weary; and they could not ask to be carried. No; they had to walk on and on; and at length "they fell down, and there was none to help."

Sometimes people talk as though boys and girls should never be tired. They send them up and down, without considering whether the errands are too many or too far. "A small boy" has been faint and foot-sore, day after day, and nobody thought of it, till it was too late. He had but little rest until God gave it him. If we remember that Jeremiah mourned over the condition of such weary ones, we shall begin to understand this lamentation of his: "And the children fell under the wood." But you are still asking:

"Why did they fall down?"

Now what answer can I give? I must not say the same thing over again, must I? Let me see. I know. It was *Because they had too much to carry*. They fell "under the wood." While hungry and weary, they were "heavily laden." Oh, that people would have mercy upon the children! What burdens some of them have to carry! How hard they have to work! I know a girl who has to be "cook," and "nurse," and "washerwoman," and "housemaid," and everything else. She has so much to do that it makes her look like "a little old woman." Then, her brother, young as he is, has to work for a master, who never asks whether John is tired. He is expected to bear a great deal. Too much is laid upon him. He is ready to sink under it. Such young people might cry out, as some did in the cities of Judah, and say: "We labour, and have no rest."

Besides, the cares of the poor often do more to break down the hearts of their children than the weightiest load that was ever laid upon their shoulders. Sensitive ones are sometimes burdened by their own parents with anxieties which they are unable to endure. Is it any wonder if they pine away and die?

There is, however, one thing that the strongest child cannot carry. Do you, boys and girls, know what it is? The heaviest bundle of wood is not to be compared with it. "Is it iron?" No. "Is it lead?" No. Those things will bruise the body of one who is so unfortunate as to fall under them: but this will injure the soul. Some of you know what I mean. It is *sin*.

Suppose we listen to what is said by the children whose miserable state Jeremiah lamented: "Our fathers have sinned, and are not, and we have borne their iniquities." This was, to them, worse than

AN EPISODE IN JOHN BUNYAN'S LIFE.

EXTRACTED FROM "THE SINGULAR EXPERIENCE AND GREAT SUFFERINGS OF MRS. AGNES BEAUMONT, WHO WAS BORN AT EDWORTH, IN THE COUNTY OF BEDFORD : AS WRITTEN BY HERSELF."

(Concluded from page 228.)

THE greatest part of the next day, being Tuesday, I spent in prayer and weeping, with bitter lamentations, humbling myself before the Lord for what I had done, and begging I might be kept by His grace and Spirit from denying Him and His ways for the future. Before night He brought me out of this horrible pit, and set my feet upon a rock, enabling me to believe the forgiveness of all my sins by sealing many precious promises home on my soul. I could now look back with comfort on the night I spent in the barn; the sweet relish of that blessed word "Beloved" returned, and I believed that Jesus Christ was the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and that Scripture was much in my mind, "He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee"; also, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

My father was as well as usual this day, and ate his dinner as heartily as ever I knew him. He would sometimes sit up by candle-light while I was spinning, but he now observed it was a very cold night, and he would go to bed early. After supper he smoked a pipe, and went to bed seemingly in perfect health. But, while I was by his bed-side laying his clothes on him, those words ran through my mind—"The end is come, the end is come; the time draweth near." But I could not tell what to make of them. As soon therefore as I quitted the room, I went to the throne of grace, where my heart was wonderfully drawn forth, especially that the Lord would show mercy to my father and save his soul—for which I was so importunate that I could not leave pleading; and still that word continued on my mind, "The end is come." Another thing I entreated of the Lord was that He would stand by me and be with me in whatever trouble I had to meet with, little thinking what was coming upon me that night and the week following. After this I went to bed, thinking on the freedom which God had given me in prayer, but had not slept long before I heard a doleful noise, which at first I apprehended had been in the yard, but soon perceived it to be my father. Being within hearing I called to him, saying, "Father, are you not well?" He said, "No; I was ruck with a pain in my heart in my sleep, and I shall die presently."

I immediately arose, put on a few clothes, ran and lighted a candle, and, coming to him, found him sitting upright in his bed crying to the Lord for mercy, saying, "Lord, have mercy on me, for I am a poor, miserable sinner! Lord Jesus, wash me in Thy precious blood." I stood trembling to hear him in such distress, and to see him look so pale. I then kneeled down by the bed-side and—which I had never done before—prayed with him, in which he seemed to join very earnestly. This done, I said "Father, I will go and call somebody, for I dare not stay with you alone." He replied, "You shall not go out at this time of night; do not be afraid," still crying loud for mercy. Soon after he said he would rise and put on his clothes himself. I ran and made a good fire, and got him something hot, hoping that it might relieve him. "Oh!" said he, "I want mercy for my soul! Lord, show mercy to me, for I am a great sinner! If Thou dost not show me mercy, I am undone for ever." "Father," said I, "there is mercy in Jesus Christ for sinners; the Lord help you to lay hold on it!" "Oh!" replied he, "I have been against you for seeking after Jesus Christ; Lord, forgive me, and lay not this sin to my charge!" I desired him to drink something warm which I had for him; but his trying to drink brought on a violent retching, and he changed black in the face. I stood by holding his head, and he leaned upon me with all his weight. Dreadful time indeed! If I left him I was afraid he would fall into the fire, and, if I stood by him, he would die in my arms, and no one person near us. I cried out, "What shall I do? Lord, help me!" Then came that Scripture, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, I am thy God: I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee." By this time my father revived again out of his fit of fainting, for I think he did not quite swoon away. He repeated his cries as before, "Lord, have mercy upon me, for I am a sinful man! Lord, spare me one week more, one day more!" Piercing words to me! After he had sat awhile he felt an uneasiness in his bowels, and called for a candle to go into the other room. I saw him stagger as he went over the threshold, and, making a better fire, soon followed him, and found him on the floor, which occasioned me to scream out "Father! father!" putting my hands under his arms, lifting with all my might—first by one arm, then by another—crying and striving till my strength was quite spent.

I continued lifting till I could perceive no life in him, and then ran crying about the house, and unlocked the door to go and call my brother. It being the dead of night, and no house near, I thought there might be rogues at the door and rushed out. It had snowed in abundance, and lay very deep. Having no stockings on, the snow got into my shoes, so that I made little progress, and, at the stile in my father's yard, stood calling to my brother, not considering it was impossible for any one to hear. I then

got over, and the snow water caused my shoes to come off, and, running barefoot to the middle of the close, I suddenly imagined rogues were behind me going to kill me. Looking back in terror, these words came into my mind, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him," which somewhat relieved me. Coming to my brother's, I stood crying dismally under the window to the terror of the whole family, who were awakened from their midnight sleep. My brother started from bed, and called from the window, "Who are you? What's the matter?" "O brother," said I, "my father is dead; come away quickly." "O wife," said he, "it is my poor sister; my father is dead." My brother ran immediately with two of his men, and found our father risen from the ground and laid upon the bed. My brother spoke to him, but he could not answer except one word or two. On my return they desired me not to go into the room, saying he was just departing. O dismal night! Had not the Lord wonderfully supported me, I must have died too of the fears and frights which I met with.

My brother's man soon came out, and said he was departed. Melancholy tidings! but, in the midst of my trouble, I had a secret hope that he was gone to heaven; nevertheless, I sat crying bitterly to think what a sudden and surprising change death had made on my father, who went to bed well and was in eternity by midnight! I said in my heart, "Lord, give me one seal more that I shall go to heaven when death shall make this change upon me." Then that word came directly, "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." Oh, I longed to be gone to heaven! Thought I, they are singing whilst I am sorrowing—"O that I had the wings of a dove, then I would fly away and be at rest!"

Quickly after, my brother called in some neighbours, among whom came Mr. Farry (my bitter enemy) with his son, who inquired if my father was dead. Somebody replied, "Yes, he is." He then said, "It is no more than what I looked for," though no notice was taken of these words till afterwards. Then some women came in, and, seeing me sitting without stockings and scarcely any clothes on, bewailed my sorrowful condition. This was Tuesday after the Friday night that I lay in the barn, when that Scripture was so frequently in my mind, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you." I thought now I had met with fiery trials indeed, not knowing that I had as bad or worse to come, which I shall now proceed to relate.

This very Tuesday on which my father died, Mr. Lane, who had met Mr. Bunyan and me at Gamlingay town's end, reported at Baldock fair, that we had been criminally conversant together, which vile report presently ran from one end of the fair to the other, and I heard of it the

next day ; but that Scripture came with much sweetness and bore me up, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake."

We agreed to bury my father on Thursday, and accordingly invited our relations and friends to the funeral. But on the Wednesday night, Mr. Farry sent for my brother and asked him whether he thought my father died a natural death—a question which amazed my brother, who readily answered, "Yes, I know he died a natural death." Mr. Farry replied, "But I believe he did not, and I have had my horse out of the stable twice to-day to fetch Mr. Hatfield of Potton, but considered that you are an officer of the parish, therefore leave it to you ; pray see and do your office." Upon my brother asking him how he thought my father came to his end if he did not die a natural death, he answered, "I believe your sister has poisoned him !" My brother returned with a heavy heart, not knowing but I might lose my life ; so he called my sister upstairs to speak with her ; and, there happening to be a godly man at Sister Pruden's, they sent for him, and, telling him the whole affair, they all three went into an upper room and spread it before the Lord. My brother asked whether they should tell me. They said, "No ; let her have this night in quiet ;" but they themselves spent most part of the night in prayer. Early in the morning my brother came, and began to weep. "Sister," said he, "pray God help you, for you are like to meet with hard things." I said, "What ! worse than I have met with already ?" "Yes," replied he, "Mr. Farry says he thinks you poisoned my father !" Hearing this my heart sunk within me, but I immediately said, "Blessed be God for a clear conscience."

We deferred the funeral, and, sending for Mr. Hatfield (the surgeon), told him the case, who examined me how my father was before he went to bed, and what supper he ate, &c. I told him all the particulars, and, when he had surveyed the corpse, he went to Mr. Farry and told him that he wondered how he could entertain such thoughts concerning me, assuring him there were no just grounds for his suspicion. Mr. Farry replied he verily believed it was so. Mr. Hatfield, perceiving that no arguments would convince him, returned and told us we must have a coroner and jury. I readily agreed to this proposal, saying, "Sir, as my innocency is known to God, I would have it known to men ; therefore, pray be pleased to open my father." This he declined, saying there was no need for it, but promised to meet the coroner and jury the next day.

Now I had new work cut out, therefore went to the Lord and prayed that He would appear in this fiery trial. I saw my life lay at stake, as well as the name of God struck at, but that word was sent for my support and comfort, and it was a blessed one to my soul : "No weapon that is

formed against thee shall prosper ;" also, " All that are incensed against thee shall be ashamed." Encouraged by these precious promises, we sent for the coroner on Friday morning. Mr. Farry, hearing of it, told my brother he would have him meet the coroner at Biggleswade, and agree it there, " for," continued he, " it will be found *petit* treason, and your sister must be burnt." " No, sir," replied my brother, " we are not afraid to let him come through." Upon hearing this I said, " I will have him come through if it cost me all my father has left me." I did not know how far God might suffer this man and the devil to go. It also troubled me to think that—in case I suffered—another, as innocent as myself, might suffer too, for Mr. Farry reported that I poisoned my father and Mr. Bunyan gave me the stuff to do it with ; but the Lord knew our innocency in this affair, both in thought, word, and deed.

Whilst thus surrounded with straits and troubles, I must own that at times I had many carnal reasonings, though I knew myself clear. I thought, should God suffer my enemies to prevail to the taking away of my life, how shall I endure burning ! O, the thoughts of burning were very terrible, and made my very heart to ache within me ! But that Scripture, which I had often thought of before my father's death, came now into my mind, " When thou passest through the fire I will be with thee." I said in my heart, " Lord, Thou knowest my innocence ; therefore if Thou art pleased to suffer my enemies to take away my life, yet surely Thou wilt be with me ; Thou hast been with me in all my trials hitherto, and, I trust, wilt not now leave me in the greatest of all." At last I was made to believe that, if I did burn at a stake, the Lord would give me His presence ; and in a solemn manner resigned myself to His disposal, either for life or death.

That forenoon in which the coroner was expected, some Christian friends from Gamlingay paid me a visit, and spent several hours in prayer, and pleaded earnestly with the Lord on my behalf, that He would graciously appear for me, and glorify His name in my deliverance. This done I retired, and was much enlarged in begging the Divine presence this day, and that I might not have so much as a dejected countenance, or be in the least daunted before them. I thought to stand before a company of men for the murder of my own father, though I knew my innocence, would make me sink unless I had much of the Lord's presence to support me. I thought, should I appear dejected or daunted, people will conclude that I am guilty, therefore I begged of God that He would carry me above the fears of men, devils, and death, and give me faith and courage to lift up my head before my accusers. Immediately that Scripture darted into my mind, " The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." Then I broke out, " Lord,

Thou knowest my heart and my hands are clear in this matter." This was such a suitable word that I could hardly have had such another, and the Lord made every tittle of it good before the sun went down, so that I was able to look mine enemy in the face with boldness.

Presently word was brought that the coroner and jury were at my brother's, and when they had put up their horses, they came to view the corpse. I sat with some neighbours by the fire, as they passed through the house into the room where my father lay; some of the jurymen came, and taking me by the hand, with tears running down their cheeks, said, "Pray God be thy comfort, thou art as innocent as I am, I believe." Thus one and another spake to me, which I looked upon as a wonderful mercy to find they believed me not guilty.

When the coroner had viewed the corpse, he came to warm himself by the fire where I sat, and looking steadfastly at me, he said, "Are you the daughter of the deceased?" I answered, "Yes." He replied, "Are you the person who was in the house alone with him when he was struck with death?" "Yes, sir, I am she." He then shook his head, at which I feared his thoughts were evil toward me. The jury also, having taken their view, went to dine at my brother's; after which they proceeded to business, and sent for me. As I was going, my heart went out much to the Lord that He would stand by me. Then came these words, "Fear not, for thou shalt not be ashamed." And before I came to my brother's house, my soul was made like the chariots of Amminadib, being wonderfully supported, even above what I could ask or think. When I got there, my brother sent for Mr. Farry, who not coming soon, he sent again; at last he came. Then the coroner called the witnesses, being my brother's men, who were sworn. He asked them whether they were present when my father died, what words they heard him speak, &c. And when they had answered, he called Mr. Farry, and gave him his oath. "Come," said he, "as you are the occasion of our coming together, we would know what you have to say about this maid's murdering her father, and on what grounds you accuse her." Mr. Farry, but in a confused manner, told the coroner of the late difference between my father and me; how I was shut out of doors, and that my father died but two nights after I was admitted. Nobody knew what to make of this strange preamble; but I stood in the parlour amongst them, with my heart as full of comfort as it could hold, being got above the fear of men or devils.

The coroner said, "This is nothing to the matter in hand; what have you to accuse this young woman with?" To which Mr. Farry replied little or nothing to the purpose, and at the same time returning cross answers. The coroner was very angry, and bid him stand by. Then I was called.

"Come, sweetheart," said the coroner, "tell us where was you that

night your father shut you out?" (for the man who went to Bedford for him had related matters as they rode along). I answered, "Sir, I was in the barn all night." "And was you there alone?" "Yes, sir, I had nobody with me."

He shook his head and proceeded, "Where did you go next morning?" "Sir, I stayed in the barn till nine or ten o'clock, entreating my father to let me go in, but he would not."

At this he seemed concerned, and asked where I was the remaining part of the day. I said, "At my brother's, and lay there the following night." "When did your father let you come in?" "On the Lord's-day evening." "Was he well when you came in?" "Yes, sir." "How long did he live afterwards?" "Till Tuesday night, sir." "Was he well that day?" "Yes, sir, as well as ever I saw him in my life, and ate as hearty a dinner." "In what manner was he taken, and at what time?" "Near midnight, complaining of a pain at his heart; I heard him groan, and made all haste to light a candle; and when I came I found him sitting up in his bed and crying out of a pain in his heart; and he said he should presently die, which frightened me very much, so that I could scarce get on my clothes, when I made a fire, and my father rose and sat by it. I got him something warm, of which he drank a little, but, straining to vomit, he fainted away while I held his head, and could not leave him to call in assistance, fearing lest, in my absence, he should fall into the fire."

The coroner further proceeded, "Was there nobody in the house with you?" "No, sir," I said, "I had none with me but God. At length my father came a little again to himself, and went into the other room, whither I soon followed him, and found him fallen along upon the floor; at which sight I screamed out in a most dismal manner, yet I tried to raise him up, but in vain, till at last, being almost spent, I ran to my brother's in a frightful condition."

Having given him this relation, the coroner said, "Sweetheart, I have no more to say to you;" and then addressed himself to the jury, whose verdict being given, he turned himself to Mr. Farry, and said, "You, sir, who have defamed this young woman in this public manner, endeavouring to take away her good name, yea, her life also, if you could, ought to make it your business now to establish her reputation. She has met with enough in being alone with her father, when seized with death; you had no need to add to her affliction and sorrow, and if you were to give her five hundred pounds, it would not make amends."

He then came to me, and taking me by the hand said, "Sweetheart, do not be daunted, God will take care of thy preferment, and provide thee a husband, notwithstanding the malice of this man. I confess these are hard things for one so young as thou art to meet with. Blessed be God

for this deliverance, and never fear but He will take care of thee." Then addressing myself to the coroner and jury, I said, "Sirs, if you are not all satisfied, I am free my father should be opened; as my innocence is known to God, I would have it known to you also, for I am not afraid of my life." "No," replied the coroner, "we are satisfied; there is no need of having him opened; but bless God that the malice of this man broke out before thy father was buried."

The room was full of people, and great observation made of my looks and behaviour. Some gentlemen who were on the jury, as I was afterwards told, said that they should never forget with what a cheerful countenance I stood before them. I know not how I looked; but this I know, my heart was as full of peace and comfort as it could hold. The jurymen were all much concerned for me, and were observed to weep when the coroner examined me. Indeed I have abundant cause to bless God that they were deeply convinced of my innocence; and I have heard some of them were so affected with my case, that they would speak of me with tears a twelve-month after.

When the coroner and company were gone, we sent again to our friends to invite them to the funeral, which was on Saturday night. I now thought my trials on this account were over, and that Mr. Farry had vented all his malice, but I was mistaken; for seeing that he could not take away my life, his next attempt was to deprive me of that substance my father had left me. Accordingly, he sends for my brother-in-law, as he was going from my father's grave, and informed him how things were left in the will, telling him that his wife was cut off with a shilling, but that he could put him in a way to come in for a share. This was a new trouble. My brother-in-law threatened, if I would not resign part of what my father had left, he would begin a suit at law. Mr. Farry prompted him on, saying, "Hang her, drown her, do not let her go away with so much more than your wife." And to law we were going, to prevent which, and for the sake of peace, I satisfied my brother with a handsome present.

About a month after my father was buried, another report was spread at Biggleswade, that Agnes Beaumont had now confessed she poisoned her father, and was quite distracted. "Is it true?" said some. "Yes, it is true," said others. "I have heard the defaming of many: Report, say they, and we will report it." But I was determined, if it pleased God to spare me till next market-day, I would go and let them see I was not distracted, and accordingly went (though it was frost and snow) on Wednesday morning. I called at my sister Eveart's to rest, and when the market was at its height, showed myself among the people, which put a stop to their business for a time; for their eyes were upon me, and some I saw whispering and pointing, and others talking in companies, while I walked through

and through with this thought, "If there were a thousand more of you, I would lift up my head before you all." That day I was well in my soul, and, therefore, exceedingly cheerful. Many people came and spake to me, saying, "We now see that you are not distracted." Some I saw cry, but some others laughed. "O," thought I, "mock on; there is a day coming that will clear up all." That was a wonderful Scripture: "And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day."

After this another report was raised, in a different part of the country, that Mr. Bunyan was a widower, and gave me counsel to poison my father that he might marry me, which plot was agreed on, they said, as we went to Gamlingay. But this report rather occasioned mirth than mourning, because Mr. Bunyan at the same time had a good wife living.

Now, thought I, surely Mr. Farry has done with me. But the next summer a fire broke out in the town. How it came to pass no one could tell, but Mr. Farry soon found a person on whom to charge it, for he affirmed it was I who set the house on fire. But, as the Lord knoweth, I knew nothing of this fire till the doleful cry reached my ears. This malicious slander was not much regarded.

Thus I have related both the good and evil things I have met with in past dispensations of Providence, and have reason to wish it was as well with my soul now as then. And one mercy the Lord added to all the rest which I cannot but mention, namely, that He kept me from prejudice against Mr. Farry, for, notwithstanding he had so greatly injured me, I was helped to cry to the Lord, and that with many tears, for mercy on his soul. I can truly say that I earnestly longed after his salvation, and begged of God to forgive him for whatever he had said or done to my hurt.

AGNES BEAUMONT.

[NOTE BY REV. S. JAMES.—Mrs. Beaumont survived these trials many years, and was twice married; her last husband's name was Story—a person of considerable substance and great seriousness. Her funeral discourse was preached by my worthy predecessor, the late Rev. Mr. Needham, from 2 Cor. iv. 17: "For our light affliction," &c. The young people of the congregation under the pastoral care of the aged and venerable John Geard, M.A., had a stone fixed in the wall of the Meeting House bearing the following inscription:—"Agnes Beaumont, of Edworth, Bedfordshire, afterwards Mrs. Story, became a member of the church at Bedford under the pastoral care of the Rev. John Bunyan, Oct. 31, 1672. Died at Highgate, Nov. 28, 1720, aged 68 years; and, being brought to Hitchin by her own desire, was interred in the adjoining ground. This stone was erected by subscription in 1812 in respectful remembrance of a person so justly celebrated for her eminent piety and remarkable sufferings."]

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARIES OF REV. WILLIAM WARD, OF SERAMPORE.

LORD'S DAY, JUNE 2ND, 1803.—At 10 o'clock we went to the Governor's house, and heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Brown, on occasion of the death of the Governor. I was much pleased with the concern he seemed to take to engage the new Governor and the Danes to be friendly to the mission. He praised the late Col. Bie much on account of his patronage of the mission. The Governor for the time being is Mr. Krefting.

MON., JUNE 3RD.—Mr. W. Grant has given 300 rupees to the new chapel at Calcutta, Mr. Ellerton 100, Miss Ruhmör 100, Mr. Fernandez 300 ; Mr. Pattle, Judge of Dinagepore, 100 ; Mr. Paul, of this place, 150.

TUES., JUNE 4TH.—The weather is uncommonly hot. Breth. Moore and Rowe, and their wives, are poorly. Spirits flag. It is impossible to bustle about as with the frost at one's fingers' ends, now.

MON., JULY 1ST.—Mr. Krefting is appointed our new Governor. We have waited on him with our congratulations.

FRI., JULY 5TH.—Mr. Maylin came before the church, and gave a pretty long and satisfactory account ; from which it appears that Mr. Brown's preaching was made useful to him. He mentions one sermon of Mr. Brown's in particular, from "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves," &c. Though once as ignorant of the way of justification as the darkest Hindoo, and though now only emerging into the light, yet I hope he has got the true light and savour of Christ.

MON., JULY 8TH.—We have bought a large telescope, microscope, and planetarium, &c., of a Dr. Dinwiddie, of Calcutta, a gentleman who accompanied Lord Macartney to China.

LORD'S DAY, JULY 14TH.—On Friday evening Bro. Carey gave notice to the Church that he wished Bro. Marshman and me to be united with him in the pastorate. He had mentioned this before.

MON., JULY 15TH.—Mr. Smith, of America, has sent us three English letters from Madras. They cost about 16 shillings postage. How much better if they had been sent 6 months sooner by the post. However, I thank thee, dear Ryland ; thy letters would be cheap if they cost twice as much. Two brethren are arrived at Madras for Surat, sent out by the London Society. They have promised to come and see us first, Dr. Taylor and Mr. Loveless.

TUES., JULY 23RD.—The College and Asiatic Society have agreed to allow us between 4 and 500 pounds a year for translating and printing such Hindoo shasters as they shall select. We have finished another book ordered by the College,—a translation from the Persian into the Bengalee. It is called, "The Tootenama." The College takes 100 copies at 6 rupees a copy.

FRI., AUG. 2ND.—Lord Cornwallis arrived.

MON., AUG. 5TH.—Breth. Carey, Marshman, and I were at Calcutta this day, on the invitation of Mr. Brown, to accompany the inhabitants of Calcutta in their parting address to Marquis Wellesley. The obligations we are under to his Lordship made us join in this address with much pleasure. Bydenant has arrived. When I asked why he did not stay at Cutwa with Bro. —, he related that when he went with Kangalee they proceeded to Cutwa; that they stayed there all the first day almost, without his asking them to eat; and when they began to cook a little for themselves near his house, he came and ordered them to take the pot off the fire, and kicked it to pieces. This was because they had omitted to ask his leave to cook upon his ground. Oh, brethren! I hope you will never again think that zeal without love will make a missionary to the Hindoos!

Mr. Buchannan has offered to expend 5,000 rupees if any of us will try to penetrate into China from Assam, so as to determine how missions may be formed there. Don't print this. Mr. Buchannan is going a journey in which he will inquire into the state of the St. Thomas Christians and into the situation of the Jews at Cochin.

MON., AUG. 12TH.—A letter from Bro. F. received this evening, contains some very unkind and unjust charges. He represents our conduct in signing the address to Lord Wellesley as being black in the extreme, dictated by worldly motives, and hoping God will forgive us. He returned some hymn-books and Watts's songs as too dear, and charged us with getting 2 or 300 per cent. by the books we sold.

FRI., AUG. 23RD.—Bro. Carey brings word that Mr. Buchannan has been dangerously ill. We have this week finished the 3rd vol. of the Bengalee Bible, viz., Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Solomon's Song.

THURS., SEPT. 12TH.—We have finished a small vol. called "Happy Deaths." It is a compilation from the Evangelical, Missionary, and Theological Magazines, Baptist Register, &c. I hope it may be useful here, and perhaps in England. Brethn. Carey, Marshman, and I have signed a recommendatory address prefixed. This address and the drudgery of compilation fell on me.

SAT., SEPT. 14TH.—It seems that Miss Ruhmör is in danger of losing her chapter, and the benefits attached to it, on account of having been baptized. Those "baptized infidels" have required her to signify whether she receives the Augsburg *th.* The privileges of these chapters, however, are not denied to *th* this measure, if persisted in, will deprive Miss R. of a good fortune, yet she has proposed to us to maintain a native preacher *sense.* By-the-by, this is a capital thought of our good sister's, *ppy* way of helping the mission. In this way, men of some *you* might, at a small expense (about four rupees a month), *missionary,* pray for him, and have the crowns of rejoicing which *his* labours. How happy might such a Christian feel himself in

keeping his own curate, yea, in keeping a missionary to poor heathen souls at his own expense, and become his substitute in this war with the devil and these idols ! I do not think there ever was anything more likely to tempt the money out of people's pockets than this. Such a person, or even four persons, joining might have an account of the labours and successes of their missionaries. I should suppose they would feel an infinite satisfaction in reading the accounts of their conversations, preachings, itinerancies, conversions by their instrumentality, &c.

MON., SEPT. 16TH.—The college has ordered 100 Mahratta grammars, which we lately printed, and 100 Mahratta dictionaries to be printed. These works are by Bro. Carey, viz., extracted out of a Mahratta Pundit. We have received an account of seven boxes. The ship is in the river. We have also some letters. Thank God, Robert Hall is better.

MON., SEPT. 23RD.—Our Mussulman moonshee (learned man) this day quitted his place rather than come to hear preaching at our house on the Lord's-day evening. Three or four of the clergymen have been trying to get Mr. Brown out of his chaplainship, under the charge of his being only in deacon's orders, of his being an encourager of sectaries, of his keeping a mission church where he administered the Sacrament to a select party. Lord Cornwallis is said to have frowned on these malicious clergymen.

SAT., SEPT. 28TH.—This evening I proposed to the brethren to send a set of Hindoo ornaments and utensils belonging to the Hindoo superstition, and other curiosities, to the Bristol Academy, as a present from the mission, to which they agreed. They agreed to another proposal also which I made, viz., to form a library of all the Hindoo and Mussulman shasters as a part of the mission library. They also agreed to a third motion which I made, viz., to have a lecture in the family once a fortnight on the Languages and Religions of the East. Bro. Carey always delivers a lecture every Monday afternoon on Astronomy, Geography, &c. The other subjects will now be incorporated, and form one weekly lecture. Each brother will take a part according to his ability.

WED., OCT. 2ND.—Yesterday Breth. Marshman, Mardon, Biss, Ward, went down to Calcutta respecting the building of the chapel there. Mr. Maylin proposed to invest 5 or 10,000 rupees in the chapel on condition that the interest was secured to him. As by this plan we were secured from being liable to be called upon for any of the debt that will remain upon it, we acceded to the plan of beginning to build as soon as a piece of ground could be got. After this meeting, we went to the house of the Rajah, who lives at the outside of Calcutta, to see the dancing and hear the singing at Doorga-Poojah. We stayed till 3 o'clock in the morning, and then returned to Mr. Lindeman's, where Bro. Carey has rooms. I went and lay down in the palanquin, but could not sleep for the mosquitoes. Bro. Marshman lay down on three chairs, Bro. Biss did the same, Bro. Mardon on the floor; Dr. Taylor went to his bed; Fernandez found an unoccupied bed in

another room. Bro. Carey was fast asleep. He did not go to the Rajah's. Bro. Marshman and I came off in the one-horse chair at 5 o'clock, and got up to Serampore for breakfast.

SAT., OCT. 5TH.—This afternoon it was agreed at the church-meeting that Bro. Marshman and I should be chosen co-pastors with Bro. Carey, and Breth. Mardon, Biss, Rowe, Moore, and Fernandez deacons. At our evening council I delivered to each Bro. a copy of a form of agreement respecting the "principles upon which we think it our duty to act in instructing the heathen." I wished much that we should leave to our successors something like this, and therefore drew it up, read it to the brethren, and to-night gave each a copy for their corrections and additions. Bro. Marshman, since I read this form of agreement, has drawn up a plan of union for the family, which will accompany the family rules, as this agreement will accompany the station rules. The station rules are also of my drawing up. I have proposed, and they have agreed to print the Plan of Union, the Family Rules, the Agreement and Station Rules, your public letter on Marriages, and other things of importance to the Mission, as Resolutions of the Society, in a uniform manner, so as to form a volume, sooner or later, under the title of "Memoranda respecting the Mission at Serampore."

LORD'S DAY, OCT. 6TH.—This was the anniversary of the formation of the Society at home, and in other respects was a very solemn day. At six in the morning we had a prayer-meeting, when Bro. Marshman recounted the leadings of Providence in a short address. This was joined with prayer and singing. At half-past ten we began the service, in which Bro. Marshman and I were called to the office of co-pastors. Breth. Mardon, Biss, Moore, Rowe, Fernandez, Kreeschnoo, and Kreeschnoo Presad were set apart to the office of deacons, by laying on of hands (Breth. Carey, Marshman, and Ward's). With respect to laying on of hands in appointing to the pastoral office, we could not find an express example, and it was omitted till we got more light on the subject. Bro. Taylor gave the charge to Bro. M. and me, and Bro. C. preached to the church in English, and I, in Bengalee, preached to the deacons. In the services of the day, every missionary brother engaged more or less. Besides these services, we had baptism and the Lord's Supper. Such a day was never seen at this Mission-house before. All seemed to be happy.

MON., OCT. 14TH.—This evening Bro. Marshman read to us a memorial respecting the practicability and propriety of translating and printing the Scriptures, particularly the New Testament, into all the languages of India, and distributing them among the natives. This memorial has been drawn up to lay before Mr. Udney, and ultimately before the Biblical Society, which has appointed Mr. Brown, Mr. Buchannan, Mr. Udney, Mr. Carey, Mr. Marshman, and me a committee for this country. It does not seem, however, that this appointment is likely to end in anything, as Mess. Brown and Buchannan do not seem hearty in this instance. I hope this memorial will be printed in England in the *Evangelical*

Magazine, and that it may force 5,000 pounds out of the pockets of some lovers of the Gospel somewhere, as for this sum the New Testament may be translated into all the principal languages of India, and 2,000 copies printed and bound in each.

WED., OCT. 16TH.—Lord Cornwallis is dead at Ghazepore. Sir George Barlow succeeds, and Mr. Udney is second in Council.

SAT., OCT. 19TH.—I have suggested an idea to the brethren, which we seem all to think ought to be adopted—viz., that in planting separate churches, native pastors shall be chosen, and native deacons, and that the missionaries shall preserve their original character, giving themselves up to the planting of new churches and superintending those already planted. The benefits of this plan are detailed in the Form of Agreement, which we are printing.

LORD'S DAY, OCT. 20TH.—Bro. Carey preached in Bengalee in the evening. He had about 140 hearers, natives. We have now as many as 15 inquirers here and near Calcutta.

LORD'S DAY, OCT. 27TH.—Five of the seven boxes arrived in the night. We were almost guilty of Sabbath breaking in opening them. But who could forbear?

WED., NOV. 6TH.—This afternoon Bro. Mardon and I set off into Jessore to form a missionary station.

SAT., NOV. 30TH.—Bro. Carey has applied to Mr. Udney respecting obtaining a general license or permission to itinerate and establish ourselves in all parts of the Company's dominions. He has written on the subject to the Governor-General. If we cannot obtain this, we can get a license renewable every nine months.

WED., DEC. 4TH.—This afternoon and till eleven at night we have been busy composing the proposals for printing the Scriptures in all the languages of India. Mr. Buchannan has drawn up these proposals, and seems exceedingly anxious to accomplish this object. Mr. Brown is the same. He thinks if the Gov.-General complies with the request sent him, and sanctions the thing, three lacs of rupees may be obtained in subscriptions from the Company's servants. Mr. Udney goes into the business with much zeal. Bro. Carey was the first to urge us to think of getting something for the cause in this way. I was a little faithless, I confess. He, however, teased Br. Marshman to draw up an estimate, and talked to Mr. Udney. The memorial was drawn up, shown to Mr. Brown, and, I suppose, to Mr. Udney and Mr. Buchannan. Mr. Buchannan took it up with great zeal, as for his life; drew up a new proposal more adapted to the taste of Europeans here; engaged a banker as treasurer; laid a deep plan to engage the Gov.-General, Mr. Udney, the College, all the Company's servants throughout the country, the Armenian merchants, and even the rich natives, to contribute to it.

THURS., DEC. 5TH.—Mr. Buchannan is taken ill. He has thought of an alteration or two in the Proposals. It makes 8 pages of foolscap folio. Two hundred and fifty of the first sheet are worked off. We are now at a stand. Yesterday

Fernandez went down to Calcutta to try and get a passage to England on an American ship. Mr. Maylin talks of accompanying him, and is gone to Calcutta too on this business.

MON., DEC. 9TH.—I stayed this day at Calcutta to try to get a passage to America for Fernandez. We were twice on board the *William Penn*, and in the evening took the passage for Mr. Maylin and Fernandez, 2,000 rupees each. We may send a native brother for nothing, if we choose. We came up at night in the one-horse chair by moonlight.

WED., DEC. 18TH.—We have this day settled that Ram Mohun shall go with our brethren to England. Presand is rather poorly, and is very useful here. He wished to go. Kreeshnoo is too much wanted here also. Bro. Carey is quite averse to any native brother's going. Bro. Marshman and I think it is what we owe to the supporters of the Mission and to you, as a reward for their prayers and subscriptions, and your anxiety and labours. It will be a means of forming a stronger bond of union betwixt Bengalee and English Christians. It may be a means of strengthening the Mission at home in a wonderful manner, and increase your funds. There never was a sight like this in England since the world began—a converted Brahman. The missions on the coast have been established 100 years, I suppose, and they have many thousands of converts, but they have not been able to baptize a single Brahman. The sight of this Brahman may stop the mouths of infidels and cold Calvinists. It will electrify whole congregations. Let Fernandez and Ram Mohun sing a Bengalee hymn after a sermon on behalf of the Mission, and in every place you will be laden with gifts and contributions. Take them with you a missionary tour to Scotland, &c. Don't make a show of them; don't be afraid of showing them. Don't set them on a stool in a chapel. Don't hide God's gift in a napkin. Ram Mohun's passage to America costs nothing. A native brother could never go at another time with such advantages as he can now; Fernandez can talk to him, and make him happy, and Fernandez can interpret to you. He may come back with Mr. Maylin in 4 or 5 months after landing, or he may stay till some brother or sister come out, or till Fernandez returns, and he may teach two or three missionary candidates the Bengalee.

LORD'S DAY, DEC. 22ND.—I went down to Calcutta, that I might be ready to press upon the capt. the taking of our native brother, Ram Mohun. Mr. Maylin says he talks there is not room. Ram Mohun preached excellently in Bengalee in the afternoon. It was the first time I heard him. I was much pleased.

MON., DEC. 23RD.—We waited on the capt. Mr. Maylin and Fernandez paid their passage, but the capt. was determined not to take our native brother. I was mortified and a little chagrined that the Quaker—the capt. is a worldly Quaker—had tricked us. He had in *fact* engaged to take him, but not in *form*, and therefore we had no alternative. Mr. Maylin was too easy and good-natured, leaving to the generosity of the capt. what ought to have been a part of the conditions of the agreement.

FRI., DEC. 27TH.—It is yet uncertain how the subscriptions towards the translating and printing the Scriptures in the languages of India will terminate. It is doubtful whether the Gov.-General will give it his sanction or not as Governor. However, if he does not, it will be carried on, I believe, and subscriptions solicited all over the country. Mr. Buchannan has agreed with an Armenian for 300 rupees a month, to come up to Serampore and teach two or three of us the Chinese. Bro. Marshman stands with open mouth to receive him. I suppose Mr. Buchannan will throw this upon the fund to be collected.

SAT., DEC. 28TH.—Bro. Chamberlain and Sister Grant were married this afternoon at our house.

TUES., DEC. 31ST.—Dr. Taylor has taken his passage to Madras, and expects to go on board on Thursday. I hope he may be a useful missionary. We have given him 200 copies of the Gospel of Matthew in the Mahratta language, to distribute as he may have opportunity at Surat. The office of Vice-Provost of the College is abolished, and Mr. Buchannan is appointed Provost, instead of Mr. Brown, who thereby loses 1,500 rupees a month. The private subscription for the maintenance of a gospel minister at the mission church amounts to a sum the interest of which is 200 rupees a month, and the Government gives 200 more, so that they could maintain a minister if they could get one. They would take up with one of Lady Huntingdon's, if they could get one, I fancy.

SYMBOLS OF THE CHURCH.

BY THE REV. JAMES CAVE.

IV.—THE SALT.

“Ye are the salt of the earth.”—MATT. v. 13.

IT must be borne in mind that our Lord was speaking to an Eastern people, and that Eastern people the Jews. The language He used, therefore, would be in harmony with the people and the time; and we must seek to interpret any figure He employs in harmony with these facts. In some instances, as in that of the Candlestick, this is most necessary, as the truth to be discovered is wrapped up in the circumstances of place and time.

We must proceed along the same lines with reference to the salt. Salt had a peculiar significance among this people which it has not among ourselves. With us it is one of the cheapest and commonest commodities, being, consequently, very lightly esteemed. But this is

not the case everywhere. In some countries it will purchase men. "In several countries of Africa men are sold for salt; amongst the Gallas and on the coast of Sierra Leone, the brother sells his sisters, the husband his wife, parents their children, for salt;" on the Gold Coast, "a handful of salt, the most valuable merchandise after gold, will purchase one, or even two slaves."* And it cannot be without significance of its value that we read, in the book of Ezra, that Artaxerxes, King of Persia, "made a decree . . . that whatsoever Ezra the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of heaven, shall require, it be done speedily, unto a hundred talents of silver, and to a hundred measures of wheat, and to a hundred baths of wine, and to a hundred baths of oil, *and salt without prescribing how much* (vii. 21, 22).

Then, besides the estimation in which it was held on account of its commercial value, it had, and has still, a symbolic significance among the people of the East. To eat salt with an Arab to this day is to claim his friendship and service, and to enter into a covenant with him. Dr. Thomson tells us, in "The Land and the Book," how he went into an Arab tent, near the Lake of Galilee, and was thus entertained:—A piece of fresh baked bread was broken off by the host, dipped in some compound of molasses, and given to each one of the company till all had eaten. The ceremony then received this explanation from the Arab:—"We are now brethren. There is bread and salt between us; we are brothers and allies." This bread was the sign and seal of the covenant of brotherhood, by which the Arab considered he had bound himself "to aid, befriend, and succour" his ally, "even to the loss of his own life" (p. 380).

This symbolic significance of salt had, moreover, by God's command, its place in the ritual and religion of the Jew. In Lev. ii. 13, the following instructions occur:—"And every oblation of thy meat offering shalt thou season with salt; neither shalt thou suffer *the salt of the covenant of thy God* to be lacking from thy meat offerings: with all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt." Into the more general ideas attaching to salt we shall inquire presently; but in the peculiar relation of the "salt of the covenant," it denoted, as in the case above referred to, stability and perpetuity. It was "the salt of the covenant:" that was its name, and it was never to be absent from their offerings; thus reminding the worshipper that he and God had entered into a compact which God would never break, and which he must be careful to keep. And, as between man and man, in the days of Ezra the scribe, we have an instance of the binding nature of the covenant of salt. In the fourth chapter of the book which bears his name, we find the opponents of the Jews sending a letter to the Persian king, in which occurs this sentence: "Now, because"—not, "we have maintenance from the king's palace," as our version has it,

* Chambers' Encyclopædia : Art., *Sodium*.

but according to the marginal rendering—"now, because we are salted with the salt [or have eaten the salt] of the palace, it was not meet for us to see the king's dishonour" (ver. 14); by which they mean that, having eaten of the king's salt, they are bound to be loyal and faithful to him.

These would be ideas additional to those familiar to us which would be conveyed to the minds of the Jewish audience when Christ said, "Ye are the salt of the earth." To us it would only speak of the resemblance existing between our position and office, and the natural properties and action of salt; but in them it would awaken these other associations. It might tell them of their preciousness; it would certainly remind them of their consecration and obligations as the covenant people of God. But in the words of the Lord there was a widening of the idea. Whatever they were as salt, they were not only this to themselves and to God, but to all mankind. The people of God are now reminded that they are the salt of the *earth*.

In endeavouring to gather up the instruction contained in this symbol, we will follow this order, noticing (1) the purposes served by salt, and (2) the method of its action in attaining its end:—

I. Salt and its uses are too well known to need any description. Confining our references to those purposes which belong to the figurative use of it, we observe that one use and object of salt is to *make palatable* the food with which it is eaten. Job has aptly stated the whole case for us: "Can that which is unsavoury be eaten without salt? Or is there any taste in the white of an egg? The things that my soul refused to touch are as my sorrowful meat." His meaning may be taken to be that his sorrows in their present form were as distasteful to him as unsavoury food unseasoned with salt. Salt is the one element which rescues food from disgust, and makes that pleasant which, without it, would excite nausea and loathing.

In the application of the figure, this aspect is not to be left out of sight. The Christian life in those who form the Church of Christ upon earth is the salt of society—seasoning it, preventing and removing those conditions among men which would make life simply insufferable. Christianity is the pioneer and parent of civilisation; and without civilisation what would men, or society, or nations be? It is all very well for men to speak, and write, and work against the Gospel, and to try to destroy the simple faith of those who make it the anchor of their souls. When men have climbed to an eminence, it is no uncommon thing for them to wish to kick down the ladder by which they have risen. But those who are disposed to look quietly upon their efforts, to regard them with toleration and even complacency, should not be blind to the past; and, borrowing its light, it may be well to look a little ahead. If the Church of Christ were destroyed in any land, and the Gospel, in its direct and indirect influence, cast out, then there must be Paganism. Would anyone

in his senses prefer any Pagan condition of society he has ever heard or read of, to that of a Christian nation, enlightened by God's pure word, and governed, more or less, by the principles of the Christian faith? Has Assyria, or Egypt, or ancient Greece or Rome, at the time of the early Christians, any attractions? Does a state of things in which strength governs, in which might is right and where the weak go to the wall, where physical courage and plunder rule the social life, seem preferable to things as we have them now—illumined, leavened, salted with the Gospel of our Lord, and its beneficent principles working in the hearts and lives of His people? Verily, no. Life would no longer be bearable if Christianity did not cast its benign influence over the passions and habits of men, reducing them to law and order, and keeping them under restraint.

Nor is this all the Church of Christ does in this direction. It keeps in abeyance the aggressive wickedness of men; but how much, also, is attributable to it that relieves the distresses and miseries of life? Do we find among the heathen races, in their native darkness, any efforts to relieve the poor, the suffering, the distressed? Should we expect to find among the savage tribes of Africa any hospitals or asylums, or means of relief of the weak and the destitute? Or among the refinements of idolatrous India? Oh, no. Human nature, unenlightened by the rays which stream from the eternal throne, passing through the Cross on their way, teaches man to care for himself, and himself alone. It leads men to despise the weak, to feel the aged a burden of which to be rid; and, instead of finding hospitals and asylums rising from the banks of the Ganges, you might see a little baby-girl floating down the stream, and aged parents being carried thither to be cast away and die. It was left for Him who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister"—whose life was spent in going about and doing good—to teach men this unselfish, considerate love; and His followers are the first who can have passed upon them the heavenly commendation: "I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me."

Another idea connected with salt is, it *preserves* that to which it is applied. It prevents putrefaction; it forbids decay. There will be no difficulty in discovering proofs of this principle in the relation of godliness to the world. One can see at a glance how the godly in the world have preserved it from the destruction of judgment. That scene on the heights above Sodom will suffice. The avenging Lord announces His intention of destroying the cities of the Plain. Abraham pleads that if there be "fifty righteous within the city," it may be spared for their sakes. And it was to be done. Then, urging his plea, he reduces the number—forty-five—forty—thirty—twenty—ten. Yea, and ten righteous persons should have proved sufficient to preserve that group of cities from their doom. Our Lord stands on the hill overlooking Jerusalem, watching the fated city for which

retribution is preparing; and in His lamentation over it He reminds the people how that hearkening unto Him and receiving Him would have averted the calamity. Then, referring to the woes which were coming, He used these striking words: "Except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved; but *for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened.*" There is a direct statement of the fact, that a Christian community in any place is, in some measure, its salvation; and even when woes come upon it direct from God, those woes are lightened because of their sojourning in it.

With a plain statement of the principle like that, and repeated instances in confirmation, it is unnecessary to enlarge upon the application. As a matter of fact, the Christian life which is in a community, and the Christian principles which emanate from those who order their lives by the Word of God, preserve a people from corruption; and, preserving it from that, they keep the foundations from being destroyed, and so secure its place and its name among men.

Salt, again, is always taken as an *emblem of purity*. Seeing that it preserves from decay, and so keeps pure, it is used as signifying that which makes pure. This may serve to remind us of our work and aim. "Ye are the salt of the earth;" and, working as the salt, it is to be ours to seek to remove the corruption that is in the world, and to purify men's hearts to be the dwellings of our God. When Elisha succeeded to the mantle and the office of his great master, Elijah, he came and dwelt at Jericho. The "situation of the city was pleasant," but "the water was naught and the ground barren." The spring which supplied the town with water was unpleasant and noxious, and the men appealed to the prophet for help. He then took "a new cruse and put salt therein," and went and cast the salt into the spring, saying, "Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death." He wrought a miracle. In the Lord's name he healed the impure waters, and salt was the emblem he chose as most fitting to represent the healing agent. Such is God's Church among men,—the salt which He has cast into the world's turbid waters to take away its death, and to make them pure and sparkling with health and life.

These ideas, at least, come out of the symbol of the salt. By the Church—its life and influences—the world is made tolerable as the habitation of peace-loving people, society itself is preserved from corruption and decay, and the world is made pure. In asserting this, is it thought we claim too much for the Church? Let us think for a moment of the kind of character supposed as filling this office, and addressed as exerting these influences. To whom did Christ say, "Ye are the salt of the earth," "Ye are the light of the world"? We shall see if we read the previous part of His discourse, if we just glance at those characters He sketches in the beatitudes. What have we there? The poor in spirit, the mourner, the meek, they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, the merciful, the pure in.

heart, the peacemakers, they that are persecuted for righteousness sake. What an array of goodness! what a host of qualities powerful for blessing are there! Those who lament sorely their sinful lives, and who mourn over their depravity, confessing, like the publican, their unworthiness, and ardently desiring better things; the meek, who think no more highly of themselves than they ought to think, but who fill the air with the spirit of Him who was "meek and lowly in heart," and who, "when He was reviled, reviled not again"; the merciful to another's failings and another's sins; the pure in thought and action; the makers of peace between man and man, who think not severely of one another, and who lift up their voice against the drawing of the sword; men of principle, sufficiently staunch to take persecution quietly, and suffer for the name of Christ;—these are the salt of the earth; and by fashioning our lives more after this great model we shall justify our name as the preservers and purifiers of men.

II. A little practical guidance may be obtained from the action of the salt in securing these ends. With its working we are familiar. It does its work by infusing its properties and imparting its own nature to that to which it is applied. It is salt, and it *makes* salt that upon which it operates. It penetrates, little by little, quietly but surely, into the fibre of the meat, counteracting its natural tendencies, averting corruption, and preserving it from decay.

Thus *by action* is the Church to assert its character and do its work as the salt. Inertness there is to be none. As the light by the ceaseless giving off of its own rays makes the dark places light, and as the flowers make the evening air sweet by giving forth of their own sweetness, so is the Church to restore the moral wastes by communicating that which it possesses, and by filling others with its own life.

There must be *contact* if the work is to be accomplished. The salt that is down in the mines a hundred feet below the surface will do nothing, while it is there, to season, to preserve, or purify. It will only act as it is applied. Neither must we live in selfish, inactive isolation, caring only for our own instruction and comfort; but the Church must carry its life out unto the people around if the work is to be done. Against centralisation must the Church be on its guard. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" is the Divine command. The leaven, to which the kingdom of heaven was likened, had to be taken by the woman and hid in the three measures of meal, before it began to accomplish its transforming work. And the Church manifested its aggressive powers, and reaped its rich harvests, when the disciples were "scattered abroad" and "went everywhere preaching the Word." Let us do this, and we know not what great things lie within our reach. No one is living a Christian life in vain. You think it is not much that you can do. You are not eloquent; you are not wise; you have no apparent influence upon men. You cannot preach; you cannot teach; and few, perhaps,

would feel honoured by your counsel. No, but you can live. That, you can do. And that is not a small thing; possibly, it is greater than any of these others alone. Your lot is in the family, or in the service of others; and around you are those who are no friends to God. You can live a humble, meek, Christly life. That in time will win its way. Those about you will see it, perhaps resent and persecute, but at length will learn to admire and imitate. We may not be high enough up to "shine as lights in the world," but we can all exert the quiet, penetrating influence of the salt.

Then, if a number of these upright, quiet lives be brought together in the united fellowship and common action of the church, what a concentrated, almost irresistible, power for good we have! What wonders might be wrought on the world around! Let us be careful that we do not fail. Let us look to ourselves that we do not, by selfish inaction, fail to influence others with our saving properties. Let us take heed that we do not by exposure to worldly and unkindly influences lose our saltiness; for "salt is good," "but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men." May we be preserved from becoming "good for nothing"!

Kingsbridge.

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

THE ZULU WAR.

THE tidings from the Cape Colony afford no prospect of deliverance from the guilty complication in which our national honour and our national interests are there involved. The large reinforcements which were dispatched from our shores in March were, at the date of the latest intelligence, unavailable for operations against the enemy in consequence of the utter inadequacy of the means of transport; and, at prodigious cost, the army under Lord Chelmsford's command was waiting for the material necessary to an advance. We are told that the South African war is assuming the dimensions of the Crimean campaign. It has long ago assumed all the blundering and fatal witlessness of that disastrous war, and only comes short of it in the huge sacrifice of human life which we trust will yet be providentially averted. The fields are already white for the harvest of humiliation which awaits our country as the sequel of this miserable *fiasco*. "It is impossible," says the *Spectator*, "for any Englishman, whether opposed to the war in Zululand or not, to read the accounts from South Africa without a feeling of distress. A British army is being whittled away there without either glory or

reward." One of the newspaper correspondents (*Standard*) represents the 60th Rifles—one of the finest regiments in the service—as surrounded with the sickening odours of dead horses and cattle, without tents, and with a water supply from stinking puddles: "So cadaverous were their looks, so utterly changed and wasted down from what I left them but ten short days before, I felt quite dazed when they surrounded me. The colonel was sick and unable to move; the senior captain was doubled up, and a whole row of fine young fellows were lying for shelter from the burning sun under waggons, eking out their shade with an old tarpaulin, shaking with low fever, and exhausted by continuous dysentery—nine hundred men in the ranks and only three officers fit to take charge of them—though others were manfully struggling against their sickness and holding the field."

The *Times* estimates the expenditure incurred in the war as already amounting to half a million a week.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the well-known correspondent of the *Daily News*, significantly says of the King's Dragoons: "No regiment ever more needed a first-rate commanding officer."

About 30,000 of our troops are already under the command of Lord Chelmsford, and there is every prospect that this war will extend to an entire year.

THE SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER

There is some hope of the termination of the Afghan War. Negotiations are far advanced with Yakoo Khan, as the result of which a territory, about three times the size of Great Britain, is likely to be added to British India, and Afghanistan will become a protected state with a British resident at Cabul. The mountain passes will be held by our Imperial troops, and the foreign policy of the Ameer transferred to the British Government. This clause of the protocol possesses an infinite potentiality of mischief, if the accredited interpretation be correct, that the Court of Cabul is to be guaranteed by us against all external foes. Perilous complications loom in the distance as the outcome of this extension of British rule; and pecuniary obligations of vast amount will crop out to crush deeper in the mire of inextricable debt the already insolvent Indian Empire.

FOUND OUT.

"MY LORDS, YOU ARE BEGINNING TO BE FOUND OUT! THE PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY ARE BEGINNING TO SEE THAT YOU HAVE NOT OBTAINED FOR THEM WHAT THEY EXPECTED. IT IS NOT WE, THE MEMBERS OF OPPOSITION, WHO ARE ACCUSING YOU. TIME IS YOUR GREAT ACCUSER; THE COURSE OF EVENTS IS SUMMING UP THE CASE AGAINST YOU.

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY?—I SHALL AWAIT TO HEAR,—WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY WHY YOU SHOULD NOT RECEIVE AN ADVERSE VERDICT AT THE HANDS OF THE PUBLIC, AS YOU WILL CERTAINLY BE CALLED UPON TO RECEIVE IT AT THE BAR OF HISTORY?"

These memorable words of the Duke of Argyll, in his recent speech in the House of Lords on the policy of the Government, will stand among the most notable utterances of Parliamentary eloquence. They fell like the sharp blow of an assegai on the Premier, whose wonted self-possession deserted him, while with confused and distraught efforts he attempted, but failed in the attempt, to parry the weapon. The great expert in Parliamentary scorn was foiled with his own tactics, and the hero of many a conflict fell at last with broken lance. The arrows of our senatorial eloquence are not poisoned, but they are often very bitter, and they have never been more irksome than when thrust forth by the veteran Premier. The history of his political career is full of personal encounters, in which he has trailed a free lance.

But the Duke is right—the present administration is being "found out." In the clubs and the Government offices, their days are numbered; the agricultural interest is enumerating its wrongs; the mercantile circles have lost all patience with the depressing effects of their feverish policy, while the overwhelming accumulation of debt presses like a nightmare on all thoughtful citizens. Jingoism is in its last agonies; and all the beer shops will have all they can do, with the aid of all their clerical friends, to set it once more upon its feet.

LAWN TENNIS.

A very demure friend of ours says, "Man is an animal which prolongs its play-time all through life. He does not call it play when he becomes old, but, nevertheless, he requires some relaxation or diversion to relieve the strain of his more serious pursuits." *Æsop's* fable of the bent bow, and poor Richard's maxim anent,—Jack and all work,—are now amongst the most approved of proverbial sayings; and the imputation certainly does not lie against the present age that it is deficient in the love of pleasure. The signs of the times seem rather to point to the excessive addictedness of the masses of the people to amusement. The theatres are increasing in the metropolis at a great rate, the gravest newspapers devote a large proportion of their superficial space to sporting intelligence, the athletes of our universities are as popular or even more so than their honours men, while Saturday half holidays, bank holidays, and shortened hours of labour in other classes of the community, keep alive the condition described by the poet:—

"Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise,
Present to grasp and future still to find
The whole employ of body and of mind."

The great desideratum in relation to this subject is that it should be steadily enforced upon the minds of the young that the charm of all enjoyment ceases with its excess. If amusement of any kind encroaches upon obvious duties, absorbs much time, or involves serious fatigue, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*. No outdoor game can be more healthful, innocent, and comely than that of lawn tennis, but it is not worth making it the object of life, nor do we think that young ladies and gentlemen should display any eagerness to acquit themselves in "champion form." Less insipid than croquet, it is a pity that the fashionable game all through the country side should sink into disuse because its adherents aspire after becoming experts. No wonder the French say we take our pleasures drearly, if we enslave ourselves in their pursuit.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the EDITOR of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

A WORD FOR INTENDING EMIGRANTS TO AUSTRALIA.

DEAR SIR,—You know very well that many people are emigrating to Australia, but probably you are not fully aware that the majority of them come with very erroneous ideas as to what they will find here. It may be impossible to give them anything like an exact account of the country, the industrial occupations, and the state of society; yet more might be told them than they appear to know, and very much of what is told ought never to have been uttered. No doubt much of this misconception is their own fault, but not a little of the blame rests with the local agents.

From the almost unanimous testimony of such of the immigrants as I have conversed with, it appears that the most barefaced falsehoods are told, and most distorted pictures of colonial life are drawn, in order to induce as many as possible to leave their homes. I am happy, however, to say that there are exceptions to this charge—men who tell only what they know, and do their best to point out difficulties as well as advantages. That personal profit is the motive-power of the false colouring is, I think, clear enough. Many proofs of it come to my knowledge. For instance, forms of application are, as I am informed, given out gratis; yet I know of a church officer who has been in the habit of charging 7s. 6d. each for them. It would make some of the agents tremble if they heard what their victims say when the real truth is discovered.

Persons who come to these shores must expect difficulties, espe-

cially if they are unprovided with a few pounds to assist them in the earlier part of their colonial life. Every industrious and frugal colonist can testify that the difficulties are not insurmountable. There is work to be found, and good pay, but new comers must not be discouraged if they are unsuccessful at first.

Any who are unwilling to work had better stay where they are. The colony is no place for them. The hardest work is to find some way of living without work. There are men who tramp about the country pretending to look for work, but wishing they may not get it. A meal and a night's lodging is all they want. This is freely given, and then they walk off to the next station. Such men are called "loafers," a term expressive of profound contempt.

The really industrious get on very well, provided they do not squander their earnings on useless or vicious things, and are content to live for a time without luxuries and expensive dresses. Most of the steady workmen in towns live in their own houses; the "hands" on stations often have money in the savings bank; and families that take up land become gradually possessed of mobs of cattle and other desirable things. But dissolute "hands," when they get a cheque for a year's work, take a holiday, and "melt down" their cheque in a few weeks at some public-house, while their equally dissolute brethren in town, hand over to the publican on Saturday night no small part of the week's wages.

Not one-half of the mechanics are able at first to find employment in their own trades. Some never do, and do not wish for it, because they have found other employment that pleases them better. About two years since I advised a fitter to take any job he could get at any wages. Very lately he told me he had taken my advice, and has been able from the first to get his living. At some of his earlier jobs he earned from 3s. to 4s. per day, but soon found more profitable work, and is now working at his trade for 8s. per day, with a prospect of higher pay shortly. Many object to such a plan, because they say it will be letting themselves down. This is an error, for no one loses caste here on any such account. Small pay for a time is far better than idleness, and it does not prevent the man from looking about him and taking advantage of any favourable opportunity of advancement.

In this warm climate a good day's work is no child's play. Physical strength is needed, but it must be preserved by steady habits. It is true that there is plenty of easy work, but in most cases the hard work comes first, and even, in some cases, privation; but all this may be overcome by patient perseverance in steady industry.

For some weeks (often months) after arrival, most new comers are physically unable to work side by side with others who have become acclimatised. This is especially the case with men who have been engaged in sedentary occupations at home. Many fall into some sort of fever soon after arrival, especially if they indulge to any extent in

strong drink. In almost all cases they soon recover, and find themselves all the better for the sickness, and so altered in constitution as to be fully equal to the requirements of their new condition. These and such like considerations make employers of labour unwilling to engage "new chums," except at a somewhat reduced pay. The men are apt to think they are being imposed upon. Current wages may have been faithfully reported at home, but the drawbacks have been concealed.

People who bring a few pounds with them should be careful to keep it as long as possible. The mistake is often made of living upon it till work at good pay can be obtained. It is far better to work for a time at anything that will provide for daily wants, and keep the money till the proper way of using it is better known. Others enter at once into business speculations before they are thoroughly acquainted with colonial values and colonial styles of trading. They would do far better in the long run if they engaged as *employés* till a sufficient "colonial experience" had been gained.

There is much more that might be said for the benefit of intending emigrants, but I fear I have already made this letter too long. There is also much to say as to religious matters—things that surprise the new comers—and things concerning many of them that grieve, but do not astonish, the older residents. By your permission I may write about them shortly. Meanwhile, if you think the above likely to be useful, it is at your service in any way you think proper.

I am, yours sincerely,

T. W. I'ERSON, Pastor.

Rockhampton, Queensland, 28th Feb., 1879.

REVIEWS.

REPRESENTATIVE NONCONFORMISTS.

With the Message of their Life-Work for To-day. 1. John Howe. 2. Richard Baxter. 3. Samuel Rutherford. 4. Matthew Henry. By the Rev. Alexander Grosart, L.L.D., F.S.A., &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1879.

DR. GROSART is an exceptionally voluminous writer, who might do much better work if he did less, and

yet he has rarely written a more attractive and useful book than this series of lectures delivered to the students of the Presbyterian Church of England. We heartily approve of his idea that much good would accrue to the ministerial students of all denominations by presenting to them the life-work of the great worthies whose names we all revere, and we gladly confess that in the perusal of these lectures we

have found much intellectual and spiritual quickening. We have thus been enabled to renew our acquaintance with men who had perhaps as clear a knowledge of the Divine will as it is given to any on earth to attain, whose character reflected clearly and unmistakeably the glory of Christ, and whose lives were rich in all holy and helpful toil. The lecturer's aim is not so much to detail facts as to portray character, to show us what manner of men these worthies were, and this aim he has most successfully accomplished. He has seized with a happy instinct the *differentia* of their character, showing not only what they had in common, but what in each was peculiar to himself. The illustrative quotations have been selected with singular good taste and judgment, and if the volume does not send its readers to the works of the men whose character is so finely depicted we shall be surprised. Dr. Grosart has shown us so much that is good in Howe, Baxter, Rutherford, and Matthew Henry, that we cannot be content without knowing more. Anything which increases an acquaintance with their writings, renders to the churches of the nineteenth century a more important service than we can readily describe. There is occasionally a quaintness in Dr. Grosart's style which strikes us as somewhat feeble and affected. He is also a little too hard on Henry Rogers, whose revision of Howe's text is of far greater service to the bulk even of ministerial readers than the paragraph on page 86 seems to imply; and, finally, there is even more ground for speaking of Howe as a Congregationalist than there is for claiming him as a Presbyterian.

HANDBOOKS FOR BIBLE CLASSES
The Post Exilian Prophets:
Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi.
With Introductions and Notes.
By Marcus Dodds, D.D. Edin-
burgh: T. & T. Clark. 1879.

PROFESSOR MACGREGOR'S admirable Handbook on the Galatians has been quickly followed by one no less admirable on the Post Exilian Prophets, prepared by the editor of the series, Dr. Marcus Dodds. Our English literature is by no means so rich in works on the Old Testament as in works on the New, and we naturally, on that account, give a more cordial welcome to the scholarly volume before us. It is all that such a book should be. How the writer has compressed so much fresh and suggestive matter into so small a space we are at a loss to imagine. The brevity at which he has successfully aimed has certainly not been reached by an ignoring of difficulties or the omission of any essential point, nor is he ever obscure. The general introduction on the prophets and prophecy, discusses in a lucid and pithy style every important aspect of this great subject, and forms a really masterly dissertation upon it. The introductions to the separate books contain all the information that an ordinary reader can possibly require, and furnish a capital example of fearless, honest, and reverent criticism. The position of the advanced rationalists is calmly and candidly surveyed, and not a single point that they have made good is set aside. The treatment of the book of Zechariah, which, as is well known, supplies one of the most delicate problems in Biblical science, has afforded us special delight; and it will certainly secure for this small Handbook a foremost place in our critical and

exegetical literature. The notes throughout are healthy and vigorous, giving an improved translation wherever necessary, explaining obscure allusions, and elucidating in every requisite way the meaning of the text. Among works of this class there can be no question that Messrs. Clark's Handbooks will take the precedence, especially as they are published at a rate which entitles them to be described as a marvel of cheapness.

THE STUDY AND HOMILETIC MONTHLY. May. THE HOMILETIC COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF PROVERBS. No. 7. By W. Harris. London : R. D. Dickinson.

THESE serial publications have been so often characterised in our pages, that we need do nothing further here than say that the present numbers are quite equal to their predecessors, and will be eagerly welcomed by the class for whom they are written.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Brondesbury, Kilburn, April 9th.

Henley-on-Thames, April 22nd.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Burn, Rev. S. (. . .) Tenby.

Davies, Rev. W. (Llanthony), Jarrow.

Evans, Rev. E. G. (Metropolitan Tabernacle College), Belfast

Giles, Rev. W. L. (Greenwich), Cloughfold.

Godfrey, Rev. J. R. (Hebden Bridge), Bulwell, Notts.

Thomas, Rev. T. (Bristol College), Carmarthen.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Leominster, Rev. J. Smalley, May 6th.

Peckham, Rev. H. Knee, April 22nd.

Southsea, Rev. W. Laing, April 28th.

Wigan, Rev. H. Hall, May 6th.

Nottingham, Mr. J. J. Fitch, May 15th.

RESIGNATIONS.

Cole, Rev. J., Coseley, Staffordshire.

Davies, Rev. J., Romford.

May, Rev. J., Saltash.

Nicholson, Rev. T., Park End, Gloucester.

THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1879.

SCENES FROM CHURCH HISTORY.

V.

THE ANGLO-SAXON MISSIONS IN GERMANY.

THE history of Christianity is the history of a Kingdom not of this world, and yet it is so intimately associated with the kingdoms of this world that it must show traces of the contact. The progress of the Gospel in the early ages of our own country was necessarily influenced by the existing conditions of social and political life. The lawlessness, the ferocity, the unsettledness of the times, determined in no small measure its form and complexion.

The strangers from Rome (as Augustine and his comrades were styled) had great difficulty in persuading Ethelbert to abandon the religion of his ancestors and to accept the faith of Christ. More than a year elapsed from the time of their landing on our shores before he yielded to their entreaties, but from the moment of his conversion his example proved contagious, and rapid progress was made in every direction. Crowds of his Kentish subjects flocked to be baptized. In Essex and East Anglia—of which he was over-lord—the creed which had received the royal sanction found its path facilitated, and numerous adherents were won. A daughter of Ethelbert's, who married Edwin, King of Northumbria, took with her to her new home the Roman missionary Paulinus, through whose labours Edwin was in course of time converted. Here, again, the royal example was efficacious. The nobles and courtiers received with respect the religion which had commended itself to their lord, and the people followed in their wake.

But the new faith met with strenuous and prolonged opposition. Action was followed by reaction "equal thereto and contrary." For

a time the issues of the contest seemed doubtful, and had Christianity not possessed a supernatural power it would assuredly have been extinguished. Politics and religion were closely and inseparably blended. Christianity was estimated, not according to its intrinsic merits, its superior claims as a system of truth, or its moral and spiritual force, but according to its probable influence on the rise and fall of hostile parties.

The age was one of tumult. Wars and rumours of wars harassed the length and breadth of the land. Rival kings strove for the mastery. The fortunes of the Heptarchy trembled in the balance. Violence, rapine, and bloodshed wrought dreadful havoc, and amid the jar and clash of universal discord the voice of the Prince of Peace could with difficulty be heard.

Some of the kings—like Raedwald of East Anglia—endeavoured to strengthen their position, and to cement the various classes of their subjects in allegiance to their throne, by an impossible compromise. The worship of Christ was united with that of the heathen gods. A pagan and a Christian altar might be found side by side in the same temple. Panda, the King of Mercia, saw in his defence of the old heathenism a means of winning back the independence which had been wrested from him by Northumbria. On every hand the fierce, sanguinary spirit of the times and the incessant political intrigues seriously impeded the progress of the Christianisation of the land. To those who know the social characteristics of the age of which we write, as they are depicted by our secular historians, the marvel will be that the Gospel gained for itself so firm a footing as it did.

Its progress was slow and chequered ; but it was for the most part continuous. The good news which the missionaries of the Cross had proclaimed to our heathen ancestors could not be forgotten. The memory of it was preserved, not so much by the successors of Augustine as by the labours of Celtic missionaries who had in their earlier days no connection with Rome. The followers of St. Patrick inherited some of the best qualities of their illustrious leader. Their schools became famous, and not only kept alive but extended the love of letters. They were fired by a zeal for spiritual conquests, which impelled them to leave their homes and travel far and wide to oppose the ignorance, the superstition, and the vice which still held multitudes in hopeless bondage. They were men of a truly apostolic spirit, who made it their mission

“ To break the heathen and uphold the Christ.”

Northumbrian Christianity especially was indebted to these Celtic missionaries. Aidan and the monks of Lindisfarne were, under God, the preservers of this early Church, and how much is involved in this acknowledgment may be inferred from the fact that Northumbrian Christianity was for years the backbone of English religion. What it became under the influence of the venerable Bede we have already

seen. But there are other aspects of it on which we must also look, many of which displayed themselves before his time as well as during and after it.

Christianity is essentially an aggressive religion, and aims at the conquest of the entire world for Christ. There is in its spirit nothing selfish or exclusive. The law of discipleship is succinctly stated in the words, "Freely ye have received, freely give." When we ourselves possess the blessings secured for us by the mediation of our Lord we necessarily long to impart them to others. All human hearts are essentially alike, and only in the possession of the light, the purity, and the power imparted by Christ can they obtain rest. All men need that which can be found only in Christ, and Christ has committed His Gospel to the care of His disciples, who are, in consequence of that fact, His ministers and witnesses, sent into the world by Him as He was sent into the world by His Father.

It was, therefore, natural that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, having themselves received the Gospel, should be anxious to communicate it to others. Their first care was necessarily directed to its firm establishment in their own land, and they had long to defend it against the adverse forces by which it was surrounded. Their very hold of it was endangered by the heathen ceremonials and customs which had become interwoven into the texture of the national life, and which could only be disentangled from it by dint of cautious and persistent efforts. The political commotions of the age absorbed general attention, engendered strife and contention, deteriorated the moral character, and rendered impossible schemes of Christian conquest. But as the force of the old heathenism became spent, the thoughts of the Anglo-Saxon monks travelled beyond the limits of their immediate surroundings, and recognised the claims of the world outside of them which as yet knew not Christ.

And here again it is pleasant to see so distinctly the influence of the Celtic missionaries. Between the Christians of Northumbria and those of Ireland a very close connection was maintained. Many young Englishmen resorted to Ireland with the view of perfecting their spiritual life. They could there enjoy a peace which was often denied them at home—avail themselves of possibilities of contemplation which did not exist in their own land, while they had also greater facilities for the acquisition of learning. Their Irish brethren received them cordially—threw open to them their houses, supplied them with the means of subsistence, and with such books of general knowledge and Biblical science as they could command.

The spirit of missionary enterprise had appeared very early in the Irish Church. St. Columba and others forced their way into the centres of Pictish heathenism, attacked the strongholds of the enemy in Scotland and among the islands of the Northern seas, and succeeded in breaking the power of hoary superstitions. The enthusiasm spread and intensified. Columbanus, Gallus, and Kilian ventured into un-

trodden fields by crossing the Channel, visiting the barbarous tribes of Switzerland and Germany, and prosecuting, amid hardship, peril, and persecution, a career of active benevolence and Christian heroism. The lives of these Culdee missionaries furnish many specimens of sublime courage and unflinching devotion, to which subsequent ages probably owe more than they have distinctly known. Their adventures awoke in Ireland a deep interest in the condition of the Continental nations, and especially in that of the fierce and warlike tribes of Northern Germany and along the Frisian coast. These tribes had not been adequately reached by any of the efforts which had been made for their civilisation and conversion. In addition to Columbanus, Gallus, and Kilian, evangelists from other places engaged in the same task, such as Amandus and Eligius, whom the Papal Church has canonised, and around whose name many legends have gathered.

Among the young Englishmen who resorted to Ireland, was one named Ecgbert, a Northumbrian of noble birth. Towards the close of the seventh century, he entered a monastery at Connaught, and won, by his diligence, his learning, and piety, the esteem and affection of the brotherhood. He was prostrated by a severe illness, which threatened to be fatal, and, on his unexpected recovery, made a vow that, if it were God's will, he would not return to his native land, but undertake service in some foreign country. As the matter was discussed with his brethren, his interest in it deepened; he determined to repair to the wild, barbarian tribes of Northern Germany, and there proclaim the message of Christ's love. Preparations were made for the voyage, and several of the brethren were to accompany Ecgbert. But as they were on the point of sailing, a severe storm arose, and destroyed their vessel, so that, for a time, the mission was delayed.

Ecgbert was not, however, discouraged. A vision is said to have revealed to him another course for himself. He was to remain in Ireland as an instructor of the youth, and to look out for other men who would carry on the work on which his heart was set.

Wigbert was the first whom he entrusted with the task. He and several companions proceeded to Friesland, but they met with little success. The people were rude and riotous. The King, Radbod, was stern, implacable, unyielding, and at the end of two years Wigbert returned to Ireland, disappointed and disheartened.

But Ecgbert could not thus consent to the overthrow of his plans. Among the monks whom it had been his privilege to superintend, was one who came from his own Northumbria—Willibrord by name. He was born about the year 658, was educated first in the monastery of Ripon, where he received the tonsure, and afterwards in the monastery at Connaught, where he came in contact with Ecgbert, who was probably about his own age. He was in his twentieth or twenty-first year when he went to Ireland, and had been there twelve years

when Ecgbert entreated him to undertake the work in which Wigbert had unfortunately failed. He eagerly took up the task, and, in 690, set sail with twelve companions. They reached the Frisian shores, proceeded to Ultrajectum—the present Utrecht—and were there warmly welcomed by Pepin l'Heristal, the mayor of the palace, who had recently won several battles over the Frieslanders, and subjected a considerable part of them to the rule of the Franks. The time was favourable for the undertaking. Circumstances aided Willibrord's design. The prospects of success were in every view cheerful.

According to some accounts, Willibrord visited Rome at the commencement of his mission, to obtain the sanction of the Pope, but of this there does not appear to be sufficient evidence. That sanction would, in some respects, be an advantage to him, and would give him a claim on the protection of the Franks, which he might not otherwise have possessed. But so great was his devotion to his work, so conspicuous his ability, so wonderful his success, that, at the end of four years, Pepin determined to aid his mission by forming a new bishopric which should have its seat in Utrecht, and for this purpose he sent Willibrord to Rome, with the request that he might receive ordination at the hands of the Pope, and be invested with episcopal authority. With this request the Pope (Sergius I.) willingly complied. Willibrord was consecrated under the name of Clemens, Archbishop of Utrecht, and returned to the scene of his labours, higher, indeed, in dignity, but with the same simplicity and fervour as he had shown from the beginning.

He was after his elevation as before it—first, and chiefly, an evangelist, bent on the extension of the Christian faith. Throughout the whole of Frankish Friesland his voice was heard proclaiming unto men that they should turn from dumb idols to serve the living God, and offering them pardon, peace, and eternal life on their repentance and faith in Jesus Christ. Great multitudes of the Frieslanders believed, churches were erected, monasteries were founded, and the mission band was strengthened by the arrival of brethren from Ireland, so that the work accomplished was rightly regarded as the pledge of greater things to come.

Among the companions of Willibrord was Svidbert, a man of gentle as well as zealous spirit, who laboured among the Boruchtuarians of Westphalia. In consequence of an invasion of the Saxons, he was, however, compelled to flee. But Pepin thereupon made over to him the island of Kaiserwörth, in the Rhine, where he established a monastery. The story of the brothers Heuwald, who suffered martyrdom among the Saxons, is too characteristic of the ignorance and cruelty of the age to be omitted. Attracted by the prospect of successful missionary labour, they left their Northumbrian home, and entered the territory of the Old Saxons. At first, they were hospitably received. Every token of confidence and friendship was shown

to them, and their hearts glowed in expectation of an abundant spiritual harvest. With the courage and loyalty of Christian heroes, they anticipated glorious conquests for their Captain Christ. They requested the villager who had accorded to them so hearty a welcome to introduce them to the presence of the chief, as it was necessary to secure his good-will. Their host promised them his assistance, and they remained with him for some days, awaiting a fitting opportunity. Their time was spent partly in endeavours to teach the truths of the Gospel, but mainly in singing and prayer. Their exercises of devotion aroused the suspicion of the villagers, who, in their dark superstition, dreaded the conversion of their chief, lest it should lead the whole tribe into apostasy, and involve them in dire calamities. They therefore determined to avert the danger by putting the strangers to death, and fell upon them suddenly and unawares. They slew them in a heartless and cruel manner while they were at prayer, and flung their bodies into the Rhine. When the chief heard of the outrage he was greatly incensed, for he regarded it as a slight on the strength and integrity of his judgment, an insult to his authority. He therefore slew all the inhabitants of the village, and laid it in ruins. After the story became known, the bodies of the martyred brothers were recovered, and laid with great pomp in the cathedral at Cologne.

Willibrord was unwilling to restrict his missionary tours to Frankish Friesland, and made several efforts to reach those parts which were not yet subjected to the Frankish rule. They were, however, for the most part, fruitless, as Radbod, the king, was resolutely opposed to any innovation on his old religion. Shortly after his consecration as archbishop, Willibrord went as far north as Denmark. There, also, he found himself baffled. Ongend exercised over his people a stern, tyrannic sway, and would, without scruple, exterminate all who rebelled against his will. The utmost that Willibrord could accomplish was to purchase thirty boys, whom he took back with him to Utrecht, that he might train them for future service as missionaries.

In returning home, he was driven by a severe storm to the shores of Heligoland—then called Fosite's-Land, because it was especially consecrated to Fosite, an ancient German deity. While on this island Willibrord occupied himself in instructing the band of youths by whom he was accompanied. Three of them he baptized in a sacred stream, and some of his company slew several cattle to provide food for themselves and the crew. This bold disregard of the sacred character of the island, and of all that was on it, filled the natives with terror, and they expected that Fosite would at once display his wrath by punishing the profane intruder with instant death. No such calamity, however, overtook him, and the inhabitants concluded that they, as the worshippers of Fosite, must take the matter into their own hands. They sent messengers to Radbod, who happened to be that time on the island, that the whole affair might be laid before

him. He immediately summoned Willibrord into his presence, and announced that one of the offenders must die. Lots were cast to decide who should be the victim. One of the missionaries was offered as a sacrifice to appease the angry deity. And after this cruel transaction was over, the king entered into conversation with Willibrord, asked him to explain his conduct, and especially how he could venture to defy so powerful and terrible a god.

Willibrord's reply left no doubt on the mind of the king as to the secret of his conduct. Its simplicity, its comprehensiveness, its courage, render it well worthy of quotation.

"It is not a god, O king, whom thou worshippest, but a demon who has seduced thee into fatal error. For there is no other God but One, who made the heaven, the earth, the sea, and all things that are therein. He who worships this God with true faith shall receive eternal life. I am His servant, and I testify unto thee this day that thou must abandon these dumb idols which thy fathers worshipped, and believe in one God Almighty, and be baptized in the fount of life, and wash away thy sins. If thou followest my words, thou shalt enjoy eternal life with God and His saints; but if thou despisest me and the way of salvation, know assuredly that thou shalt suffer eternal punishment with the wicked one whom thou obeyest."

Radbod could not either then or afterwards be induced to turn from his old ways, but there was in Willibrord a dauntless heroism which excited his admiration, and he forthwith sent him on his way with a safe escort.

After Radbod's death, and the subjugation of the Frieslanders by Charles Martel, the obstructiveness which had throughout thwarted Willibrord's designs as to the extension of his mission no longer existed. He was enabled to preach Christ, without let or hindrance, to all the Frisians, and his word was confirmed by signs following. One of his fellow-labourers—also an Englishman—ultimately exercised a far wider and profounder influence than his own. But the story of his life we must reserve for a subsequent article.

Willibrord lived to a good old age. He died in A.D. 739, thus reaching his eighty-second year, and having spent well-nigh half a century in his self-selected field of Christian evangelism.

FOOTMEN AND HORSES ; OR, THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

By REV. R. P. MACMASTER, BRADFORD.

"If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, how wilt thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"—JEREMIAH xii. 5.

THERE are three styles of speech possible in treating a text like this—the poetical, the sensational, and the practical. The text is full of poetry, and might tempt us to indulge in poetical reveries or raptures; but this would not serve any high moral purpose. Flowers of speech are beautiful, and sometimes useful, but they are not nourishing. The text contains striking figures, which might easily be worked up into something sensational; but than the sensational in preaching there is nothing more unhealthy, nothing more unholy, and, let me add, nothing more popular. Words of truth and soberness are at a discount even among professing Christians. Be it ours, then, to adopt the practical style; for a sermon or speech that is not practical is scarcely profitable, even if it be Scriptural.

In the first part of the text there is a reference to a custom unknown among us, but common in some places in the East to this day. When a king or other great man rides forth in a chariot or on horseback, a number of men run beside him or before him, and are expected to keep their relation to him even when his horse or horses are put to the gallop. For this they are trained from their boyhood, and the feats they are able to perform would astonish those who have not been brought up to the exercise. Elijah himself once girded up his loins, and ran by the chariot of Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel: why, we do not know; but it seems to us he might have been better employed. Running with footmen was trying enough, but footmen contending in a race with horsemen was a greater trial of strength and endurance; and he who failed in the former was not likely to succeed in the latter. So far, the figure carries its meaning or moral on its very face. It is this: If in contact with the little you fail, in conflict with the great you shall be confounded.

The reference in the second part of the text is not so obvious; but it is evidently only another illustration of the same idea. We picture a man in his quiet home, going about his every-day duties in the plains of Jordan. Weariness steals over him as he goes his regular rounds; a sense of *ennui* oppresses him; he wishes his life were done with, or that he could find some relief from its terrible monotony. Suddenly the Jordan overflows its banks; the water rushes over his fields, rushes into his house; beasts of prey, driven from their lairs, prowl about, or reptiles find their way into his resting-place. For

the peace of which he was weary, he finds troubles whereby he is stunned. Oh, for the land of peace, whose monotony tired him ! How preferable to the swelling of Jordan, which threatens to overwhelm him ! The little trial was badly borne ; the greater trial can scarcely be endured.

The varying trials of life, and how to meet them, is the subject our text suggests. We all need to know how earthly cares may be made a heavenly discipline ; and, amid the trials of the present time, a few thoughts on this subject may be interesting and helpful.

I. THERE ARE SMALLER AND GREATER TRIALS IN EVERY LIFE.—We begin by “running with the footmen” ; as we go on we have to “contend with horses.” We begin by exercising ourselves “in the land of peace” ; before we finish, we may have to bear ourselves, somehow, amid “the swelling of Jordan.” With some, the greater trials come early in life. If some young people were to tell us their experience, we should find their boyhood or youth full of “fiery trials.” As we go on in life, however, new and tender relationships are formed ; and through these relationships we lie open to trials which would have been impossible to us before. There are progressive trials in life. Not that life from beginning to end is a progress from bad to worse, for the morning of life may be stormy and the evening a great calm ; but that, in the nature of things, we do not—perhaps cannot—meet our greatest trials first.

Ordinary life, with its petty cares, its trivial rounds, its little worries, is like running with the footmen ; and to *that* we are all summoned—the child at school, the youth at his calling, the mother in her family, the merchant in his office, and the mechanic at his bench or his loom. This every-day life tries our temper, our patience, our principles. “They shall run, and not weary,” can be said of only a few. “I am weary, oh, so weary,” are words written legibly on the majority of the faces we meet by the way ; and more are weary at heart than allow their weariness to appear in their looks. Everywhere and always we have to run with the footmen, to compete with our fellows. We try to keep up with them, but in what spirit ? In a spirit of simple rivalry ? or in that spirit of faith which runs looking unto Jesus, and drawing our strength from the Unseen ? The little trials come every day ; morning by morning we wake to run with the footmen. The greater trials come occasionally ; at such a time as we think not we may have to contend with horses. Some failure occurs, and the earnings of years are lost at a stroke ; some malady seizes us, and for strength there is weakness, for ease there is pain, for activity there is enforced idleness or endurance ; some bereavement overtakes us, and one dear to us as life is snatched from our embrace, and numbered with the dead ; or death serves his writ upon us, giving us notice to quit the land of peace, with all its associations, and pass the swelling of Jordan, with all its unknown pos-

sibilities. At what time, or in what form, the greater trials may come to us, we can never calculate. We visit a friend one day, and find his home a "land of peace," and, leaving, say, "The lines have fallen to our friend in pleasant places"; we go back a few weeks or a few days after, and find him in the swelling of Jordan, deep calling unto deep, and all the waves and billows of a great sorrow going over him.

There are some, to be sure, who know little of the greater trials of life. No doubt friend after friend departs; but their nearest and dearest are spared to them, and they have but small experience of the great calamities of life with which others have to wrestle. Yet most people have a wonderful faculty for making little trials look large. A friend tells me of some circumstance in his life, and I sympathise with him, and say, "It is very annoying, but it is not worth troubling about greatly." He, however, views it very differently. Poor soul! he has been brooding over it, setting it now in this light, now in that light, until he has come to set it naturally in the worst and most aggravating light in which it could possibly be set. Had he been wise, he would have dismissed it as far as possible from his mind, saying to it, "Get thee behind me"; and so he would have mastered it. But he was unwise enough to nourish and cherish it, and so he has nursed it into something strong enough to master him. I should like to take such a friend into some homes that I know, to let him see what real suffering is, and how real suffering may be borne; then, I fancy, he would feel ashamed of himself, as I have sometimes been ashamed of myself, for being weary in the land of peace when some dear souls bear themselves so bravely and thankfully in the swelling of Jordan. "How wearying these trials are!" is the thought with which we have gone into some sufferer's presence. "How little we know what real trial is!" is the thought with which we have come from such a presence. You may brood over a little worry till, like the prophet's cloud, it passes from being of the size of a man's hand into something that blackens all the sky; you may dwell so long on your care and sorrow, that you shall see care and sorrow everywhere. But you will be most unwise if you do anything of the kind. A trial comes to you. Well, look at it, face it, measure it, compare it with what it might have been, or, with what has actually happened to some friend or neighbour, and you will be amazed to see how it shrinks into its own littleness, its own comparative nothingness.

On every side of our nature we lie open to trial. Through our physical nature there comes pain; through our social nature there comes bereavement; through our mental nature there comes mystery; and through our moral nature there comes remorse. But it is better to cultivate the art of making great trials look small than the art of making small trials look great.

II. THE SMALLER TRIALS OF LIFE ARE TO PREPARE US FOR THE GREATER.—We are set to run with the footmen that the exercise may

strengthen us to contend with the horses ; we are placed in the land of peace, whose little worries try us, that we may prepare for the swelling of Jordan, where greater trials will call for all our strength, courage, resignation, and confidence.

God means by such trials to educate us—to train us. He deals with us through pain to develop tenderness ; through bereavement to elicit trustful resignation ; through mystery to discipline faith ; and through remorse to create or deepen repentance. Ordinarily, though not invariably, He sets us easy lessons at first, and then lessons that are harder ; and it is only as we learn each lesson in its order that we graduate in the school of experience, and rise to the high degree of that scholar who said, “I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.” Learn how to dispose of your little cares, and in so learning you will find the secret of rightly disposing of your greatest cares. Whether we shall have cares is not left to our choice ; we are born to them. What we shall do with our cares we are ourselves to determine ; this is the sphere of our discipline. We may carry them in our own strength, and be crushed ; or we may cast them on the Lord and be lightened. One man meets trials in such a spirit that he frets and worries himself, until he cries, “Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest !” Another so meets them that they are ministers of God to him for good, and put strength in him, as some warriors used to fancy that the courage of every enemy they slew in battle entered into their own spirits, and added to their strength and bravery.

When God called His people out of Egypt, they had to meet with trials from the very beginning of their march ; but it was not until they had been trained by smaller trials that they were called to meet the great trial of fighting a real battle. The Lord kept them from actual warfare, and, for a time, did all the fighting for them ; but the time came when they had to buckle on their armour and, in God’s name, fight for themselves. So, amid the every-day engagements of life, the Lord means us so to exercise ourselves that we shall quit us like men when some great crisis occurs.

We see this principle illustrated in the experience of the first disciples of our Lord. He knew what was before them, although they did not ; and He gave them line upon line, allowed them to continue with Him in His Temptation, and showed them His tenderness and strength as a Helper, that He might train them to endure hardness and represent Him among men. For a time, the shafts hurled at them were broken on Him. He kept them from the evil that was in the world, and Himself trod the winepress alone ; but He was all the while training them to overcome evil with good, and to be ready, in His spirit, to tread the winepress when He was absent from them in body. And this training was not lost on them. Little trials shook their faith at first, and proved them to have but a little strength ; but death itself could not shake their faith in the end. They could be martyrs, but

they would not be apostates; they could die for Christ, but they would not deny Him. Out of the school of experience they came ready to do or to endure anything for the sake of their Master; and each one might have said with the Psalmist, "Thou hast also given me the shield of Thy salvation, Thy right hand hath holden me up, and Thy gentleness hath made me great."

We see the same principle illustrated in the life of our Lord Himself. At first there was only unbelief, then there was rejection, following that there were treason and desertion, and, crowning all, there was the cross. "The contradiction of sinners" was trying; the unfaithfulness of friends was more trying; to be "forsaken" of His Father was the culmination of trial. But He never failed. He was not discouraged. He ran with the footmen, and they could not weary Him; He contended with horses, and came off victorious. In the land of peace He was ever the same calm, active, self-denying man; and in the swelling of the Jordan He was still the same unwearying worker, forgiving His enemies, ministering to His friends, glorifying His Father.

The same principle is to be illustrated in our own lives. We are in training, and we should regard even the little things of life as educational in their purpose. It would be easy for our Father to shield us from certain forms of trial, but He exposes us to them that we may be disciplined by them, and learn lessons of trust and self-restraint from them. "Father, save me from this hour," one is ready to cry in presence of some dreaded ordeal. And then the educational design of the ordeal is remembered, and, bracing himself to bear it, he says, in trustful submission, "But for this cause came I unto this hour."

I am not in the secrets of such men, but I marvel at the feats of endurance performed by those who walk at a great speed day and night a whole week through. It is about as senseless and fruitless a task as they could set themselves to accomplish; but it shows what may be done by training, and how the little prepares for the great in their achievements. So we may gain "staying power" in a nobler cause in a better race; so we may use the smaller trials of to-day to fit us to meet the greater trials of to-morrow. They will either take strength out of us or put strength into us, according to the light in which we view them, the spirit in which we meet them. The fire that utterly consumes wood will only purify gold; the storm that kills the sickly plant will but root the deeper the healthy tree.

Sometimes a great trial is to save us from a greater. Annoyed by it at the time, we are thankful for it afterwards. There, on a sunny afternoon, are a number of Italian villagers engaged in rustic sports. Young and old alike have caught the infectious gladness. Suddenly a troop of horsemen sweep across the plain and hurry them away to a gloomy fortress. How annoying! they say, as they exchange the

sunny plain for the sombre citadel. How safe ! they acknowledge anon, as they see the soldiers of their enemy from whose assault they have been preserved. Trials at which we murmur may be the horsemen of our Saviour-King, sent to bear us from the place of danger and hide us in the pavilion of His power and love.

III. FAILURE UNDER THE SMALLER TRIALS OF LIFE INSURES DEFEAT UNDER THE GREATER.—“ If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee,” although men of like passions with yourself, “ how wilt thou contend with horses,” which excel in strength and speed ? If the smaller trials are too much for your strength, your patience, your courage, so that you give way under them, how are the greater trials to be met and overcome ? I do not forget how depressing, how irritating, how utterly annoying some of the little things of life are. Facing us so frequently, goading us so constantly, they are apt to worry us more than greater things would. We are on our guard against the greater ; we may be off our guard in presence of the smaller. A blister is all very well in its place ; and, when applied by kindly hands and for a kindly purpose, we are thankful for it. But when the only service some of our friends render us is to apply moral blisters, blisters that fire our temper and eat into our heart ; and when they insist on making their applications in season and out of season, at our meals, at our work, and even amid our recreations, we must keep our hearts with all keeping, or they will irritate us into speaking unadvisedly with our tongues. I sometimes think it would be easier gracefully to die for Christ’s sake than it is for His sake to keep a calm mind, a sweet temper, and a wholesome tongue amid those who, like social gadflies, do their best to sting us into madness.

Making every reasonable allowance on this account, we have to come back to the principle of the text, and repeat, that failure under the smaller trials of life insures defeat under the greater. If you are easily provoked by the thoughtlessness of some one to-day, how are you going to “ suffer long and be kind ” under the malignant assault of some one else to-morrow ? If you fret over the crossing of your purpose in some trivial concern, how are you going to “ rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him,” when your dearest hopes are blighted, and your heart is smitten with a great sorrow ? If you are not rightly exercised by the small cares of life, how are you going to be kept in perfect peace amid the solemnities of death ? If you lose heart and hope in doing battle with the little, how are you going to keep a good heart when called to battle with the great and terrible ? Every trial that masters us takes so much of the goodness out of us and leaves us the weaker ; every trial we master puts so much goodness into us and thereby makes us the stronger.

When I see people fretting themselves about imaginary troubles, or troubles which, if real, are inconsiderable ; when I see them “ overcome of evil,” and provoked into ebullitions of temper about

mere trifles, I am disposed to say "My friends, you are acting the prodigal, and if you do not take care you will come to be in want, and no man will give unto you. You are squandering your capital when you should be increasing it ; and if you go on at that rate, how are you to meet the bills that will become due by-and-by ? You are laying waste your strength when you should be renewing it ; and if you spend yourselves now, where is the reserve fund from which you are going to draw when the hill Difficulty is to be climbed, when the horsemen of Great Tribulation are to be contended with, when the swelling of Jordan is to be gone through ? If you have made yourselves so poor that you have not the small change that is needed from day to day, where are the golden pieces to come from when they are called for 'in the day of visitation' ?"

Happily, "our sufficiency is of God," and He is able to make all grace abound towards us—living grace, serving grace, dying grace ; "but He giveth more grace" to those who rightly use what they have. It is ever in the path of duty that we can calculate on the ministry of God. How significant is the record concerning Jacob's experience ! "Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him." He went on his way ; there, was practical obedience : the angels of God met him : there, was peculiar privilege. Like Jacob, we are to go on our way, taking heed that it is the way of duty, the way home, the way marked with our Master's footsteps ; and, as certainly as we go on our way, the angels of God, in one form or another, will meet us and put strength in us to press on and rise up. Jonah went on his way ; but, unhappily, it was from the scene of duty rather than to it, and what met him ? A fearful storm, a guilty conscience, a living grave in the great deep ! We are either like Jacob or like Jonah. Jonah sacrificed duty to inclination, and unexpected danger overtook him. Jacob subordinated safety to duty, and in attending to duty he found safety. So let us "trust in God and do the right," and our course will be "from strength to strength." Let not your hearts be troubled in anticipation of the greater trials that may come ; for the old promise runs through all times, "As thy day so shall thy strength be." Some of you have been to Plymouth and have seen the breakwater there. But one thing you may not have seen, and yet it is well worth noticing. There is a rough side, a side where the waves roar and are troubled ; and there is a smooth side, a side where the waves are hushed and lie still. And there are little living creatures—mollusca we call them—on both sides. But what a difference there is between the shells of those on the one side and the shells of those on the other side ! Those on the stormy side have shells strong and hard ; because they have to withstand the mighty rush of the waves, and need a strong house to keep them from being crushed : on the other side, they have shells thin and frail ; because they have no such force to withstand, and houses of slighter make serve their purpose. As their day their strength is

made. And what is true of such little creatures, is surely true of God's dear children! Depend upon it, if God means you to be exposed to the stormy weather of great trial, if He means you to be overflowed by wave upon wave of suffering and temptation, He will give you more grace and strength according to your need. He enables us to put on our strength for great occasions by inclining us to put out our strength on little occasions.

Let us run the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, who is the author of our salvation, the exemplar of our life, the pledge of our immortality. And then, "running with the footmen," we shall not weary; contending "with the horsemen," we shall not faint; trusting "in the land of peace," we shall find it to be as the garden of the Lord; and even amid "the swelling of Jordan" we shall fear no evil when round us and beneath are spread the everlasting arms.

THE FEAR OF THE LORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SAVIOUR FOR CHILDREN."

"Come, ye children, hearken unto me : I will teach you the fear of the Lord."—
ISAIAH. li.

SOME people do not like children, and they have very little patience with them. Instead of saying "Come," they say, "Go : run away, every one of you." Perhaps you have heard of the little boy who wanted to know whether his grandfather would be in heaven. And when his mother said, "O, yes, I hope so, my dear," he replied, "Then I do not want to go there; for he will be sure to say, 'Now, you boys, what do you do here?'" It was, of course, a mistake to suppose that his grandfather would say so there; but he had too often said it in his home on earth, or his little grandson would never have fancied him saying it in heaven. And I am afraid that the children are frequently sent away when they should be welcomed and taught. But here in the Bible we may read what was said to them by one to whom God gave a great deal of knowledge and wisdom : "Come, ye children, hearken unto me : I will teach you the fear of the Lord."

Young people are, sometimes, afraid of those who teach them. You may have seen a little boy tremble while saying his lesson to a big schoolmaster. But the children who came to the psalmist were not afraid of him; for although perhaps a king, he had asked them to come, and he had promised to teach them.

Good David, who was so kind to the children, is dead and buried. But I want you to think of One who is still living. He is holy; He

is gentle; He is loving; and He is more patient with the young than the wisest and best of men can be. I will tell you what He is saying: "Hearken unto Me now, therefore, O ye children, and attend to the words of my mouth." He is a great King, rich and mighty, but He cares for the little ones. They need not be afraid to come to Him; He loves them; He will teach them; His name is Jesus. A child wishes to know if we are not to fear Him. "Yes." "Then," he says, "I do not quite understand what is meant by not being afraid of Him." "Well, listen, and I will try to make it all plain to you before I finish."

Let me ask you to read again this beautiful verse of the Bible: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord." And now I want to talk to you about three things:—The teacher, the class, and the lesson.

I. THE TEACHER.—It was David. Perhaps he was soon to be crowned as "a king," but he speaks here as "a teacher." He could teach, and he was willing to do so. Hence he says, "I will teach." Now you are beginning to think of him as "a teacher." Suppose I ask: What is a teacher? I dare say the answer is not quite so easy as the question; but you think it is easy enough, and you say, "Why, of course, anybody knows that 'a teacher' is a—— a—— a teacher." There now, you feel that the answer is not quite so easy, after all. And some, who thought they knew all about it, are hanging down their heads, as though they were ashamed of themselves, which is very foolish; and they are saying, just loud enough to be heard, "We don't know what a teacher is." But they do know. At least, I should think they do. Let me see: Is a teacher a policeman? "O, no!" you will say, "why did you ask such a question?" Well, I will tell you what made me think of it. Many a poor boy has found himself in the hands of "a policeman," through not attending to the good advice of a teacher. Again: Is "a teacher" a doctor, who is sent for when you are sick? "No," you say, "we remember being ill; we could not go to school, and our parents had to send for the doctor. Our teacher, too, came to see us; but then, he was not 'a doctor,' we know that very well." Of course you do. Why, then, did I ask such a question? Because "a teacher" may tell you something that will do you good like medicine;—only, instead of curing the body it heals the heart, purifies the mind, and restores the health of the soul.

Again: Is "a teacher" a lamp-lighter? "That, now," you say, "is a strange question to ask! No: a teacher is not 'a lamplighter'; whoever thought he was?"

Stay. Fancy a dark night. You cannot see where you are going. You wish the man would light the lamps. In a quarter of an hour all the neighbourhood is lighted up. Who did it? The lamplighter!

Now, there is no darkness so dreadful as ignorance. People who

walk in it are exposed to great danger. There is nothing which they need so much as the light of knowledge. How can this be had? There is a lamp. It is called "truth." And when "a teacher" brings "the fire of love" to "the lamp of truth," there is sure to be light. "Speaking the truth in love," he enlightens the benighted. He is then, after all, something like a lamplighter, is he not?

Perhaps some of you will tell me now what "a teacher" is. A big boy from the country says, "He is one, sir, that hears us read." Another says, "I was going to say the same." But then, he is a great deal more than that. You learn "a task," and one whom you call "a teacher" may hear you say it; and perhaps give you the cane if you miss a word. Why, almost anybody could do so much. A teacher's work is harder for himself, while it is pleasanter for you. He will help you to understand the lesson. He will tell you when you are wrong, and show you what is right. He may have to say the same thing over and over again, until, if you are a sensible boy, you are quite ashamed of yourself. But he is patient. If he laughs at your blunders there is no scorn in his laughter; it is goodnatured, and almost as charming as sunshine in the playground. What a friend! He is one of God's best gifts. If you have such a teacher be thankful for him, and do not try his patience if you can help it. He does not say "Go," but "Come." He will not drive you, but lead you and help you.

While I have been talking, some of you have thought of the psalmist; or, of somebody who teaches you during the week or on the Lord's-day. I want you, however, to think of Him of whom I have told you before. He is more able and willing to teach us than anyone else—Jesus Christ. Hear Him. He is always saying: "Come, ye children, hearken unto Me, I will teach you."

Some people would teach you if they could; others are able, but not willing: Jesus is both able and willing. He is "a teacher come from God." He is not only a wise friend, gentle, and patient; He is "mighty to save." He will save all the children who come to Him from the darkness of ignorance and from the misery of sin. What a teacher—what a friend is the holy and loving Son of God! There is:

II. THE CLASS.—You may fancy it, if you like. It was not a class of young men, nor of young women; but of children. Some in it were, perhaps, no older than you. The little ones would not be sent back. Others may have wished them to go home, but the teacher did not. Nor would he mind whether they were rich or poor people's children that came. None were neglected nor despised. The sweetest poet in all the land said, "Come, ye children."

I am thinking that he had a large class. The children would not stay away. What a many would come! Then, they would attend to what was said. Sometimes, boys and girls behave as though they expected all in the class to listen to them. That is a great mistake.

The class should listen to the teacher. David said: "Hearken unto me." Young people would get on better with their learning if they were more attentive. Some keep their eyes and ears open, and their mouths, too, but they do not *think* of what is said. When the Psalmist asked the children to hearken unto him, he wanted their thoughtful attention.

Then, too, as you may suppose, the class was not only large and attentive, but obedient. The children would try to do as they were taught. A teacher should be obeyed. When he says, "Hearken unto me," there should be no play, no talk, not so much as a whisper, but silence.

We do not know whether the class became too large for the teacher. Perhaps it did. But there is a Teacher, whose class, although open to every child, can never be too large. Many have come into it—"and yet there is room." I like to speak to you of Him again and again. I want you to belong to His class.

He knows more than King David ever knew. He is wiser than Solomon ever was. He is God's dear Son. And, however many He has to teach, He is still saying, "Come, ye children, hearken unto Me, I will teach you." And now:

III. THE LESSON.—"The fear of the Lord." Let us think of it. There could not be a better lesson. All should learn it. Suppose we begin by asking: What is fear? A little boy says, "I know." Then, tell us. "I have sometimes been afraid, and so I have felt what fear is, although I cannot say it." Very good. But there are different kinds of fear; and perhaps you have not felt this of which the Bible speaks. If so, you are one whom we would teach. Perhaps you are the little boy who did not quite understand what was meant when it was said that children should fear the Lord, and that still they need not be afraid to come to Him. I wish I could explain this. I will try.

One day, I saw a miserable-looking boy running down the street as fast as he could. He had been stealing, and was afraid of being caught and sent to prison. O, it makes one's heart ache to think of it. I had better talk about something else. Well, I saw the children coming home from school. How merry they were! What fun they were having! I can fancy that I hear their laughter now! But, shall I tell you what I saw just round the corner? I will. A big boy trying to get a little boy to fight his schoolfellow. And I will tell you, too, what I heard. The little one said, "I will not do it; my father and mother would be angry with me if I did." Thus did he fear to offend his parents. But he was not afraid of them; he did not run from them as the dishonest boy ran away from the policeman; no, he went home, and told them all about it. You are beginning to understand that, with one kind of fear in our hearts we may wish to flee from the Lord; but when we feel the other it makes us run to Him and Him everything.

This, now, is what the good man intended to teach the children. He did not want them to be afraid and run away; but he wished them so to love and revere the Lord as to fear to displease Him. This, too, is our lesson to-day. We are trying to teach you "the fear of the Lord." Do not be afraid of Him; but trust in Him. Do not run away from Him; but flee to Him. Instead of trying to hide anything, tell Him all your mistakes, follies, troubles, and sins. He loves you. He is ready to forgive you.

"The fear of the Lord" is holy. For we read in the Bible, "The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever" (Psalm xix. 9). If you read and obey God's Word you will possess what is pure and lasting. Again:

"The fear of the Lord" is love and trust and worship. Hence it is said, "O fear the Lord ye His saints, for there is no want to them that fear Him." That is, God will give to those who trust in Him, and love Him, and pray to Him, all that they need.

When good David said: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you 'The fear of the Lord,'" he meant "I will teach you to be pure by believing, loving, obeying, and worshipping Him."

Well, you are thinking of this and trying to understand it:

It is an easy lesson. Sometimes you meet with a hard word in your lesson at school, and you say, "I cannot 'speak' it." But there is no such hard word here. You can pronounce them all. Let me hear you: "The fear of the Lord."

It is a needful lesson. We cannot be wise until we have learnt it. The Bible says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" (Psalm cxi. 10). Would you begin to be wise? Learn this. You may soon repeat the words. Perhaps you can do so now; but I want you to know what they mean.

It is to be felt. We do not know "The fear of the Lord" until we feel it. Good people may teach you to read, but they cannot make you feel what you read. There is *One* who can. Listen to what God says: "I will put My fear in their hearts" (Jeremiah xxxi. 40). Some people do not know what that fear is; for, they have never felt it. Have you? Before you answer the question try to think of the Lord God. How great, how good He is. He gives you health, home, friends, everything that you have. You would not like to displease Him, would you? You would be unhappy if you thought that you had done so. I am sure you would: You are beginning to understand this beautiful and needful lesson. And then:

It is to be repeated every day. You may easily say the words over and over again; but we want you to repeat the lesson in a better manner than that. "Actions speak louder than words." And you must show by your behaviour everywhere, and all through life, that this fear is in your hearts. The Bible says, "Learn to fear the Lord your God as long as ye live" (Deuteronomy xxxi. 13).

When you have a great many lessons at school there is a danger

of your forgetting some of them. But if this is learnt, it can never be forgotten. It will be remembered for ever.

And now, pray with me this short prayer : " O Lord, teach us to know Thee ; and to live in Thy fear always. And be pleased to bless what has been said to-day about the teacher, the class, and the lesson, for Jesus Christ's sake.

SELF-COMMUNION.

CONVERSE with our own hearts, it would be generally admitted, is a most necessary, yet frequently a most neglected, duty. The busy life of the world engrosses us. The echoes of its thousand voices are in our ears, the flitting shadows of its thousand objects pass over our spirits. Outward things magnify their importance. They intrude a disproportionate claim, and appeal too incessantly to our attention.

"The world is too much with us, late and soon
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers."

Little time is left for self-study, perhaps often little inclination. But without this we cannot be wise in heart. We cannot gain strength of character, and maintain a well-kept life, if we refuse it. We must look inward, search and judge our nature, guard against self-deceit, have a frank and full understanding with ourselves.

" 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news."

We thus obey the grave admonition, " Ponder the path of thy feet." We follow the wise example, " I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies." We meet the demand, " O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end." Quiet is essential. When a man wants to know the secrets of a forest, he does not bustle about with noisy

fantasy. He takes his book and leans his head upon his hand as roots of some giant oak ; and presently the rabbit steals its burrow, the squirrel leaps upon the boughs, the eep from under the leaves ; and the nightingale, settling high above, carols her rich, full song. And so if we would know the things of our hearts, we must seek to be alone, and have a self-revelation in our solitude. Dispositions, habits, character will unveil themselves—the unfavourable, which we

have to regret ; the better, for which we have to thank God. Divine truths unfold their evidence and significance. The way of righteousness and life shines clear and bright. It was when alone the Prodigal of the parable and Manasseh of Israel came to themselves. Paul, in his three days of darkness and solitude as a penitent, had deeper and fuller views of his own nature and of the truth than perhaps he could ever have had otherwise. When alone, Moses beheld the mysteries in which God proclaimed His glory, and Elijah heard the "still, small voice." Very often the exercise need not be prolonged. When a man is honestly engaged in the work and "means business," he can accomplish a great deal in a little time. His mind is instinctively guided to right reflections, and conclusions that require no discussion and will tolerate no debate.

The subjects that may properly occupy attention are not far to seek. We may inquire—Can we calmly and pleurably review our passing days in their chief aspects?—Are we pursuing the lawful objects of life in a right spirit?—Are the principles on which we act those we can contentedly approve?—Can we feel, as David prayed, that "integrity and uprightness" preserve us? In business, in the family, in social life, can we face the incidents that arise, without shrinking or sense of apprehension?—Is there any dark secret we refuse to confront; any skeleton cupboard we dread to open; any questionable proceeding we do not care minutely to examine?—Is there anything that an enemy, if he knew of, could legitimately use against us?—Can we say, "Life, I challenge thee. I put thee in the balances, I hold thee up to the light; I test, analyse, probe thee"? A man is much more likely to come at the truth when engaged in such a quest by himself than when another should attempt to prove him. The square and line of righteousness when used alone is more likely to show out defects and shortcomings. We may be able to answer others when we cannot answer ourselves.

Especially should we institute examination as to the religious relations into which we are brought by the teachings of the New Testament. "Ye believe in God," said Christ, "believe also in Me." Do we? Have our hearts been subdued by love so condescending and gracious, and have we evidences of being made partakers of the divine quickening? Can we say, "To whom shall we go but unto Thee, Thou hast the words of eternal life"? If not, have we any substantial assurance concerning other lights as teachers? Under the command, "Men ought always to pray," do we exercise prayer amid our duties and temptations? When faith in prayer is at all unsettled, do we revive our confidence by reference to Christ as the Parsees light afresh their sacred fire from the sun?

Do our dispositions gain a purity, holiness, and elevation under the inspiring attraction of divine example? Are we walking in the way of life, with Christ as our stay, friend, comforter, and lawgiver? Do we feel that we may have every sense of satisfaction in regard to

our fellow-men, and yet be compelled to mourn much deficiency in the sight of God?

We may inquire as to the gratifications to which we are attached. It has been said, "Tell me your company, and I will tell you who you are." It is but another phase of this test-point to say, "Tell me your pleasures, and I shall have criteria of your character." Unhappily the indulgences of a large number of our fellow-men are of a low, ignoble kind. They consist of sensational excitement, satisfaction of gross appetites, enjoyment, utterly unimproving, enervating, and weakening to the moral energies. Some are selfish, others worse. No one expects that all gratifications should be of an intellectual kind. Bodily weariness would refuse the dictum, and mental tension needs relief. Yet all should be pure and innocent, free from contaminating associations, and in harmony with the limit Mr. Buckle suggests, that "in his indulgences a man shall not hurt himself or hurt others." So should our pleasures be that we may rise and feel unblighted by them, no evil tendency strengthened, no false taste created, no sense of enfeebling dissipation remaining, no thicker cloud between ourselves and things eternal, no sinister disrelish for their excellency nor disesteem of their importance, but lighter, freer, more vigorous in spirit to pursue the way and work of life; ready to sing, "Let each to-morrow find us further than to-day."

And let us ask: Can I take the character growing up under the formative influences of time, the only thing I shall be able to take with me when I leave the world? Can I take that into the solemnities of eternity with the confidence that Christ is the basis of my life—that I have the cloth of gold of His righteousness, and the sanctifying impress of His grace? If sudden unconsciousness should come—if accident were to smite, am I satisfied I could step through the iron gate to meet a welcome beyond. Cæsar gathered up his robes as he fell. Should we be as those who "wrap the drapery of their couch around them and lie down to pleasant dreams." Are the stars the welcome lights of Heavens windows, and Stephen's vision a revelation which we only want spiritual eyesight to behold? Will it be true to us, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord"? We take a lantern, and search a dark room. We examine the ledger and the bank book. We take a photograph and contemplate ourselves. The light should shine into the chambers of imagery. The account of our life should be "written up"; the moral and spiritual likeness, taken under the rays of eternal truth, should be self held before our search.

Many benefits will result from such communion. To mention will be to commend them.

Our individual separateness will come home to us then. This is sometimes forced upon a man. One who has some heavy burden to bear, some great sorrow or heavy duty, feels acutely his distinctness from all others. Dr. Sears tells how a German poet has described, and a German artist has painted, an illustrative scene. It is the

night after the battle. The aged count has been victorious ; and after shouts of victory, congratulations, and festivity, the tired soldiers seek their tents. Only the sentries are awake and watchful. Stay, did we say "only" ? There is a light burning where the gray-haired chief has bivouacked. Why rests he not upon his laurels ? Stealthily they lift the curtains of the tent and look. He stands by the dead body of his son slain in that fight. The great tears course down his cheeks. The loneliness of sorrow is on his heart. How he felt his separateness from all others at that sad time ! How Jephthah must have felt it when his reckless and ill-considered vow seemed to demand to be fulfilled, and he was not enlightened enough to feel that some are better kept in the breach than in the observance. But we should not be content to recognise the conviction only when we are compelled. Voluntarily and intelligently we should cherish it. As threads in a woven fabric each life holds on its way, never losing its identity in any other. As you cannot pass your shadow to another or take another's in exchange, so every life has its own individuality. No one can answer for another—no one can fill the niche or meet the destiny reserved for that other. I am myself. Dr. Webster, the great American, when asked what was the most impressive thought he ever had, replied, "My individual responsibility to God." It is well to feel it. A light by night shining full on an object seems to make it stand out from all around. So self-communion singles a man out from the crowd, and makes him feel himself ringed round in a solitariness that nothing can destroy.

Objections to a religious life may be then exclusively met. We may have heard the Divine authority of the Scriptures lightly treated. We have listened to the second-hand scepticism so cuckoo-like in vogue. We may momentarily have been carried away by some of the dissimulation of the time. But how such objections collapse and scatter when we bring serious reflections to bear. Is it possible that with all the evidences that attend it, the truth of the Gospel should fail to be Divine ? As it is said, the Newtonian theory bears the proof of verity within itself. Is it not so with the system of revelation ? The question flashes upon us, could so many have been misled and deceived ? Could men of such integrity, learning, character as have "subscribed with their hands" from earliest ages till now, be misguided by error ? Could the Apostle Paul ? Out of the past, and from the heavens above, do not multitudes of faces seem to shine out to our remembrance that are now gathered into the "great cloud of witnesses" ? Is it not what we might expect from a wise, holy, beneficent Being such as God, that He should show pity and help His erring creatures ? Have opponents any better thing to offer than stones to satisfy our spiritual hunger ? Do not objections often come from a dark heart rather than a clear intellect, and prove themselves perpetually old foes with new faces ? The higher thoughts of a time of quietude put to the rout the flimsy arguments by which

dislike would throw discredit on truth, and the unbelief of science would vaunt its superiority. Discernment within, not Divine light without, is wanted. Not the eye with which Brewster saw the wonders of nature, but the eye with which he beheld the spiritual harmonies of truth. This given, all is clear, and "wisdom is justified of her children."

The importance of active decision, moreover, arises. Many are favourably disposed towards a religious life, but there is no decisive and absolute self-surrender. It would seem as though they expected some spiritual accident to translate them into the fulfilled performance of their duty. Like the hawk-fly, they hover over the flower, contemplating instead of settling and tasting its sweets. Self-remonstrance may be well applied. What am I waiting for? Is it right of me to linger? Is not my conduct unjustifiable and my influence pernicious? Should I not take sides with the army of righteousness, and give all the weight of my personal devotedness to the furtherance of the Kingdom of Christ? I am nowhere bidden to wait for others. The truly wise and noble lead the way. Ought I to be content to see others toiling while I continue slothful, and behold the cause of truth languish for the want of willing hands and earnest hearts? It is surely high time to awake out of sleep.

The irreparable evils of a false course arise before the view. One life, yet only one, is allotted us here. We may correct during its course many things that may be wrong, but a bound is fixed after which it will be impossible to act. The present probation is our only chance. No other gives us promise or hope. It would be utterly delusive if it did, for habits formed now would probably be only strengthened with further opportunity for their development. Men who think they would be wise hereafter having deliberately been fools here, unknowingly yet deeply deceive themselves. A wrong choice made, with so many protests against it, is not likely to be given up for a right one, and a false life can never be transformed into a true one. A determined course taken is finally unalterable, and remains fixed in stony firmness to bear the crushing judgment of the Last Day. If then we have been trusting to delusive hopes, and hiding in refuges of lies; if we have said to error, Be thou my guide, and to folly, Be thou my companion; if treasure on earth has outweighed in our estimate the treasure of heaven; or if disgust and weariness of present things be mistaken for spiritual readiness for the world to come; if we have been satisfied to think we might press in with the crowd, or that too austere views have been given of the Divine character and procedure; if something other than hinted in the words of Christ should dawn as a golden dream of hope, how deplorable will be our state when our baseless expectations sink in the night. Mysterious future! how full wilt thou be of sighs! Irrevocable past! how thou wilt upbraid us! It would be a terrible thing to have the dark shadow of bygone years

following us, as Sir Walter Scott represents a black dwarf following one of his characters, shouting, *Lost! Lost! Lost!* A fitting season is now offered for chastened feeling, and devout surrender to the claims of God. His forbearance draws the heart, His love melts. The Cross attracts, and, whispering hope and encouragement, urges, "Now is the accepted time." The Lydstep caverns in South Wales can only be entered at special times of low tide. The noisy, boisterous waves generally fill and possess them. The heart can only be self-entered and best known, when the world's waves of business, excitement, and pleasure have rolled back, and we have leisure and courage to look round and examine. Only at special times are some of the planetary bodies usefully accessible to the observation of the astronomer. Only at special times do some truths in certain aspects look out from their hiding-places, and present themselves to the contemplation of the soul. To seize such times, despite all the hindrances that will be crowded in our way; to use them with faithfulness and diligence for the highest and greatest ends; to be brought under their influence into entire surrender of heart to the King of Truth will be our wisdom and our blessedness. And what can we add better than to breathe a prayer: "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARIES OF REV.
WILLIAM WARD, OF SERAMPORE.

VI.

MON., JAN. 13TH, 1806. — Mr. Buchannan has sent up for our use an Armenian who understands the Chinese, and allows him 300 rupees a month out of his own pocket. If the subscription goes forward, he will be refunded. Bro. Marshman and John Marshman, Jabez, and a young man named John Francis, have fallen foully upon the Chinese. We have been much distressed for money lately. The Company's notes are at 9 per cent. discount, and have been at 12. The present Governor has reduced the expenditure about 36 lacs a year.

THURS., JAN. 23RD.—This day proposals for delivering in an estimate of the prices at which we are willing to print for the Company arrived here. The Governor, in order to reduce the expense of printing, is about to give it to the lowest bidder. The other printers have had proposals given in to them. If we

get this job, we must print a newspaper, in order to insert the Government advertisements for nothing. I tremble at this additional weight of care ; but if Providence puts this into our hands, we must try to get through it.

MON., JAN. 27TH.—This was a memorable day. A new church for Dinagapore was formed, consisting of nine members, and Bro. Fernandez was ordained their pastor.

LORD'S DAY, FEB. 16TH.—On Saturday night Bro. Fernandez gave us a sight of the books of our joint concern. We reckoned our share of the profits from the beginning of the year, though we did not invest our rupees till the month of ———. With a generosity like himself, he repeated to the brethren what he had before mentioned to me, that he intended to give 10,000 rupees to the mission, and to appropriate the profits which this sum may gain in trade from the next year to the benefit of the mission. The brethren expressed their gratitude, and requested that he would keep in his own hand the distributing of the profits till his death, though accepting them for mission purposes. I have heard that Miss Rumohr, who having made her will, has left between 4 and 5,000 rupees to the mission.

WED., FEB. 26TH.—This afternoon Bro. Fernandez left us. Is it that we may set a proper value on friendship that we are so frequently called to part with friends in some such way as this ? that we love spring better, because we have passed through a hard winter ? I love Bro. Fernandez more than ever, and I parted from him more reluctantly than ever.

MON., MAR. 3RD.—The ground for the new chapel at Calcutta is bought for 7,250 rupees.

FRI., MAR. 14TH.—This evening we had some searching discourse with our members on their walk, with respect to secret and family prayer, &c.

SAT., MAR. 15TH.—Mr. Buchannan has been to the Governor-General to ask him respecting the plan of translating the Scriptures into the different languages of India. The Governor expressed his goodwill towards the undertaking, and his conviction that Christianity would ultimately prevail all over India ; but he said he could not, as Governor, do anything to help forward this work, or permit any other Company's servant, in his official capacity, to do so. He said, however, he had no objection to a Company's servant doing all he could for it as a private individual. Mr. Buchannan and Mr. Brown are not discouraged, and we are printing to-night a number of proposals which Mr. Buchannan is sending to the bishops, deans, &c., in England, and to all the Company's servants. He is sending a letter to Sindiah, the Mahratta chief, inviting him to forward the work, and sending him a Mahratta Gospel of Matthew.

WED., MAR. 19TH.—Mr. Buchannan has got a print of Britannia presenting a New Testament to a Hindoo to prefix to the proposals for printing the Scriptures in the different languages of India.

TUES., AP. 8TH.—I fear we shall find some difficulty about getting Bro. Biss up

to Dinagopora. The Governor has no objection to it, but there is a regulation against a person's going till he has been four years in the country. In the face of this regulation, they know not how to grant permission; in consequence, all depends upon the judge at Dinagopora. If he would be mute, all might be accomplished.

THURSDAY, APR. 10TH.—Between 3 and 4 this morning, Bro. Marshman, Mr. Bolt, Mr. Lindeman, and I went to Kaleeghaut in two one-horse chairs, to see the Hindoos slit their tongues and bore their sides.

FRI., APR. 11TH.—Bro. Carey has seen in an American newspaper that Capt. Wickes has 1,000 guineas with him from England for the translations here, and the good capt. invites American Christians to increase the sum. We hope we may again see our dear capt. once more on earth.

LORD'S DAY, APR. 13TH.—I preached a kind of funeral sermon for my dear friend Sedgwick. Oh! that God may prepare me to follow him. To me the world gets poorer every day. When my friends are gone, and my work done, all the rest is dung and dross.

MON., APR. 14TH.—This day Mr. Buchannan called, and examined into the progress of the Chinese. He gave John Marshman a gold medal, and Jabez a gold mohur, or 16 rupees. On the strength of the subscription for translating and printing the Scriptures into the ten Eastern languages, we are to begin to receive 300 rupees a month, next month.

LORD'S DAY, APR. 27TH.—The subscriptions for translating, I hear, amount to about 12,000 rupees at present. Though this subscription falls far short of what was hoped, and will, instead of forming a permanent fund, be exhausted, at 300 rupees a month, in two years, yet it is very remarkable that our names should be sent all over India to all the Company's servants, and all our labours of a literary kind be published abroad in this way without our seeking for it!! The publishing the Scriptures even in this imperfect way, and before missionaries are planted in these countries—though I am far from thinking that all the good which Mr. Brown, Mr. Buchannan, Breth. Carey and Marshman, expect, can be hoped for—may be attended with good effects, on which account I wish that a permanent fund had been raised. I think, however, that a person is in a great measure disqualified for becoming a translator into a new language, unless he knows the force and bendings both of that from which he translates and that into which he translates.

Perhaps it is enough to justify the work, that the substance of the Divine will would be made known in such a translation. I know that these translations will be, and must be, worse than the first Bengalee; because, in the Bengalee, Bro. Carey knew something of the language, but in these comparatively little can be known respecting the construction, shades of meaning, words to convey spiritual ideas, &c. Great dependence must be placed on the pundits. I recommend to Breth. Carey and Marshman to enter upon translations which we with our own

hands can distribute, and which may be fitted for stations which we ourselves can occupy. As to making Bibles for other missionaries into languages which we ourselves do not really understand, I recommend them to be cautious, lest they should be wasting time and life on that which any vicissitude may frustrate. I tell them that the Jesuit missionaries have made grammars, dictionaries, and translations in abundance, which are now rotting in the libraries at Rome. I remind them that life is short, that this life may evaporate in schemes of translations for China, Bhootan, Mahratta, &c., while the good in our hands and at our homes is left undone. I urge them to push things which are in our own power, and, under Providence, at our own command. I tell them that the natural and common-sense way is for missionaries to settle in a country, get its language, pick out a learned native or two, and then begin to translate. When the books are printed, he is on the spot to distribute them. Whereas, if we had at this moment the Scriptures in Chinese, Bhootan, &c., on our shelves—what then? Would this convert the people? By spending so much of our time on translations which we can never distribute, we may leave undone translations nearer home and leave the mission at our deaths in such an unestablished state that all may come to nothing; whereas, if it be once well established and pretty extensively spread in Bengal, this will secure in their proper time all these translations and everything else. Our Pædobaptist brethren are jealous, I understand, at our translating into the Tamil.

WED., MAY 14TH.—Our new brethren have begun to go out into the adjoining villages. They begin to stammer a little. Bro. M. seems to stand first and Bro. B. next. They will none of them be pundits.

SAT., MAY 17TH.—Early this morning I went down to Calcutta to shut myself up a day or two, that I may write a letter or two, and prepare for publication, if approved, a funeral sermon for dear Sedgwick, and also some letters for Morris on the missionary character of Paul. While here I cannot get a minute free from interruption.

LORD'S DAY, MAY 18TH.—Mr. Martyn, a young Evangelical clergyman from England, read prayers at the Mission Church. We have expended all the money that has been received respecting the new chapel, in the purchase of the ground, paying for the writings, &c. The raising of the chapel is a formidable job. However, I have set Bro. Rolt and Mr. Lindeman to work to get up a neat house against next Lord's-day for Bengalee worship, and I have proposed that our brother Jaggernaut shall sit under this shed, and give away papers to the million of Calcutta, and that this shall be the place of rendezvous for all who wish to inquire about the Gospel at Calcutta. Mr. Derozio's son, from Mr. Clarke's school at Enfield, arrived by the same ship with Mr. Martyn. He says Mr. Martyn preached on the deck of the ship, talked to the sailors, and that at Madras he preached very faithfully. Lord Wm. Bentinck requested a copy of the sermon.

LORD'S DAY, MAY 25TH.—I preached in the forenoon in English, and in the afternoon in Bengalee. Bro. Carey was in the morning at the Bengalee school. Bro. Mardon preached at home in the evening. Bro. Marshman was at Calcutta. About 2,000 rupees are added to the Bible subscription. Mr. Brown and Mr. Martyn spoke at our conference on Friday evening. The question: "Why could not God pardon sin without the death of Christ?"

LORD'S DAY, JUNE 1ST.—I was at Calcutta, and opened the new shed there. A very large crowd of natives attended, and I had much liberty in speaking to them of the love of Christ. Deep Chund also addressed them, and at the close we distributed a number of tracts. I rejoice in hope that this bamboo shed, or a better place that may succeed it, will be none other than the gate of heaven to many. Before, the natives durst not come to the house of a European, but this is an open door; they crowd to this strange sight, and I doubt not that the beginning now made amongst the million of Calcutta will terminate in the salvation of thousands. Oh! Calcutta is a world. After Bengalee preaching, I spoke in English at Mr. Lindeman's.

MON., JUNE 2ND.—A Mr. Harrington, one of the judges at Calcutta, wrote to Bro. Carey, telling him that he believed we might get some Hindostanee gospels from the college if we applied. Bro. Carey applied, and they have given us 400.

FRI., JUNE 6TH.—We have begun to print the Sanscrit Testament. I have urged Breth. C. and M. to push this forward, as a faithful translation into Sanscrit will render all the translations into the other Eastern languages easy and certain; for all the Eastern pundits know the Sanscrit, and every real pundit in the East could make from this a good translation into his own vernacular tongue. I have told them that by translating the Scriptures into Sanscrit, they at once in a sense translate them into all the languages of Asia.

LORD'S DAY, JUNE 8TH.—Bro. Marshman was at Calcutta, and had a large attendance of natives. He heard Mr. Martyn at the Settlement, and also at the Mission churches. He was very honest, bold, and Evangelical. I suppose his was the first extempore sermon ever preached at the Settlement church.

FRI., JUNE 13TH.—Mr. Harrington, one of the judges, has been to hear Bro. Carey at Mr. Lindeman's, and has promised 500 rupees to the new chapel. [I suppose you'll publish this, but if you do, I'll send you no more news.] The Translation subscription amounts to about 14,000 rupees.

LORD'S DAY, JUNE 15TH.—A Dr. Ward preached this day a flaming sermon at the Settlement church against Mr. Brown, Mr. Martyn, and all the Evangelicalism and Evangelicalists.

FRI., JULY 4TH.—We have lately had preaching in German in our hall by a Mr. Mersch, once a soldier on the coast, who was first employed in our binding-room, then in the office, and is now in the school as an usher, teaching a, b, c. He has, with Miss Ruhmor and maid, 4 hearers sometimes.

LORD'S DAY, AUG. 3RD.—Some time ago, two Hindoos were under sentence of

death at Calcutta, and also a Portuguese Christian. To prepare the latter for death, the Catholic priest went to the gaol. These two Hindoos had, on the night they committed the robbery, performed the worship of Kalee, in order that this goddess might protect them in the act of thieving, and prevent their being taken. They were, however, taken, if I recollect right, the same night; in consequence, they were so angry with Kalee that they resolved to renounce her worship. Seeing the priest come to visit their fellow-prisoner, they addressed themselves to him, and resolved that they would die in the Feringee faith. To prepare them for death, the priest got one of the police magistrates to translate a prayer into Bengalee. I saw a copy of this prayer. After the two men were hanged, they were buried with great ceremony by the Catholics, drums beating, &c., *because they had become Christians from conviction*—a thing never known among them, at least now-a-day. Three Catholic missionaries lately came out from Europe. One went to Delhi, and was murdered by the Mussulmans; another went into Assam, where he is since dead; the third, an Irishman, returned to Europe. Here, as in Europe, in the Catholic Church all is in Latin. Bengalees learn to mutter a few words in Latin before they are christened. What a blessed way of making Christians!

MON., AUG. 11TH.—Through the influence of Mr. Brown, Bro. Carey has petitioned the College Council for an increase of salary. He has only 500, while the Persian teacher, who does not so much as he, gets 1,000. Two of the present Members of Council are going out through affronts at the Court of Directors. If this be carried before they retire, it may be done, I suppose.

FRI., AUG. 15TH.—Bro. Marshman is a pretty regular visitor at Mr. Brown's. Mr. Brown has sent an invitation for me to make free, and go and see them, as Bro. Marshman does. Mitchell, in his work on "The Civilisation of India," has proposed a Missionary Society there on a large scale. Mr. Brown wanted to have some talk with me on the practicability of this plan. I was there this evening, and we seemed to think that an assisting society on a general plan might be formed, and be very useful, without interfering with the interior concerns of other societies—that is, it would help all and interfere with none. Bro. Marshman and Bro. Carey were at home laying down to the native brethren a plan of universal itineracy, by which native brethren, two and two, should be daily employed in going through the country in every direction diffusing the Gospel. As soon as Bro. Biss knew of Presand's death he was very much frightened. This and the noise of the children in the budgerow have made him worse. Dr. Taylor and Bro. Moore, therefore, were induced to accompany him to Dinagepore. Here the judge has stopped them, and insists upon their returning direct to Serampore, or wait till he gets orders from Government respecting them. They have promised the former. The following is a copy of the letter which the judge addressed to them:—

"Gentlemen,—I am just favoured with your letter without date. Unable to show any permission from the Government authorising your proceeding up the

country. I have informed you that in my opinion you are not at liberty to do so. At the same time, I told you yesterday, that if you remained here a sufficient period I would acquaint Government with your arrival at this station, and your desire to proceed up the country with intent, as you have verbally assured me, of circulating religious writings translated into the native languages.

"I return the introductory letter you have enclosed for my perusal, and accept your assurance that you will return direct to Serampore, should you not desire my submitting to the consideration of Government your wish to proceed higher up the country, and to remain here till I am honoured with the orders of Government.—I am, &c., &c.,

"J. PATTLE, Mag^{te}.

"Dinagapore, 4 Aug., 1806."

FRI., AUG. 22ND.—A boat arrived and a letter from Captain Wickes announcing that he had arrived and brought out two brethren and three sisters. Bro. Rowe and Felix flew down; Bro. Marshman, John M., Wm. Carey, Burford, and I went down after dinner. We came to the ship about 8 o'clock. To our great joy all well. We stayed all night.

SAT., AUG. 23RD.—We arrived at Calcutta about noon. Our brethren and sisters arrived with the good old captain in the evening. I had four Armenian Christians to drink tea with me.

LORD'S DAY, AUG. 24TH.—This was a memorable day at Calcutta. In the morning I heard a sermon from an Armenian doctor at the Armenian church. He preached with a cross in his hand. At ten, I and Krishnee preached to a good native congregation in the Lal Bazaar. At one, I preached again in Chitpore-road, at the house of an Armenian Christian. The room, the yard, and the street opposite the house were crowded. I returned to Mr. Lindeman's to dinner. After dinner I preached again in Lal Bazaar. Wm. preceded me. We had a very large congregation. After this was over, we had preaching at a Mr. Pereira's, in a lane leading out of Kossitella Street; but here I was too fatigued, and left Krishnee to go through the service. Just before Bro. Chater began his sermon, I got to Mr. Lindeman's. In taking leave of the Armenian friends, I told them it was one of the happiest days I had ever spent at Calcutta, and that I hoped I should have many more. Chater made a good sermon. My bed was welcome, but I was not able to sleep well.

MON., AUG. 25TH.—This forenoon, Dr. Taylor took his passage for Bombay. He and I went up to Serampore by the one-horse chair. When we came away, Capt. Wickes had taken the new brethren to show themselves to the police. They were told that they could not leave Calcutta without permission of Government.

TUES., AUG. 26TH.—Bro. Carey is gone down to inquire into the cause of the police orders.

WED., AUG. 27TH.—I got a letter from Bro. Carey announcing the most direful intelligence. Yesterday, at the Police, Mr. Blacquiere and Mr. Thoroton told Bro. Carey that they had a message to deliver to him from Sir G. Barlow. They had called on him two or three times, but could not find him at home. The purport of the message was that Sir George would be much obliged to Mr. Carey not to preach to the natives, nor distribute pamphlets, nor send out native brethren; in short, that as Sir Geo. did not disturb the prejudices of the natives, he hoped Mr. Carey would not, and he wished him to communicate this to the other members of his Society. Bro. Carey shrugged his shoulders and came away, *i.e.*, he made a reply which showed how this message galled him, at the same time he spoke with much prudence. Thus we are all prisoners at Serampore, and you have sent out two brethren to keep us company. Well, we deserve to be silenced, for we have often held our tongues when we might have spoken a word for God. Had it, however, been like the Five Mile Act, so that we could have preached in Calcutta and five miles round, it would have been something. The shutting of Lal Bazaar is a most cutting thing, and has taken away all my desire of going to Calcutta.

FRI., AUG. 29TH.—We have been waiting with anxiety to see our new brethren, but in vain. This day Bro. Carey called at the Police to ask whether the Government wished our brethren to be detained further at Calcutta? Mr. Blacquiere sent out a curious message to Bro. C., *viz.*, that if the gentleman had any friends in confinement he might apply to another magistrate. Bro. Carey now thought it was not worth while for brethren to wait any longer, and, of course, they came up. This evening we all called upon Mr. Brown, at his desire, to consult what could best be done in this matter. We had a great deal of conversation on this subject, in which Mr. Brown and Mr. Martyn (who lives at Mr. Brown's) took a lively interest, and Mr. Brown promised to call on Blacquiere, and find out, if possible, the root of this new matter.

SAT., AUG. 30TH.—While we were sitting in council this evening, the following note came from Mr. Brown, from Calcutta :—"After a very long discussion with the Magistrates, I find as follows, *viz.* :—1. The missionaries remain at Serampore in full powers. 2. There is no objection made to their circulating the Holy Scriptures. 3. There is no objection to their preaching in their own house, Cossitollah, or in the house of any other person, provided they do not preach openly in the Lal Bazaar. 4. Natives may preach and teach wherever they please, provided they be not sent forth as emissaries from Serampore. 5. There will be no objection to their exercising in [Lal Bazaar or] anywhere else, when they can procure permission from the Court of Directors or the British Government."

Thus far, Mr. Brown's note. The interest he takes in our success, and the tender affection which he and Mr. Martyn and Mr. B. continually show towards us, call for our grateful remembrance. We agreed to make a representation of our case

to the Society. Oh ! if we could get leave to itinerate ourselves, and fix stations in different parts, we should care for nothing in this world. Bro. Carey was appointed to draw up the representation.

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

M. DE LESSEPS, the constructor of the Suez Canal, informed the world, at a recent banquet given in the Mansion House, that he contemplates repeating in the Western Hemisphere the great engineering exploit which has so completely revolutionised the commercial routine of the Eastern world. In September next his financial proposals will be published, and in eight years' time the Panama Canal, M. de Lesseps declares, will be *un fait accompli*.

The success of the great Egyptian water-way will probably give an impetus to the new project, which at any rate will not suffer from the opposition which the late Lord Palmerston showed to its predecessor. The Australian Colonies, China, Japan, and all the numerous man-haunts in the great Pacific, would greatly benefit by this new development of mechanical skill. We wonder that the English engineers who have for so many years brooded over this project should have let it escape their hands. Should M. de Lesseps live to accomplish his plan, he will have outdone all the engineers both of the past and the present in the magnitude and cosmopolitan character of his labours.

WHY SHOULD NOT CHRISTIAN WOMEN SERVE ON THE COMMITTEES OF OUR RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES ?

The complaint is sometimes made that the speeches delivered at our May Meetings are sadly wanting in practical suggestiveness, and consist too much of reiterated appeals to beneficent action and pious kindlings of enthusiasm, which are somewhat painfully monotoned. We do not altogether agree or disagree with the complaint, though we decidedly think that the "Inventiveness of Love" has hardly asserted itself with sufficient emphasis in the conduct of modern Evangelical missions. One of the speakers at the Zenana Mission breakfast advocated the election of female members to serve on the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, quoting the example of the School

Boards throughout the country—the important services which had been rendered by female missionaries in the past history of the Society, the prominent part which Christian women took in the mission work of the Apostolic Church, and the success of the Zenana Mission itself, in support of his suggestion.

The conductors of our denominational newspapers have been too much engrossed with the multifarious topics which demand their attention to entertain this subject. It is, however, being freely discussed in family circles and friendly gatherings, both in London and the country, and will, we have reason to believe, assume a definite form at the election for the Committee in 1880.

“All Christian persons concurring in the objects of the Society who are donors of ten pounds or upwards, or subscribers of ten shillings and sixpence annually to its funds,” are eligible for election on the Committee, and we sincerely hope, to the honour of our mission, it will be the first of the societies to admit to its councils some of the noble women who, by consecrated service at home and abroad, have given full proof of their ministry of Christian love and wisdom.

MR. GLADSTONE AT MILL HILL.

We congratulate Dr. Weymouth on having secured the valuable assistance of the great statesman at the recent distribution of prizes at Mill Hill—and still more on the well-deserved testimony which Mr. Gladstone gave to the high character the school is attaining under its present *régime*. The versatile wealth of the hon. gentleman's mind was forcibly manifest in the counsels he addressed to the pupils of the school. The description of the snares of premature success;—the perils of depression through disappointment;—the humorous comparison of the acclimatisation which public institutions have to encounter, with the measles of childhood or the distemper of early dog-life;—the advantages and disadvantages of inherited traditions in our older educational foundations;—the tremendous dangers which beset the children of the very rich, from the too early possession of large sums of money;—the definition of cram, as dealing with a boy in the same manner as you would with his portmanteau;—the encomium of the study of Natural History as continuous in its character, fascinating in its hold on the attention, cogent in educating the senses, and tending to develop the purer faculties of the mind; and through all and above all—the eloquent statesman said—the supreme importance attached to the fear of God and genuine religion as the germ of all excellence and the crown of all success; make this Mill Hill oration one of the most memorable of Mr. Gladstone's many public addresses while it affords one more illustration of the fact that

the choicest productions of genius are after all the utterances of sanctified Common Sense.

THE ZULU WAR.

Since our last month's issue, Sir Garnet Wolseley has been transferred from the Government of Cyprus to the supreme civil and military command in Natal. The instructions with which the new commander was furnished by the Government on the eve of his departure have been withheld from publication; it is believed, however, that peace on any terms not prejudicial to our military honour will be accepted, for our State doctors find the national pulse becoming too feverish, and the whole fabric more excited than is desirable in anticipation of the inevitable appeal to the hustings which looms in the distance.

The latest intelligence from the Cape tells us of discord amongst the leaders, disease amongst the forces, disorganisation in the transport service, and doubt and hesitancy about an advance which some affirmed to be imminent, and others impossible.

Sir Garnet Wolseley is regarded by the army as the Wellington of the present day, and the hopes of the country will rally should he reach the Cape before any fresh disaster has cropped up out of incompetent generalship and divided councils. Though it were well for us as a nation to feel that the arbitrement of war is an appeal to Providence that had need be made with clean hands.

A telegram from Madeira, dated the 19th of June, brings the tidings of the death of Louis Napoleon from an assegai wound while engaged on reconnaissance service on the 2nd of the month. The deepest sympathy will be felt with the bereaved ex-Empress, to whom this last will probably be the bitterest of many afflictions; but it is impossible not to recognise in this event the removal of one of the most active causes of disturbance in the region of French politics, and the apparent termination of the Napoleonic claims to supremacy.

PROPOSED ENDOWMENT OF ROMAN CATHOLICS IN IRELAND.

The O'Connor Don has introduced in the House of Commons a Bill for the establishment of a new University in Ireland. This proposed University of St. Patrick, professedly a secular institution, is intended to have any number of affiliated schools and colleges in its pay, and, as the *Liberator* informs us, is, "so far as colleges are concerned, a measure of wholesale religious endowment." A million and a-half of the surplus property of the disendowed Irish Church is asked for the purpose, despite the decision of Parliament in the Disendowment Act that this surplus should be applied to "the relief of unavoidable suffering and calamity." There seems small prospect of

this audacious proposal receiving the sanction of the present Parliament. Not a few, however, of the Liberal party are prepared to court the Irish vote by this heavy subsidy to the Romish Church, and it will require all the energy and determination of the opponents of religious endowments successfully to encounter the difficulty which this new issue will raise at the General Election.

REVIEWS.

A POPULAR COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. By English and American Scholars of various Evangelical Denominations. With Illustrations and Maps. Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., &c. In Four Volumes. Vol. 1., Introduction and the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street. 1879.

HITHERTO Messrs. Clark's publications have been addressed mainly to ministers and theological students, or at least to such students as could appreciate a criticism on the text of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. No publishers in the kingdom have done so much to aid a healthy understanding of the Bible, or to furnish illustrations of its permanent freshness and power. But this influence has been exerted chiefly on the more scholarly classes, and through them only has it told on the people. In this work, however, they appeal directly to a popular constituency, and place the results of such research as are embodied in the *Foreign Theological Library*, within the reach of English readers of all classes. The idea of the work, as we infer from the Preface, originated about thirty years ago with the Editor, Dr. Schaff,

but he has been unable until now practically to carry it out. Those who know how admirably Dr. Schaff has edited Lange's *Bibelwerk* will need no guarantee as to his qualifications for this task. He ranks among the foremost Biblical scholars of America. It would be no exaggeration to say he is the foremost. One of the translators who was associated with him in his edition of Lange is rendering him his aid in this new enterprise—we refer to Professor Riddle. Among the English contributors we notice the names of Drs. Milligan and Moulton, Dean Howson, Dr. Marcus Dods, Dr. Oswald Dykes, Professor Plumptre, Dr. Gloag, and Dr. Angus. This is a list of names of which any editor might justly be proud, and we cannot be wrong in asserting that the result of their combined labours will be a commentary which all sections of the Christian Church will hail with satisfaction.

Although the text is that of the authorized version, all various readings of weight are given in foot-notes, the translation is corrected where it is palpably erroneous, and the reader can see at a glance the reason for the suggested emendation. The introduction embraces a discussion of all such pre-

liminary questions as the authorship, date, sources, and characteristics of the different books, but the discussion is brief, and the greater part of the space is devoted to a statement of the views held by all Christian critics, and which no amount of Rationalistic speculation has been able to overthrow. The notes are not a mere reproduction of what can be found in other works, but the expression of an independent and scholarly judgment, formed, indeed, in view of all that has been advanced on the point in question, but echoing no authoritative *dicta* either of critics or theologians. Some of the notes must have been written over and over again, so comprehensively do they seize on the essential point of the phrase, or section discussed, and so resolutely exclude all that is irrelevant and secondary. The links of connection between one section and another are clearly traced, and many unsuspected harmonies are brought to light. Without any straining after originality or non-natural interpretations, we are roused to the perception of new beauties in the beaten track, and our reverence for the Divine Word is sensibly increased. A special feature of the work will be found in its maps and illustrations. The maps have been prepared by Professor Arnold Guyot, of Princeton, while the material for the illustrations has been furnished by Dr. W. M. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book." They give a vivid idea of the natural scenery of the Holy Land, its physical contour, its principal cities and buildings, its inhabitants, and their religious and social life. The work is, therefore, a Pictorial Bible and Commentary combined. It occupies a place of its own, and there will be accorded to it a popular welcome such as has been secured by few other works.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN. With Commentary by the Rev. H. W. Watkins, M.A., Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy at King's College, London. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

THE increased attention which is being given to the systematic study of the Scriptures is one of the healthiest signs of the times. We are indebted to it for a number of valuable works which have greatly enriched the stores of our Biblical literature and brought the results of the most scholarly investigations within the reach of all classes of readers. We have, at different times, noticed such works, and now have the pleasure of directing attention to Messrs. Cassell's "Commentary for Schools." The idea of the series is admirable, its success certain. We have as yet seen only one volume; but if the rest are equal to it, our young folks should certainly find it no impossible task to "grow wiser than their teachers are." The work is not absolutely new, but is a reprint with additions and emendations of Bishop Ellicott's "Commentary on the New Testament." Mr. Watkins has accomplished a difficult task well. The Gospel according to John is the most profoundly spiritual, as well as the most subtle and philosophical, of all the Evangelical narratives. It takes us into the innermost sanctuary of Christian truth, and is naturally suggestive of all the most difficult and momentous problems which the thought of our age has to encounter. A commentator on this Gospel requires, in addition to competent scholarship—linguistic, historical, and theological—clear spiritual insight, calmness, and strength of judgment, and keenly refined sympathy. In no task is it so necessary to remember Neander's celebrated dictum that *the heart makes the theo-*

logian. These varied qualifications Mr. Watkins certainly possesses. His book is the outgrowth of prolonged and patient study, of loving and reverent contemplation. Every page bears the marks of full and accurate learning, and often in a few lines we have results which can only have been reached after very extensive research. We cannot here go into details, but none the less heartily do we commend this small volume as one of the very best on the fourth Gospel which has yet been written, either for schools or English readers.

THE MESSIANIC PROPHECIES. Being the Baird Lecture for 1879. By Paton James Gloag, D.D., Minister of Galashiels, &c. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street. 1879.

THE name of Dr. Gloag is happily well known to a large proportion of our readers. His "Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles," and his "Introduction to the Pauline Epistles" are among the most valuable critical and exegetical works of recent years, and are the most thoroughly appreciated by those who know them best. His "Baird Lecture" is primarily apologetic in its character, dealing with the most important aspects of the argument from prophecy, the direct and explicit announcement by inspired men of the advent of a Messiah, and the fulfilment of their predictions in the person, sufferings, death, and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. This argument is wrought out with a fulness of knowledge, a keen analytical accuracy, a cogency of reasoning, and a lucidity of statement which can scarcely fail to carry conviction to every unprejudiced mind. The various Messianic

prophecies, direct and indirect, primary and secondary, are examined with great thoroughness. Opposing interpretations are subjected to a searching and rigorous test, and the author's position is substantiated by proofs which are, to our thinking, altogether irrefragable. His frank acknowledgment of difficulties, his candid consideration of the arguments of his opponents, his determination to make good every inch of ground over which he travels, cannot be too highly commended. The exegetical studies in which he has previously gained distinction serve him in good stead here. The examination of Isaiah liii. and of the seventy weeks in Dan. ix. 24—26, as well as of the prophecy of Shiloh (Gen. xlix. 10), may be especially mentioned as instances of clear crisp criticism and of sound interpretation. Dr. Gloag is thoroughly abreast of the times. His lectures have been written in view of all that has been advanced by Ewald, Hofmann, Kuenen, Strauss, and Baur, and throughout he has placed side by side with his own interpretations the opinions of the modern Jewish theologians as represented, for example, by Dr. Adler and other rabbis. The book, though not brilliant, is fresh, scholarly, and weighty—a valuable contribution on a subject of the first moment.

MARY'S HOLIDAY TASK. By Georgina M. Moore. London: E. Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey, E.C.

WE had sometime ago the pleasure of introducing to the notice of our readers a bright and sparkling book for children, entitled, "Mary with Many Friends." "Mary's Holiday Task" is a kind of sequel to it, and

shows throughout the same happy characteristics which rendered its predecessor a complete success. Mary is one of the kindest, most considerate, most generous of all the children we know; but perfectly natural and life-like withal. She is sure to be a great favourite with all the young folks, and her acquaintance will be greatly for their advantage. The holiday season will shortly be here. Let every paterfamilias give his little ones a treat by placing this well-told and healthy story in their hands.

the arrangement of subjects into their dependent topics, as well as the Index of Tests, about 4,000 in all, which come under treatment, give a completeness to the whole work which will ensure the greatest facility in its use to the student. More than 5,000 extracts are contained in the volume, which is a complete museum of spiritual teaching from master minds. We have no doubt of the extensive sale of Mr. Bertram's Encyclopædia, but would fain have it come to pass that all our churches would place it on the book-shelves of their ministers.

A HOMILETIC ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN THEOLOGY AND MORALS. Selected and arranged by R. A. Bertram. London: R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon Street. Royal 8vo., pp. 892.

OUR pages often bear witness to the assiduity with which Mr. Dickinson furnishes the book-market with homiletical supplies; we do not, however, think that his voluminous catalogues contain a more valuable contribution to the literature of the pulpit than will be found in this comprehensive *florilegium*, which testifies alike to the discriminating ability and surprising industry of its collator.

This work is not a mere collection of illustrations grouped under their respective subjects, but of extracts and illustrations systematically and analytically classified, so that the ramifications and relations of all the prominent subjects of revelation find their respective share of the enriching thoughts obtained from authors both ancient and modern.

The divisions of the subjects will often commend themselves as appropriate for sermon-analysis, the copious indices of subjects, and of

HARMONY OF THE FOUR GOSPELS.

In the words of the Authorised Version. Following the Harmony of the Gospels in Greek. By Edward Robinson, D.D., LL.D. With Explanatory Notes, &c., &c. Edited by Benjamin Davies, Ph.D. London: Religious Tract Society.

DR. ROBINSON'S *Harmony of the Gospels*, published more than thirty years ago, may be improved, but it can scarcely be superseded. All subsequent harmonists are indebted to him, and confirm by their researches the principal conclusions at which he arrived. In the present English edition, prepared originally by the late Dr. Davies, and now issued under the supervision of Dr. Green, a few alterations have been made in the arrangement, but the main improvements are in the notes. These, which are, of course, explanatory, rather than exegetical or expository, are often of great worth, and embody the results of the most recent investigations. Here and there Dr. Green has appended an exegetical remark which shows the finest and most delicate appreciation of the text—as, for in-

stance, in the following, on the prayer of the publican, "*To me a sinner, rather the sinner* : that is, a notable or very great sinner, or the one just pointed at with contempt by the Pharisee." Many other examples might be adduced, but this will suffice. This edition of Robinson's *Harmony* is a valuable aid to the systematic study of the gospels, and no student of scripture should be without it.

BOSTON MONDAY LECTURES. 1. *Biology.* 2. *Transcendentalism.* 3. *Orthodoxy.* 4. *Conscience.* 5. *Heredity.* With Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. With Copious Analytical Indices. London: R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon Street. 1879.

THERE can be no doubt that in issuing this student's edition of the famous Boston lectures, Mr. Dickinson has effectively hit the mark. Of the singular logical power, the extensive knowledge, the keen critical acumen, and the exuberant fancy displayed in the lectures, it would, after our previous criticisms, be superfluous to speak. We are sincerely thankful at the wide and almost unprecedented circulation which Mr. Cook's lectures have secured on both sides the Atlantic. They furnish a capital antidote to the current scientific scepticism of the day, and will do much to recall wanderers, to guide the perplexed, to give decision to waverers, and to confirm such as believe. Their circulation is on every ground to be desired. Mr. Dickinson has now issued an edition of the lectures which all classes may easily obtain. Mr. Cook's own order of publication has been observed, advantage has been taken of his revision; and there is here what we have seen in no

other English edition, a copious analytical index, the worth of which is, as we can testify, very great. Mr. Dickinson was the first to introduce Mr. Cook's name to English readers, and has undoubtedly done more than any other publisher to popularise his lectures. We sincerely trust that his latest venture, in which he issues the volumes at the nominal price of eighteenpence each, will be his greatest success.

A NEW EASY AND COMPLETE HEBREW COURSE. Containing a Hebrew Grammar. With copious Hebrew and English Exercises. Strictly Graduated. Also, a Hebrew-English and English-Hebrew Lexicon. By Rev. T. Bowman, M.A., Clifton. Part I.: Regular Verbs, &c. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1879.

IN the main Mr. Bowman's aid to the study of Hebrew is true to its title, and cannot fail to prove of great service to Biblical students. The Hebrew language, as a branch of theological education, has received far less attention than it deserves, but a knowledge of it is becoming every day more imperative. Mr. Bowman has acquired his own knowledge of it by self-instruction, and displays a sincere and appreciative sympathy with the difficulties which beset the path of the learner. These difficulties it is his endeavour to diminish, and, as far as possible, remove. His plan is to some extent similar to Professor Davidson's, whose "*Introductory Hebrew Grammar*" we have more than once commended to the notice of our readers. Men, whose knowledge of Hebrew has become "*rusty*" will find in Mr. Bowman's work an

admirable means of reviving and polishing it. In some places he makes his assertions in too absolute a form. Thus he affirms that the accents are seventeen in number. Gesenius specifies thirty, and his list is not, we imagine, thoroughly exhaustive.

CHRISTIAN CHURCHES : The Noblest Form of Social Life ; the Representatives of Christ upon Earth ; the Dwelling-place of the Holy Spirit. By Joseph Angus, D.D. New Edition. London : Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. Price Sixpence.

We gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of making known to the pastors and deacons of our churches this republication of a work which ought to be in the hands of all our church members. It is a concise but complete exposition of the Scriptural representations of the Church of Christ in its membership, functions, discipline, and government. As a handbook to church-life, this treatise of our learned friend is invaluable. It is important to notice that parcels of twenty-five copies and upwards will be supplied at the rate of £1 for fifty, if prepayment is made to Messrs. Unwin Brothers, Oxford Court, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

"A REASON FOR THE HOPE THAT IS IN YOU ;" or, what the Baptists Believe, and Why. By Rev. W. Hanson. London : Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE text which Mr. Hanson has adopted as his motto is admirably adapted to describe the drift of his little book in relation to the principles and practices of our denomination. It is the very kind of book

which the pastors of our churches will be glad to put into the hands of the younger members of their congregations and of inquirers generally. The importance of a thorough and systematic acquaintance with our principles of church order and discipline becomes every year more important, and we require manuals fully abreast of the times. Mr. Hanson has written because he has something to write about. It is impossible to say anything absolutely new on a subject so well-worn, but the conditions of the controversy are continually changing, circumstances alter, we are all affected by the spirit of the age, and Mr. Hanson writes with a view to the needs of to-day. He is a clear and accurate thinker, a logical reasoner, and master of a terse and pithy style. His demonstration of the validity of our principles and practices is as conclusive as any of our friends in other communions can either desire or demand, and is at the same time broadly charitable. We give it our cordial commendation.

THE NEW BIBLICAL ATLAS AND SCRIPTURE GAZETTEER. THE MAPS BY W. & A. K. Johnston. London : The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row. Price 5s.

THE learned Dr. Kitto used to make sore complaint of the freaks of the topographers and hydrographers in the caricatures which, so recently as his days, were called maps of the Holy Land. Subsequent explorations, and closer attention to Scriptural Geography as a study, have made great advances in this important branch of Biblical Science, though "there remaineth very much land to be possessed," and a great

many notes of interrogation to be dispensed with, in the chartology of the countries of the Bible. The volume before us is a most valuable record of our present knowledge of the landmarks of the regions in which the human race was cradled and both Divine and human sovereignty had their earliest developments on the earth. The sixteen maps contributed by Messrs. Johnston, are carefully executed, the descriptions in letterpress which explain them, are copious and scholar-like, and a marked feature of the work is the Gazetteer of Bible localities, which is exhaustive as a catalogue, instructive as containing the translated meaning of each appellation, and suggestive in its references to the places of sacred Scripture, in which each locality is named.

No Bible student should be without this volume, which is in every way admirable, and not in the least respect because of its small cost.

ON THE DUTIES OF CHURCH MEMBERS TO THEIR PASTORS. A Sermon by Rev. Daniel Katterns, delivered in Mare Street Chapel, Hackney. London: J. E. Roberts, 288, Goswell Road, E.C. Price 2d.

We so very rarely see anything from the press bearing the name of our honoured friend Mr. Katterns, and whatever we have seen has been so rich in thought and so perfect in expression, that we esteem even this somewhat short sermon as a great boon. The occasion of its being preached was the recent celebration of the acceptance of the co-pastorate of the Church at Hackney by the Rev. S. R. Aldridge. The text is "We beseech you, brethren, to know them which labour among you,

and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you: and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake." The Precept and the Argument are the two divisions of the discourse, which is full of weighty counsels, the fruit of ripe experience enriched by the authority of a lengthened and exemplary pastorate. May both the pastors of the Mare Street Church long rejoice in the loyal affections and hallowed sympathies, which this sermon commends.

PRINCETON SERMONS. By Charles Hodge, D.D. London: Thomas Nelson & Sons, Paternoster Row. Royal 8vo, pp. 373.

FROM the time of the foundation of the Princeton College it has been the practice of the Professors to meet the students every Sunday afternoon for prayer, and conference on subjects belonging to religious experience and practical Christianity. Two hundred and forty-nine of the prelections given on such occasions by the late Dr. Hodge, are contained in outline in this volume. They are characterised by remarkable analytical skill and logical sequence, and bear also ample traces of the unction and tenderness which pervaded their author's ministrations. We thank Messrs. Nelson for this most valuable contribution to our homiletical literature. A ministry imbued with the spirit, method, and utterance of Dr. Hodge could but be soul-enriching and soul-saving.

A NEW HANDBOOK OF ANTHEMS FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP. Large type Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. Price 2s. 6d.

IN respect of the selection of subjects, which are almost exclusively

Scriptural ; the arrangements, which are by authors of high repute, both ancient and modern ; and the bold type of the notation, this collection of anthems will be found of great service, "in choirs and places where they sing." While admirably adapted for use in public worship it will be equally available for family devotion.

THE HARMONY OF SCRIPTURE : Showing the Oneness between the Old and New Testament. The Book of Genesis. Collated by Thomas Fearnley. London : W. A. Poole, 12, Paternoster Row.

ALTHOUGH the title-page limits the scope of this work to the Book of Genesis, in point of fact it extends to the whole of the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua. Portions of the Old Testament are printed, with parallel passages from the New Testament, without note or comment. The scheme is good and useful, and will be helpful in the important work of comparing spiritual things with spiritual.

THE SCIENCE OF COMMON THINGS. By John A. Bower, F.C.S., Science Master Middle Class School, London. London : Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

WE have previously made a note of Mr. Bower's elementary scientific teaching, in remarking on some of the contents of this book which appeared in *Kind Words*. The collected papers make this little volume an invaluable science primer for both boys and girls. It is just the book for the tens of thousands of children who want to know all about engines, and telegraphs, and thermometers, and kitchen pumps.

ON THE APPLICATION OF THE TITLE "LORD" IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. London : W. Meek, 4, Paternoster Square. Price Sixpence.

THIS is a valuable little pamphlet, whose aim is to show that the title *κύριος*, or Lord, was the peculiar and distinctive designation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in the Apostolic Church. The point is, to our thinking, conclusively proved, and we may base on it a powerful argument for the true deity of Christ.

WILL JONES'S WORKSHOP. By the Rev. R. Tuck, B.A. London : Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

A STORY for Sunday-school teachers, full of practical counsel and wise directions for the most efficient discharge of their important work.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE'S NOONTIDE : A Book of Counsels and Encouragements. By the author of "Life's Morning," &c. London : Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row. Price 1s. 6d.

As its title indicates, this book is specially intended for the benefit of the middle-aged, and those who are bearing the heat and burden of the day of life. The Pleasantness of Noontide ; the Trials of Noontide ; Disappointed Expectations ; the Cares of Noontide ; Working for Christ ; the Weeping Sower ; Christian Friendship ; Inharmonious Relationship ; Patience ; Worldly Compromise ; the Blessedness of Watering Others ; Seasons of Rest ; Grapes in the Wilderness ; the Anticipation of Troubles, are the sub-

jects discussed. The practical wisdom and Christian knowledge of the author are clothed in an easy and attractive style. We have given some short specimens in the present number of the *MAGAZINE*.

SAVED AT SEA : A Lighthouse Story.

By Mrs. O. F. Walton ; 1s. 6d.

LADY ROSE. By Crona Temple ; 1s.

A KNOTLESS THREAD. By Louisa E. Dobree ; 1s.

EACH of these little books is written by a tried authoress, and all of

them will be favourites with the young folks.

PETS OF THE FAMILY and **FEATHERED FRIENDS**, published at 1s. each, are specimens of those beautifully drawn and highly coloured specimens of the animal world, with which Mr. Harrison Weir sets the nursery in a *rampage*. **GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY** is a shilling packet of texts, with embossed floral adornments that are artistic gems ; and the sixpenny "Packet of Picture Hymn Cards" is equally suitable for the young, and marvellously cheap.

EXTRACTS.

ON THE ANTICIPATION OF TROUBLES.

IT is easy to point out the folly of anticipating difficulties that may never assail us, easy to say how foolish it is to meet troubles half-way ; easy to bid you hope on, hope ever, and never cross a bridge till you come to it. "In approaching the White Mountains," says an American writer, "the traveller finds himself in the midst of conical hills, which seem to surround him as he advances, and forbid further progress. He can see but a short distance along his winding road ; and he begins to think of turning back his horse, to escape from hopeless enclosure among impassable barriers. But let him advance, and he finds that the road curves around the frowning hill before him, and leads him into other and still other straits, from which he finds escape simply by advancing. Every new discovery of a passage around the obstructions of his path teaches him to hope in the practicability of his road. He cannot see far ahead at any time ; but a passage discovers itself, and he advances. He is neither required to turn back, nor to scale the steep sides of towering hills. His road winds along, and he finds that nothing is gained by *crossing a bridge before he comes to it !*"

Such is often the journey of life. How much of its anxiety and toilsomeness would be relieved by careful attention to the above admonition—"Never cross a bridge until you come to it ;" or, without an Hibernicism,—"*Be careful for nothing ; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your request be made*

known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep [garrison] your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ."

"I shall go down into the grave unto my son mourning," said the weeping patriarch. But he lived to see that son governor over all the land of Egypt, to share his prosperity and bless his children.

"I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul," cried David. But he outlived and succeeded his royal foe."

Thou darest some ill, perchance,
Which the day with its dawn will bring ;
But why the troubles of life enhance
By such dark forebodings ? Fling
Thy fears to the winds, and try
To paint with some lovelier hue :
For aught thou knowest, the clouded sky
To-morrow may all be blue !

Still, though we may warn you against the fear of imaginary evils, and though we may remind "fearful saints" that "the clouds they so much dread are big with mercy, and shall break with blessings on their head," yet it is true that, after all, to-morrow's sky may *not* be blue, and the untrodden road before us *may* be full of peril, trial, and temptation. We have not passed that way heretofore, and the unknown is, of itself, a terror to some minds.

So that it is better at once to bid you leave the future in God's hands, and trust Him to carry you safely through it. It may be dark ; it may be bright ; He only knows : stormy waves may toss your little bark, or your vessel may glide across a tranquil sea to its desired haven ; but in cloud or in sunshine, in joy or in sorrow, He will never leave you nor forsake you ; so that you stand as it were with your feet upon a rock of confidence, from which nothing can remove you.

A gentleman was once talking to a Christian fisherman, and he said to him, "Well, as your gains have been so small you could not save much for the future. Don't you feel anxious as you get on in life, lest from the very nature of your employment, exposed as it is to dangers and to all weathers, you should be laid up by illness, and have nothing to support you ?"

"No, sir ; I have always believed in God's providence. I think I am just fitted for the situation which He has appointed me, and I am therefore satisfied and thankful. I endeavour to do the duty which falls to me, and to be careful of my earnings ; I have always had enough, and I have no fear about years to come."

"Yes, my friend ; but if illness were to attack you, and you had not a provision made for the supply of your need in helpless age, ought not this to give some uneasiness ?"

"No, sir ; *that* is not *my* business. Future years are not my concern. That belongs to God ; and I am sure that, doing my duty in His fear now, and being careful with what he entrusts to me, He will

supply my need in future in that way which He shall think best. As my days, so will my strength be."—*Life's Noontide.* Religious Tract Society.

SEASONS OF REST.

It is not selfish to have a due regard to one's health. It is rather the reverse, for, if we can, by the use of right means, ward off disease and sickness, we prevent ourselves from becoming burdensome to others, as well as too frequently a burden to ourselves. Therefore, when any prolonged strain upon our nerves begins to make us irritable or depressed, it is time to prescribe some remedy for ourselves, which shall infuse fresh life into our spirit and fresh energy into our frame. Now for many, perhaps most of us, nothing is so beneficial as a closer intercourse and contact with nature. A ramble into the country, a walk through the cornfields, a stroll by the seaside, a climb up some steep hill, or the gathering of wild flowers—all these are excellent tonics, and often to be had free of charge. However unfavourably we may be circumstanced, there is generally some simple change of this kind not too far distant to be accessible; even in crowded cities there is a people's park, or a green lane, or a heath within reasonable limits. And then social visits are often restful and refreshing to worn labourers. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Like a blunted tool, the mind becomes dull by care and discouragement, and needs a moral whetstone. Now human sympathy is one of the best appliances of this kind. And it is a provision which God has Himself made for restoring tone to our spirits and recruiting our strength. "We were troubled on every side," says St. Paul; "within were fightings, without were fears: nevertheless God, that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus." What delicate ways God has of comforting us! To be cast down, depressed, and weary seems but a small thing amongst Paul's great trials, yet God cared about it, and sent Titus to be a solace to him. And though Titus came to him in an ordinary way, as had been arranged, after finishing his work, yet Paul no less traced the comfort derived from his company as of *God's providing!*

Think how careful Christ was for His disciples when He was on earth! When they returned from their first missionary journey, full of excitement about what they had said and done, and fatigued, no doubt, by the ardour with which they had pursued their new enterprise, though many eager inquirers were still coming and going, so that they had no leisure so much as to eat, Jesus drew them away from their work, and said, "Come ye apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." Yes, He who made us knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust. He knows that the "harp of a thousand strings" will soon get untuned if played on without cessation; and

so He would have us not only go forth into the field, and get up early to the vineyard, but also to "sit down" under His shadow with great delight, and find His fruit sweet to our taste. Weariness and suffering, no less than sin, call forth His pity and sympathy. "When He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, because they *were tired and lay down.*" Ah, He knew, by His own experience, what it was to be weary with His journey. It is such a comfort, I think, when we feel jaded with our daily toil, to remember how He sat on the well, worn and exhausted, glad to rest after the many miles that He had walked from Judea to Samaria. "We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities," for He was in all points tempted, or tried, like as we are. The recollection of His humanity is very precious to us; the consciousness of His sympathy is so encouraging. When the storm arose, and threatened to engulf the little vessel in which He was sailing, He was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow! How a picture like that comes home to our hearts! Strong ones at our side may smile, perhaps, at our weakness, and think that we yield to it, and are nervous and fanciful; but Jesus exactly understands our fatigue and feebleness, and tenderly sympathises with the prostration that sometimes overtakes us.—"*Life's Noontide.*" *Religious Tract Society.*

PATIENCE.

"Ye have need of patience," patience under *little* as well as great troubles. The things which try our faith and patience are often very small, and of a very commonplace description. We must bear in mind that whatever requires patience is part of the process now going on to make up at last the finished result—"perfect and entire, wanting nothing." If you would take this view of life being in all its minuteness essentially discipline, it would help you to bear all the trivial things which fret and harass, with the same faith and endurance with which you endeavour to meet some special affliction. These are daily worries for all of us to endure, daily crosses for all of us to carry; we come constantly in contact with persons with whom we are not in harmony; their ways annoy us, their words irritate us, and we are frequently tempted to speak unadvisedly with our tongue. Children are wayward, servants are ungrateful, friends are inconsiderate, so that it is difficult to put in practice the precept, "Be patient toward all men."

"The text," writes one in a letter, "which has been given most emphatically to me lately is Psalm xxxi. 20. The word we there render *pride* means 'rough, proud, untractable, vexatious in temper and action, things which are in life like rugged knobs in a road;' being the same word as in Isa. xl. 4, 'rough places, or rugged, difficult to pass; a chain of mountains.' Does not this give a marvellous

fulness of meaning to that precious promise, 'Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy presence from the pride of man,'—from those who are ever vexing one's temper whenever one meets with them, by the rugged knobs which they lay in our way, so very difficult to pass? I am not sure whether you are tried by people as I am, but I feel certain that you will enter into the comfort of a promise like this."

"Ye have need of patience,"—patience in the training of others. You have to teach the stupid, to manage the self-willed, to control the lawless and disobedient; and "the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, *patient*."—" *Life's Noontide*." *Religious Tract Society*.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Sparkbrook, Birmingham, June 3rd.

Walsall,

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Bright, Rev. C. (Birmingham), Lynn.

Collins, Rev. J. (John Street, London), Lymington.

Field, Rev. H. C. (Burslem), Stalybridge.

Moore, Rev. G. J. (Metropolitan Tabernacle College), Northampton.

Owen, Rev. J. M. (Budleigh-Salterton), West Gorton, Manchester.

Reed, Rev. T. G. (Bristol College), Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

Robinson, Rev. W. V. (Regent's Park College), Edenbridge, Kent.

Roughton, Rev. G. W. (Lydney, Gloucestershire), Beeston, Notts.

Skingle, Rev. S. (Stalybridge), Mossley, Manchester.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Birmingham, Cannon Street, Rev. A. Mursell, June 6.

Leicester, Rev. R. Y. Roberts, May 27.

Stockwell, Rev. E. M'Lean (Greenock), June 12.

DEATHS.

Collyer, Rev. W., Ivinghoe, Bucks, June 8, aged 85.

Fifield, Rev. W. G., Moss Side, Manchester, June 6, aged 46.

Hargreaves, Rev. J., Rossendale, May 15, aged 64.

Hobson, Rev. Jesse, late of Salter's Hall Chapel, June 10, aged 60.

Phillippo, Rev. J. M., Jamaica, aged 80.

Stephens, Rev. J. G., Wem, Salop, May 21, aged 80.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1879.

PRAYER.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GLOVER, BRISTOL.

THERE are many definitions of man which mark the difference between man and all other animals. He can, we are told, kindle fire, form abstract ideas, make progress, count time. One of the greatest differences is this—Man is an animal that prays. From earliest ages in which men began to call upon the name of the Lord till now, in heathen and in Christian lands, people of all ages, conditions, circumstances, modes, thought, have prayed. Sometimes in stately ritual; sometimes in broken sobs; sometimes with the eye radiant with glad life; sometimes with glance dull with the dimness of dying—men have prayed. There have been plenty to tell them such action was useless. Many have thought themselves able to demonstrate the impossibility of prayer being answered, and yet, in spite of arguments thought overwhelming—*men have prayed*. If all voices sent Heavenward could be combined, they would be like “the voice of many waters.” The pilgrimage of the soul to its God is thus, not an exceptional, but a common thing. In a great sense it is true that mankind at large is a “generation of them that seek God’s face.” Prayer is thus a grand peculiarity of man; it is an activity in which men are glorified: it is not only their dignity, it is their consolation; their refuge and strength and help in time of trouble.

It is worth while considering this great thing: this fellowship with the skies; this link which connects the weakness of man with the omnipotence of God, and brings heavenly radiance into the gloom of earthly trials. We cannot compass the entire subject, but we may

ask—How men are led to pray? and what comes of their praying? And first, we ask the question—

HOW IS IT THAT MEN PRAY?

That publican in the Temple; David seeking the shadow of God's wing; that strong man asking guidance; that dying man supplicating peace—what makes them pray? What is "the moving, *why* they do it"? There must be some reason for every widespread habit. It cannot be due to traditional superstition only; for the question would arise how such superstitions came into existence. There must be some explanation creditable to man as a rational being. If we seek for this, perhaps the most obvious fact and the broadest is this—that PRAYER IS THE LOGICAL RESULT OF BELIEF IN THE EXISTENCE OF GOD. Men think of God, and then speak to Him. Look at this. They cannot persuade themselves that nothing exists grander than man.

Amidst the infinite glories and mysteries of nature, so far surpassing all our understanding, few have the folly to conclude the human intellect, the grandest of all existing things. We feel there must be Some One greater inconceivably than we are, to account for the glorious wisdom evident on every hand. Men look at the vast circle of mysteries—from the microscopic marvels of an insect's eye, to the mysteries of the vast universe above us—and feel there is a God. We cannot deem Him a *thing*, a *power*, a force—something blind to its own intelligence, and working ends it cannot see. The strange unity on which all things are planned, the infinite wisdom, the thoughtful bounty, make us feel that God is not a thing, but a *person*—a great Will that can form and execute the noblest purposes; a great Mind which can appreciate all conditions; a great Heart that can sympathise with all that exists, and be a place of refuge for everything which it has made. We dare not look down on God as we should on any blind force lacking the glory of personality. We look up to Him with reverence, as having that glory in fullest measure.

Men everywhere believing in God, they soon take a second step—*They think they feel Him*. You feel often conscious of His nearness. A vague presence, which feels like the Shadow of the Almighty, asserts itself; a brightness that seems the light of His countenance shines upon your heart. Sometimes you feel His hand upon you, restraining or upholding you; sometimes His voice marshals you the way that you should go. So that He does not seem a remote Being, localized in some distant central throne of all things. But wherever enthroned, He is nigh, and felt to be nigh, to every one of us. And, further, there is the feeling that *personal* relations exist between Him and us. We feel He is Master as well as Maker; that in our conscience there is a witness that we are His; that He wants from us love and duty, and reverence and trust.

And when we have got these feelings of His personality—His nearness of His personal relation to us—we begin to feel, Why not ad-

dress Him? We "awake and are with Him." And though, infant like, we can only say Abba—a baby word—yet that father name comes natural to our lips and thoughts, and seems not forbidden by Him we seek. God "comes in such a conversible shape; we speak to Him, and call Him father." And when once the ice is broken, we easily speak to Him again. The more we meditate on Him the more we trust Him. Then, when need presses, we begin to tell that need. When we mark all His wealth, we feel that He who has sent us into the world has not sent us a warfare on our own charges;—that it is not the children that should lay up for the Heavenly Father, but the Father for the children. And whatever be our needs, we betake ourselves to the "Enough and To Spare" which is with Him.

So we bethink ourselves—We will arise and go to our Father. And we are encouraged to go to Him the more because others tell us the story of their prayers. "I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me and delivered me." "I waited patiently for the Lord; and He inclined unto me and heard my cry. He took me from the horrible pit, and from the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock." And we find men, the more they pray, the more believing in the power of prayer. So that a vast mass of testimony from all ages and lands demonstrates that it is not a vain thing to wait upon the Lord. And thus, the inclination grows stronger still, and the soul feels it is suffering in its highest interests if it neglects to pray.

And thus growing, the crowning impulse comes at last—the example and the testimony of Jesus Christ our Saviour; He—who will be admitted by all to be at least the wisest of all men in spiritual things—*prayed*. He knew what God was—not a force but a father; and carried all the wishes of His heart, all the weakness of His body, all the sorrow of His soul, and cast His burden on the Lord; and then, from His knowledge and experience alike, turns to us and tells us—"Ask and ye shall receive. Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you!" "Whatsoever ye ask in prayer believe that ye receive them, and ye will receive them." And since He has led the way unto the holiest, multitudes have followed. And there rises to God hourly, from hearts that none can number, the yearnings and longings and love of the immortal spirit.

Thus *Prayer* rises:—It is born of faith in the existence, nearness, goodness of God—of the testimony of successful supplicants—of the feelings of need—and of the example and teaching of the Saviour. It is not some occasional or accidental thing to be questioned as an eccentricity. It is the habit of the thoughtful and the devout in every age. When men have not God, they have not hope in the world, and so do not pray. But when God rises upon the soul, then gracious hope and loving trust unite to bring them to His feet.

Thus our first question may be answered. Then our second arises:—

WHAT DOES PRAYER EFFECT ?

Some fancy this question very easily answered. They would say—It may have some slight good in it as an imaginative cure for imaginary ills ; but it is absurd to suppose that it effects anything positive, or has any influence on the great current of events. In their judgment the movements of all forces—mental, moral, physical—are alike subject to great laws with which there can be no interference, and that unless He interfered with and broke His laws, God Himself is powerless to give effect to any wishes we may breathe to Him.

In replying to this we are at a disadvantage ; for though the reward is open, the prayer is secret. No eye can see the link which binds these events to their spiritual causes. Yet, still, we may assure ourselves of some results, notwithstanding this difficulty of tracing them.

1.—There are the immediate, dignifying, comforting influences of communion with God.

A man is known by the company he keeps, because, to a large extent, he is made by it. And when a man keeps company with God, that tells at once upon his life. When a man prays as the habit of his life, the friendship with God ennobles him. All virtues thrive in that friendship. The soul feeds through the eye ; and when the eye gazes on the beauty and glory of its God, it gathers strength, purity, love, by gazing on these qualities in Him. “As it beholds Him it is changed into the same image from glory to glory.”

And in that simple fellowship there is joy as well as dignity. The presence of one whom we love and admire is itself a joy. In the face of wife or child or friend, apart from anything they do, there is a fountain of gladness. And he who, in purity of heart, sees God finds in His face a fountain of refreshment. He rests in the Lord when he can rest nowhere else—satisfied by beholding His face in righteousness.

But that is not all. God is not so restricted but that He can answer prayers, and produce multitudes of results which would not have come about without His action thus secured. He does not need to break any law to do this. You or I can affect the course of events without breaking any law of nature, by simply supplying material for these laws to work upon, or by bringing into connection certain forces which will operate new results according to their old laws.

And so God, without breaking any laws, by simply supplying material, or marshalling forces in new combinations, can effect whatever He sees fit. He is not the only being shut out from influencing the course of events, as some pretending to philosophy imagine ; but the Being mightiest of all to affect them—and able to do it—without ever needing to break any law. He knows the secret of all things, has all manner of forces at His command, and all things are possible.

with Him. And so, in addition to the dignifying influences of communion with Him, and to the repose of joy of soul which it affords, there are, besides—

2.—Immense direct results of Prayer.

There are, first, spiritual results on character. It takes a diviner power to heal the hurt mind than the hurt frame. But in answer to prayer God does this. Wondrous changes have been wrought by grace got from God through prayer. The blasphemer and persecutor has become the chief of the apostles. Sinners praying have found the grace of saintliness. The most impossible virtues, as they have seemed, have been attained, developed, and persevered in through prayer. Old things have passed away, and all things have become new, as men have prayed. It would have been a poor world without the heroism of the martyrs, the vigour of the reformers, the tender compassion of the philanthropist, the genial brightness of Christian homes, the wholesome integrity of ordinary Christian life. These things are wrought by prayer. "As men have prayed the fashion of their countenance has altered," and they have taken on them something of the beauty and loveliness of God. When in prayer they have loosed themselves from the bands of their neck and shaken themselves from the dust, they have put on their beautiful garments of peace and joy, and righteousness and love. The publican praying has gone down to his house forgiven. The dying thief praying has gone from a shameful death direct to a glorious paradise.

Through the grace won by prayer men have subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, and wrought all the marvels with which religious faith has dignified the course of history. And it is not only that the souls of men have been blessed, prayer has a larger range than the wide realm of the spirit affords it. "All things are possible" to him that prayeth. It asks daily bread as well as pardon, and gets both. As in the days of His earthly ministry, one moment the sons of Zebedee were praying of Him some immortal glory, and the next moment Bartimæus was asking that he might receive his sight, so is it still: all sorts of sorrows and all kinds of desires are breathed in the ear of our Redeeming God. As our children bring their troubles, little and large, so we are at liberty to bring ours; and while devout men have always hesitated to press their wishes on God, yet they have always named them, and lodged them with God, and left them with Him, feeling He would deal with them. And, so praying, God answers these prayers still. He gives guidance to our steps, the influences of health to our body, He brings to pass the desire of the heart; exceeding abundantly above what we ask or think, He answers and enriches us.

God does not stand all the day idle, doomed to be a mere onlooker of a progress of events He cannot modify or alter; "God worketh

hitherto." The God of Creation and of Bethlehem is never idle, but is among His worlds as one that serveth.

It ought not now to be a question whether prayer is answered. The practice of all ages would long ago have ceased if prayer were not something instinctive, as the turning of a babe to its mother's breast, and something proved by experience to be successful in securing answers of richest mercy.

Now add up these things:—It dignifies the soul; gives it rest; secures answers in all regions of our experience for soul, for body, for self, for friends, for time, for eternity.

What are the conclusions to be drawn from these things? Two, chiefly. If you have never yet prayed, ENTER THY CLOSET AND PRAY; if you are praying, but despondent about a reply, PRAY AND DO NOT FAINT, for in due season you will have the answer you need.

First:—Let those who have never prayed now begin—there are, alas! many who have never once prayed. For real prayer is not a common thing. How few have ever sat down with Christ in the heavenly places, and told him all the sorrows, the sins, the desires of their life. I do not say, "Say your prayers"—that may be the most useless of all occupations—but PRAY. Seek ye the Lord—follow, till you find your Redeeming Saviour, and there, at the mercy-seat of Jesus, ask for all you need. Ask Him to pardon your sins, and to give you the salvation He died to win for you. Take to Him your weaknesses, evil tempers, evil habits, weaknesses of will or heart, and ask His grace to give you the victory over them. Take to Him all your cares—the least and the largest, the fruitless fishing, the sickness of the child, every business care, all natural solicitude—and breathe them into His ear. If wise, you will not dictate to Him what He should do. If devout, you will not conceal from Him what you would like Him to do.

Will you not try? Especially when you reflect how great a sin it is to be indifferent to the gifts of God! How wrong, when Christ is waiting to be gracious, never to look nor to cry to Him! If you would not speak to your mother, nor look her in the face, there would be but one opinion of your unnatural conduct. But your Saviour loves you more than the mother that bore you; for our hearts are warm only because a little spark of the great fire of love that burns in His bosom has been kindled in ours. Do not sullenly and wickedly turn from Him when He waiteth to be gracious. Go to God, your Heavenly Father. "Come, and let us return unto the Lord our God."

And if you have prayed and are praying: The second lesson is, PRAY ON. Christ, who is our God, has promised that whatsoever things we ask in His name He will do. He has not said when the answer would come, nor how, nor in what form. The essence of the prayer will be answered; the letter of it may be ignored. But for all prayers there is an answer on the way.

In our hearts, when He goes forth to sow, God finds much stony.

much trodden, much thorny ground. But when we go forth to sow seeds of prayer on the heart of God, there is no stony ground or thorny ground there. But in the soil of an infinite affection our prayers take root and bear fruit—thirty—sixty—an hundredfold.

Pray on! Heaven and earth will pass away, but one jot or tittle of a true prayer will not pass away until all be fulfilled. Do not murmur at delay. Longer wrestling, larger blessing. The more patience required, the grander will be the reward.

When prayers we have forgotten, and supplications whose success we have despaired of, and desires of the heart that seemed denied us, are all richly, grandly, enduringly fulfilled—when, beneath the summer sky of another world, we find ourselves answered exceedingly abundantly, above all we asked or thought—then we shall understand how vast and glorious was the privilege of Prayer.

SCENES FROM CHURCH HISTORY.

VI.

BONIFACE—THE APOSTLE OF GERMANY.

THE success achieved by Willibrord in his missionary operations in Friesland, nowhere excited greater joy than in England. The chief incidents of his career were related to the inmates of the English monasteries, and formed the subject of continuous discussion. The flame of missionary zeal was thus kept alive, new heroism was awakened, and a succession of volunteers offered themselves for service. Among those who attached themselves to Willibrord, and laboured under his direction, was one who proved himself a far abler man than even his distinguished leader, and who has consequently acquired a far greater fame. Boniface deservedly won for himself the title of "The Apostle of Germany," and, however widely historians may differ as to the merits of his ecclesiastical policy, and of the methods by which he carried it into effect, he is on all hands regarded as the real founder of the German Church, and the father of German civilization.

Few men are more worthy of remembrance. The story of his life—both in its excellencies and its defects—will amply repay attention, and give prominence to lessons from which the churches of our own day may gather both wisdom and strength. We shall see in his career precedents which ought to be followed, no less than dangers that ought to be shunned.

Boniface was unquestionably a man of fine and generous character. He was unselfish, energetic, and courageous. He displayed throughout a firm and uncompromising loyalty to his sense of duty. His devotion to his great work was never fettered by a cold and calculating prudence. Right, and not expediency, was the master passion of his soul, and so absolute was his surrender to its sway that no opposition could daunt him, no difficulties turn him aside from his path. The Gospel that he preached was not indeed without an admixture of error. Its simplicity was in some respects obscured, and he endeavoured to facilitate its progress by aids which we are compelled to regard as meretricious. Still he held fast to the great central truths of Christianity, and set forth in the clearest manner the redemptive work of our Lord. The treasure of the Gospel he certainly possessed; and if in his case the treasure was in an earthen vessel, he does but illustrate an universal rule, and prove more emphatically that the excellency of the power is of God and not of man.

The great claim of Boniface to remembrance, is based on his successful endeavours to gather together the scattered forces of the missionary band, to unite them under the control of one ruling will, and to give them a common centre so that they should form parts of a connected and harmonious whole, rather than remain weak and isolated, with the risk of dissipating their energies, and losing the results of their toil. Boniface clearly perceived that union is strength—that isolation is weakness. The circumstances by which the missionaries were surrounded, the strong hold which heathenism had on those wild and untutored tribes, its innumerable ramifications in social and civil life, the incessant risk of invasion and rebellion, demanded in his estimation a consolidation of the missionary church, and a forced uniformity of ritual and creed. That he carried these views to an extreme cannot, we think, be doubted. Not less evident is it that his devotion to the Papal chair was excessive, his reliance on the secular arm unworthy of his high faith, and his exercise of authority in some instances arbitrary and injurious. His ecclesiasticism occasionally interfered with his evangelism, and led him to withhold from his associates rights to which Christ had entitled them, and to impose on them burdens against which every instinct of Christian liberty might have impelled them to revolt.

Boniface—whose original name was Winfried—was born at Crediton, or Kirton, in Devonshire, about the year A.D. 680. He was of noble family, and from his earliest childhood gave promise of future distinction. His father—who was apparently not of a strongly religious character—flattered himself with the hope that he would rise to a position of authority in the State, that he would walk the paths which lead to secular greatness, and thus build up and extend the fortunes of his house. But Winfried's ambition lay in another direction. It was a custom of the English monks to visit regularly the houses of the people, for the purpose of instructing them

in the principles of the Christian faith, and aiding their spiritual progress. During the visit of some of these monks the heart of Winfried had been quickened with a desire for the monastic life, and upon it—young as he was—he was resolved to enter. His father would not, however, sanction a purpose so contrary to his own designs, so uncongenial in itself, and so utterly destructive of his hopes. As he was a man of determined will, his opposition might have proved insurmountable but for a warning he received in a severe and unexpected form. He was prostrated by a dangerous illness, and suffered, in addition, losses in his estate. Forcibly reminded of his precarious hold of all earthly good, and of the uncertainty of life itself, he no longer persisted in opposing the wishes of his son; but gladly permitted him to take the course on which his heart was set, preferring that he should be dead to the world and alive unto God, rather than that he should acquire the most brilliant honours and the most substantial rewards in disregard of his deepest convictions, and in a life which honoured not God.

Winfried was accordingly sent to a school at Exeter, and thence to a monastery at Nutescelle, in Hampshire, under the charge of Abbot Winberct. His talents, his diligence, and his piety gained for him rapid promotion. He became, soon after his twentieth year, a teacher of rhetoric, history, and theology. His knowledge of the Scriptures was thorough, his studies were marked by vigour and depth, and his sermons exercised over learned and unlearned alike a singular fascination. We have, indeed, no proof that he was an eloquent preacher in the ordinary sense of the term. He was not given to lofty imaginative flights, nor did he indulge in the quaint conceits which, at that time, were very popular. His power in the pulpit arose from his simplicity of character, from his fervent spirituality, his genuine earnestness, and his robust faith. His administrative skill was no less conspicuous. Cases of difficulty were invariably submitted to his judgment, and he was frequently sent on confidential missions to the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of his day.

Had he remained in England, he would certainly have obtained the highest distinction. But it was not his purpose to remain in England, nor was he in any unworthy sense ambitious of honours. His thoughts were occupied with "the nations beyond," to whom he longed to communicate the knowledge of Christ. The efforts of his abbot to dissuade him from this path of toil and hardship were in vain. And hence, in 715, accompanied by several brethren, he left Nutescelle for London, and there set sail for Doerstadt, a flourishing seaport on the Frisian Coast. He landed at an unfortunate time. A furious war was raging between Radbod and Charles Martel; the Christians were exposed to incessant peril, missionary enterprise was impossible, and Boniface was, after a few months, reluctantly compelled to return to Nutescelle.

In the course of the following winter, Abbot Winberct died, and the

monks were anxious to appoint Boniface his successor. But as he was still bent on the accomplishment of the work, which had been indeed suspended but not abandoned, he could not be induced to accept the post. In the autumn of 718 he went, with commendatory letters from Daniel, Bishop of Winchester, to obtain the sanction and patronage of Pope Gregory II. The Pope being satisfied with his faith and qualifications, gave him a commission to preach the Gospel in Germany. In the spring of the following year he began his labours in Thuringia, and might there have continued them, but for the news which reached him of the death of Radbod. The military triumphs of Charles Martel rendered accessible the Frisian kingdom, from which Boniface had previously been compelled to retire. To it, therefore, he now repaired, and at the outset of his work placed himself under the direction of Willibrord. Here he laboured with signal success for three years, at the end of which time Willibrord, feeling the effects of advanced age, urged Boniface to receive from his hands episcopal consecration, and succeed him in his office at Utrecht. This offer Boniface firmly declined. He was, in fact, impelled by an inward call to take another and more arduous course. He is reported to have had a dream in which God bade him go and preach to the Pagan nations of Germany, whom the labours of Willibrord had not yet reached, and promised him in these new fields an abundant harvest.

In 722 he returned to Thuringia, and from thence advanced into Hessa. At Amoeneburg two native princes—Detwig and Dierolf—received him gladly, and were baptized. Here also he founded his first monastery, and, before many months had elapsed, the promise of his vision was fulfilled in the baptism of several thousands of the people.

In the joy and gratitude of his heart he reported the results of his labours to the Pope, who instinctively saw in them the pledge of still mightier triumphs, and summoned the intrepid evangelist to Rome with a view of conferring upon him episcopal ordination. Boniface obeyed the summons, accompanied by a large retinue of Franks and Burgundians. The Pope required from him a full confession of his faith, and of his methods of evangelisation and instruction, which Boniface for the sake of greater accuracy, and because of his want of skill in the Roman pronunciation of Latin, was allowed to present in writing. Satisfied of his doctrinal and ecclesiastical orthodoxy, Gregory consecrated him as a regionary or missionary bishop—*i.e.*, a bishop who had no fixed diocese, and whose jurisdiction extended over all whom he was instrumental in bringing to Christ. His time was to be spent in whatever place necessity required. He took an oath of strict allegiance to the Pope and his successors, pledged himself to reject everything that was opposed to the Catholic faith as interpreted at Rome, and finally, "Whenever I find that the conduct of the presiding officers of churches contradicts the ancient decrees and ordinances of the fathers, I will have no fellowship or connection with them; but

on the contrary, if I can hinder them, I will hinder them, and if not, report them faithfully to the Pope."

This oath was dexterously framed in the interests of the Roman See, and Boniface, by taking it, surrendered a liberty to which he should tenaciously have clung. He gave up, both for himself, his comrades and his converts, all right of private judgment, and owned a dominant will against which it would be disloyal under any circumstances whatsoever to rebel. The Christian life of the Germans must, whether rightly or wrongly, be cast in the Roman mould. The system of the Roman hierarchy was invested with supreme and inalienable authority. The spirit of inquiry was placed under a ban. The instincts of freedom, which the British and Irish missionaries had for the most part favoured, were suppressed, and obedience to Rome was made equally important with conversion from Paganism. From this time Boniface was under the temptation of laying undue stress on mere ecclesiasticism, and to the temptation he more than once yielded. That he was thoroughly conscientious in taking this oath of allegiance, we do not in the least doubt, but we demur to the idea that only by a rigidly enforced uniformity in doctrine and practice could the foundations of the German Church have been securely laid. It would have been better to have trusted to the intrinsic power of the Divine Word on the hearts and consciences of men, to have thrown aside a timorous dread of personal independence, and to have recognised the equal rights of all believers, and the presence of Christ in the hearts of all without the need of either priestly or Papal intervention. We have no wish to depreciate the services rendered by the Romish Church in the dark ages. Her influence was in many ways beneficial—in the extension of knowledge and civilisation—in the suppression of Pagan barbarities, and in diffusing among the nations a sense of brotherhood. All we contend for is that the organization of that Church is not based on the model of the New Testament, that its methods of rule are not apostolic, and that the good it accomplished might have been realized without the manifold evils by which it was so generally accompanied and its power so frequently destroyed. Had Boniface acted in independence of Rome, had the spirit of the earlier continental missionaries prevailed, the German Church would from the first have taken a higher form. The reign of superstition would have been molested. Persecution would not have had the sanction of the greatest power in Christendom. Many a deadly struggle would have been avoided, and the fair beauty of the Christian religion could never have been so completely marred and obscured. Let us, however, be thankful that if in Germany the spirit of Christian freedom was thus early suppressed, in Germany also it afterwards awoke to the full consciousness of its power, burst asunder the chains by which it had been fettered, and in the most momentous epoch of modern history enfranchised both churches and nations. So it is that

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Boniface left Rome with letters of commendation to Charles Martel, under whose protection he was specially placed, and to various native chiefs in whose territories he was to labour. He found on his return to Thuringia and Hessa that his presence was urgently needed. The Pagans were in arms against the Christians. Some of the Christians had openly apostatised, others sought to blend their Christian devotion with the old heathenism, worshipping Christ at one time, and at another consulting the soothsayers and offering sacrifices to the Teutonic gods. The manner in which the Bishop endeavoured to win fresh converts and reclaim the waverers may be inferred from the letter of advice which he received from his old friend and patron, Daniel of Winchester; the substance of the advice being that Boniface should put the idolaters on their defence, that with a thorough knowledge of their system he should lead them by his questions to see its absurdities and inconsistencies, that he should so exhibit the Christian faith that they would instinctively feel its great advantages and so be shamed out of their superstitions. In a word, Daniel counselled the positive and as far as possible the uncontroversial proclamation of the Gospel, with a generous regard to the prejudices and the defective instruction of the Pagans.

Boniface could not, however, altogether reject sterner methods, as in spite of all his efforts he found that a number of professed converts resorted, some openly, others in secret, to the trees and fountains which had for generations possessed a sacred character, and there practised the incantations and sorceries of heathenism. He therefore deemed it necessary to strike a bold and decisive blow at these ghastly superstitions. Near Geismar, in Upper Hessa, stood an ancient oak of marvellous height and size, which had from time immemorial been sacred to Thor, the god of thunder, and excited in the people feelings of peculiar veneration and awe. They assembled around it in their popular gatherings and deemed themselves safe under its shadow. Boniface declaimed in vain against idol worship, exposed its vanity and demonstrated its evils. So long as that venerable oak remained, it would exercise over the people a fatal spell. He saw that he must at all risks remove it, and, his resolution being formed, he lost no time in carrying it out. Accompanied by several friends, he one day approached it with a large axe, and announced his intention to the thousands of idolaters who were at the time assembled. Some of them were full of rage and fury at the impious enemy of their gods, others exulted in the thought that great Thor would interfere and smite his assailant dead. But as blow after blow was struck, their confidence gave way to despair. The scene was one of wild and hideous confusion. The votaries of superstition cried aloud for vengeance, but no vengeance came. At length the huge tree fell with a mighty crash before their eyes, and broke into four pieces of equal length. The long period of suspense was at an end. The outraged god of thunder preserved an unexpected and ominous silence. The heavens and the

earth were undisturbed, the idolaters were defeated in their oldest and most venerated sanctuary, and, to perpetuate the impression made by the overthrow, Boniface at once gave orders that the timber of the sacred tree should be used for the construction of a church or an oratory which he dedicated to St. Peter. In like manner also he overthrew the idol *Stuffa*, which stood on a summit of the Harz, still called, from its connection with the idol, *Stuffenberg*.

After this bold defiance of the heathen deities, the difficulties which had hitherto baffled the designs of Boniface were removed. The number of Christian disciples was multiplied. Heathen temples were everywhere overthrown, heathen ceremonials disowned. The Church of Christ became an acknowledged power, sanctuaries were erected, monastic schools established, the love of war and the greed of conquest received a check, while the arts of peace began to be sedulously cultivated. During the fifteen years which succeeded his episcopal consecration, Boniface is reported to have baptized not less than one hundred thousand of the Pagan inhabitants of Germany. He was, according to the testimony of Pope Gregory III., aided in his efforts by the strong arm of the secular prince, Charles Martel. That he relied on his protection we have before seen. On this point Boniface was not in advance of his age. He had not discerned the full and far-reaching force of our Lord's saying, "My kingdom is not of this world," nor was he willing to trust himself and his work to the unaided moral and spiritual power of the Gospel. He believed that he might lawfully demand the intervention of the secular Government, and that in his great warfare he might avail himself of weapons which were certainly carnal. He did not, indeed, constrain men to be baptized, but he induced the Prince to prohibit by force all idolatrous rites, to sanction by rewards and punishments his efforts to Christianise the people, to defend the clergy and the monks, and to make the profession of the Christian faith a means of securing the royal favour. That the vast multitudes who professedly accepted Christ through the preaching of Boniface were without exception sincere, it would be too much to affirm. But the work was certainly genuine and healthy, and the conversions expressive of a real change. The people who accepted his teaching did so, as a rule, in good faith. They saw the folly and the guilt of their old life. They knew that in order to follow Christ they must abandon habits and associations which had been ingrained into their very nature, that they must pursue a path of purity, honour, and self-denial, and serve Christ as their supreme king.

Specimens of Boniface's sermons have been preserved; and while some of them are mainly explanatory of the great Christian dogmas, we may find in all of them a clear and impressive exhibition of the nature and laws of the new life, and an incentive to forget the things behind and to reach forward to the things before. His words are charged with the spirit of faithful admonition, loving entreaty, and aspiration after the highest good. Thus, in one of these sermons, as

adhesion to this general truth. In view of all this, the question might well be asked, Why, then, keep up the appearance of diversity?

The question admits of a very simple reply:—The reason for the existence of the Baptist Translation Society is identical with the reason for the existence of the Baptist *body*. So true is this, that if in the version of the sacred Scriptures which we circulate in non-Christian countries, we were to accept the principles of the British and Foreign Bible Society (*i.e.*, if we were to adopt the plan of leaving untranslated the words upon which the subject turns), we should be giving up the whole question, and might as well fill up our baptisteries and join our Independent friends at once. But he who is convinced that it is the Saviour's will and requirement that all who believe on Him should openly give expression to their attachment to Him in a certain way (*viz.*, by being immersed into His name), must surely feel concerned that the Master's will in this particular should not be intentionally kept concealed from his fellow-believers in any land; every man, therefore, who is from conviction a Baptist ought also to be from conviction in sympathy with the Bible Translation Society.

Thus does the whole matter turn upon the rite of baptism:—How would our Redeemer have us comply with this Commandment of His,—in the spirit, or in the letter, or in both? Now, there are Christians who contend earnestly that it is sufficient that the Master's requirement be complied with *in the spirit*, even though we ignore the letter: so earnestly do they contend for this, that for the sake of this narrow theory they hold themselves under an obligation to present to the unbelieving world an additional spectacle of sectarian division. They forget, however, to mention when and where our Lord said anything that authorizes such an interpretation, or *how* this command, when ignored as to the letter, can be said to be fulfilled in the spirit of it. Of such persons we might ask, What ground has been given us by our Lord for believing that such a method of treating His Commandment will be accepted by Him as adequately and properly meeting His wish? To put the matter into a natural, every-day shape: Would any of *us* consider that service so rendered to us by those under our authority (for example, our children, or our servants) could, without a practical relinquishment of our claim to obedience, be accepted by us as being what we intended? Nor ought believers, we think, to overlook the logical embarrassments that beset them when once they thus take the matter into their own hands. Thus, if we ignore the question as to the mode in which, and the persons by whom our Redeemer intended that His Commandment should be observed, it is impossible to discover any reason for its imposition by Him; in other words, we, in effect, assume the frightful responsibility of insinuating that He is guilty of the folly of superfluity. And we find, accordingly, that our brethren who ignore these points, and apply the rite to infants, are driven to their wits' end to discover reasons in defence of their practice: disowning, as they do, the authority of the Saviour in the

matter, they find that it affords them a fine field for the exercise of ingenuity; and they are, after all, wholly disagreed among themselves in the conjectures they hit upon as to the reasons why the Saviour instituted it, and as to the sentiments with which they practise it. Ample confirmation of this may be found in those numerous and ever-shifting views which the ingenuity of the representative men of the Independent body invents—views which differ materially from those propounded by their ecclesiastical ancestors, and by members of their own body in the present day!

What should we say of any founder of a religion who should give a command to be observed by every follower of his, in words so infelicitously chosen that his followers might cudgel their own and each other's brains for twenty centuries in order to arrive at an understanding of his wishes, and might, after all, with every desire to render him the required obedience, be as far as possible from an intelligent agreement among themselves as to what it was he intended them to do?

To suppose such a person to have embodied his requirement in terms that defied comprehension would surely be to write him destitute of some of the essential characteristics of one desirous of being really obeyed—viz., earnestness, simplicity, and common-sense. Can any man who feels as he ought to feel towards his Redeemer contemplate such a dilemma without fear? Yet this is the dilemma which our brethren of the Independent body prefer to fix their Redeemer into as the alternative of rendering Him straightforward obedience. It needs a great deal of ingenuity and a great deal of courage to vindicate disobedience to the Lord; Baptists, accordingly, are of opinion that to "ask for the old paths, and walk therein," is a "more excellent way." I once heard a minister of great eminence in the Independent body inform his immense congregation that "though *some* Christians professed to find water-baptism in the New Testament, yet *he* never could!" If a boy in any Protestant Sunday-school should commit himself to so rash a venture as this, he would surely be removed to a lower form; yet the truly-saintly and now sainted man who gave voice to this astounding conception had at that time passed the chair of the Congregational Union!

I see no reason to doubt that if that sweet spirit could re-occupy its earthly pulpit, divested as it now is of those ecclesiastical trammels which have, alas! so much to do with the making and the unmaking of the best of men, it would at least not corroborate so unique and original a deliverance as that. If water-baptism was not to be found in the New Testament, why did he practise it? and whence did he get it? I was so stunned by the announcement that I kept the matter to myself, thinking that no one would believe me if I mentioned the circumstance. But a few days afterwards I met with several persons of great intelligence, who had also been present at the service, and were talking over the very statement: I was then with shame and

sorrow compelled to believe my own ears. Thus, from casting about for reasons to justify disobedience to the Lord, men, who are even eminent for piety and usefulness, are at length carried on so far as to be led to ignore and deny the existence of the plainest precepts. One can only hope that there are not many of our brethren in that body who have gone so far as the late honoured and beloved Samuel Martin thus went.

This is the penalty of departure from "the simplicity that is in Christ." Clearly, the only course fairly open to the followers of Christ is to observe this precept as they find it recorded in the sacred Book. The less we tamper with what is written the better, surely.

When Christian men engage in controversy on religious topics, they are only too apt to surrender themselves to unworthy tendencies, and to resort to those crooked tactics which ought to be left to "those who are without." Thus, we Baptists have often been charged, by those who differ from us, with degrading the whole subject into a question of *the quantity of mere water*. An eminent Congregational minister said the other day to his people, in my hearing, "We don't want you to bring us the great Atlantic for the purpose of baptizing! A *little* water will do." The start-and-stare theatric then went through the process of sprinkling an imaginary baby, and then, in evident obliviousness of the suggestive symbolism and High sanction of the ordinance, he exclaimed, "*There, 'tis done!* You don't need to be at the trouble of bringing the whole Atlantic to perform *that*." It is difficult to suppose that anyone of ordinary intelligence could be so ill-informed as to be sincere in casting upon us such an imputation: yet, for the benefit of those who *are* sincere in the matter, we would remark that with us it is not a question of much water or little; nay, that the real point is not even a question of water or no water: with us it is a question of principle alone; as much so as opposition to State-patronage is a question of principle with the honoured members of the Liberation movement. Not the principle of maintaining a position of isolation or of divergence from our brethren of other communions; but rather, the principle of yielding to the Divine Redeemer that obedience which is His due at the hands of every sinner whom He has redeemed by His blood. Our belief is that the rite of baptism was enjoined by Him for an express purpose; and that unless we observe it on the lines He has specified we are not obeying Him in the matter, and had better not observe it all, for that, if we do, we commit transgression.

Again, it is not unfrequently the case that when Baptists defend their practice by stating the wording of the Saviour's command, they are met by the naive assertion that, "it is not a *mere question of words*!" Who said it was? Could anything be more irrational in this most singular form of attack? Are our Pædobaptist brethren aware that with us *it is not* "a mere question of words"? Do

they suppose that we are so possessed of the evil spirit of sectarianism that for the sake of mere schism we all with one consent set up a fictitious barrier between them and ourselves? Have they any intelligent reason for concluding that we are such a set of arrant pedants that for the sake of "a mere word" we expend many thousands of pounds every year in sustaining a Mission and a Bible Society separate from their own? If they are not quite so ill-informed as this, would there be any impropriety in suggesting to them that they might be better occupied than in setting-up men of straw for the sake of the mild gratification of knocking them down again? To regard it as a matter of mere verbal criticism would be to degrade the whole subject to a level unworthy of persons of even ordinary intelligence; and it surely does but little credit to the circumspection or the magnanimity of persons who could admit so frail a conception of our denominational *raison d'être*. If, indeed, it is not "a mere question of words," why do our Pædobaptist brethren make it so? I am stating what every reading man knows to be a mere fact when I say that the learning of every scholar in every section of Christendom is in favour of the interpretation which we Baptists find in the word that has occasioned the controversy; and when I say this, I am saying what is known to every intelligent Pædobaptist as well as it is known to ourselves. Baptists accept the word in the sense in which the Saviour used it, just as all evangelical bodies accept the words in which He commands men to repent and believe. What else can we do? And if the charge of narrowing down the command to "a question of mere words" is a reasonable one in this instance, why are we not also charged with similar narrowness when, in our Redeemer's name, we call upon men to repent and believe? What we do is to accept the term in its simple, broad, and natural sense; the imputation of mere verbal criticism belongs surely to those who have exercised their utmost ingenuity to discover that the word has senses other than that in which Christ and His apostles used it. If our Pædobaptist friends were to pursue the same course with other terms that are similarly employed in the New Testament in a distinctive sense (such as repentance, atonement, sacrifice, justification, holiness, grace, &c.), who does not perceive that they would be led on to the negation of every evangelical truth, and to the relinquishment of the entire revelation which God has condescended to make to us?

Further, we are sometimes accused of "*making too much of Baptism.*" This is strange kind of talk in the lips of men who know as well as we do that the observance is laid upon them with all the gravity of a command from High Heaven! The wording of the command is but brief, we admit, but it is adequate, and it is authoritative,—as much so as if it had occupied an entire volume. And what more can a disciple of Christ require in order to shape his action in regard to the matter than the express precept of his Master? Are we acting within our right when we presume to bring His Commandment to the standard of a

conventional taste? Is not this exactly the error of those who, unlike ourselves, decline to surrender themselves to Christ at all? Is not the refusal to thus accept the privilege of manifesting our identification with One so high very much like "looking a gift-horse in the mouth"? Ought not obedience to Him to be the all-pervading and ever-present law of our ransomed spirits? yea, is it not the very least we owe? Ought not the lightest intimation of His wish to be lovingly adopted by us as our own chosen regulation? But, now, is it a fact that we "make too much of baptism"? So far from this being the case, is not the reverse true,—viz., that we Baptists make *too little* of it? Thus much, at any rate, will be conceded by every intelligent person, that Baptists make less of the ceremony than does any other religious body in Christendom that observes it at all. In proof of this statement we may observe that the entire Eastern or Greek Church makes Baptism *a condition of communion*; so, too, does the entire Western or Romish Church; so, also, does the great Reformed Church of Luther, both on the Continent and in England; so, again, do (I believe) the Free and the Established Church of Scotland. To what extent it is the case with the Wesleyan and Independent bodies, I am not able to say.

Now, though with the exception of the "Strict" section of our body, no such exclusive regulation as this exists anywhere among us, yet we are continually accused of "making too much of baptism"! Not a few, again, of the great Churches I have named, not only thus make baptism a condition of access to the Table of the Lord, they even go so far as to maintain that it is *essential to salvation*! To such an extreme, indeed, do these bodies press the point, that (as many a Baptist knows to his sorrow) some of them absolutely refuse even to give a fellow-creature a Christian *burial* unless he has received the rite of baptism,—it does not matter even though he may have been wholly unconscious of receiving it. They thus elevate the rite to a position more important than that which they allow to the Lord's Supper itself,—holding it to be the instrument of regeneration and the very passport to Heaven! And yet, though neither of these statements can truly be made regarding ourselves,—though we Baptists allow greater latitude for individual judgment and conviction than any other body in Christendom does, yet are we charged with "making too much of baptism"! How men who are possessed of a proper sense of self-respect and of a clear and sane appreciation of the meaning of the words they utter can pull themselves up to the point of bringing against us such a charge, I must frankly own my inability to understand. Their moral courage fills me with amazement.

Similarly, in regard to the light which the word used by our Redeemer throws upon the question of the proper *mode* in which the rite should be administered, the entire Eastern Church, the entire Western Church, and the entire Lutheran Church in England (if true *the rubric*) are with us as one man.

Enough, and more than enough, to show that we are not singular or eccentric or quaint in connection with the rite, whether in our mode of observing it or in the importance we attach to it ; that so far from "making too much" of baptism, we actually make less of it than our fellow-Christians do ; and we therefore deprecate as uncharitable, irrational, and untrue, the ascription to us of any invention or originality whatsoever in regard to it. The Baptists of England are but a small and feeble folk ; it is scarcely magnanimous, it certainly is not charitable, that, in the face of such an array of facts which tell expressly in our favour, we should be treated so cavalierly.

Not unfrequently, again, is our attempt to deal fairly with our Lord's Commandment, interpreted by our Pædobaptist friends to be *a mere love of sectarian isolation*. We are accused by them of idiosyncrasy, narrowness, and bigotry. But so assured do I feel regarding our freedom from the uncharitable exclusiveness and love of schism implied in this accusation, that I do not hesitate to go so far as to assert my belief that there is not one man among our committee or among our translators who would not feel it a pleasure to stand on the platform of the British and Foreign Bible Society and plead its claims. Why will not our Pædobaptist brethren give us credit for sincerity ? I have myself been for years past a member of the Committee of the Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Northern India, and have on many occasions felt it my privilege, in compliance with the request of my fellow-members, to lend service of a special kind to its interests ; and one of the last public duties I performed in India was to examine the proof-sheets of the Old Testament in the Hindi language—the Hindi Old Testament being the property of that Society. More important services by far than any which it has been in my power to render have been rendered to that Society by other brethren in our Baptist Mission in years that are gone, in various parts of the mission-field and in various languages. I believe, moreover, that there is scarcely one out of all the missionaries of our Baptist Society in India who has not at times been engaged in circulating the versions of the Scriptures owned by the Bible Society, while some of them have, within my knowledge, exerted themselves *a very great deal* in this direction. Will it, again, be considered an indelicacy if at this point I add that I believe I am safe in saying that many members of our Baptist churches subscribe considerably, not to the funds of this their own Bible Society merely, but also to the funds of the British and Foreign Bible Society ? Thankful are we and glad that there are men and women among us who are able to show that they are possessed of so much intelligent, Christ-like generosity ; though it would, I believe, be difficult to find on the list of subscribers to the Bible Translation Society the name of a single Pædobaptist. Now any person of ordinary intelligence and candour will draw from such facts as these the right inference—

viz., that uncharitable exclusiveness is not reasonably chargeable on those who support the Baptist Translation Society, or on any of its agents. So convinced are we of the sacredness and breadth of Christian fellowship that we should *loathe* ourselves if we could find ourselves guilty of harbouring the thought that anything less than a matter of the highest principle could prevail upon us to keep up any longer the separation that unhappily has so long existed between ourselves and the sister body of Congregationalists. When, however, they raise the cry for the exercise of "charity" at our hands, they remind one of a similar cry from a man who has been caught in the act of breaking the law; and our reply is the same as that which such a person would receive:—The kind of charity you need is not ours to give; you must seek it at the hands of the King, whose law you have broken.

I presume that all truly-Christian men deplore the legacy of ecclesiastical dissension which the various missionary organizations are transferring from our own soil to heathen lands. The mischief which is being wrought in the infant church in India, by the bickerings occasioned by the vagaries and eccentricities of the leaders of the English Episcopal Church there, is manifest enough to any man who has followed the course of events in recent years in that distracted country, and every man not bereft of his right senses must deeply deplore it all. And yet, patent as all this is, our Pædobaptist friends are lending their influence to the perpetuating of these unseemly squabbles by the countenance they everywhere give to the queer crotchet of the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The word *baptism* has what is about the most petty and irrational history of any term in the ecclesiastical vocabulary, and the most bitter and unsanctified feelings are associated with it. This state of things the British and Foreign Bible Society has determined to bequeath to the churches of Christ in heathen lands, and would perpetuate among them. Every appeal for a brotherly and intelligent consideration of the questions at issue which has been presented by Baptists has been declined with a smug "*Non-possumus.*" The committee of that society, by adhering so doggedly to their strange mode of "handling the Word of God," intentionally deprive the heathen of the benefit of an unmixed and uncompromising rendering of the Book of God, and in lieu of that faithful rendering which they know they are bound to give, determine to provide in every language (as far, at least, as in them lies) such a version of that sacred Book as shall embody the very bone of contention, which has already wrought so much evil amongst the followers of Christ.

Is such a course consistent with that reverence which they owe to the souls of their fellow-men? Is it consistent with that homage which is due from us all to revealed truth, and to Him who is its Author? Might not the Master say concerning translations of His Word which are executed on this principle of suppression and distor-

tion, "Who hath required *this* at your hands?" Is it doing by their fellow-men as they would that their fellow-men should do by them? Will the Church of the future, gathered out from among the heathen, *thank* the Committee of the Bible Society for thus designedly transferring to them difficulties which are purely imaginary, and sowing among them the seeds of discord and schism? When the leaders of the blind are themselves men who are destitute of the faculty of vision, our sentiment in regard to their common disaster is a sentiment of commiseration rather than of reproof; but what shall we say when the blind are misled by those who see? Do the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society need to be reminded of the authority for that saying—"Cursed be he that causeth the blind to go out of his way." As a subterfuge from the relentless incidence of such keen-edged and barbed utterances as this, men are too apt, we fear, to plead the supercession of the harsh Hebrew spirit by the sweeter and broader spirit of the New Testament; but, when we turn to Him who made the New Testament, we find Him saying to those who kept the key of knowledge, and would neither enter in themselves nor suffer others to enter in, "If ye were blind ye should not have had sin, but now ye say 'We see,' therefore your sin remaineth." Reprehension of the practice of designedly misleading the blind is a sentiment that is deep in human nature, and, in these passages, God gives His imprimatur to a sentiment which is inseparable from humanity. It is not the occupants of the pew, but the occupants of the pulpit who are responsible for this practice of departing from the Master's behest and (by a studied suppression and misrepresentation) teaching their fellow-men to do the same. If the meaning which Baptists assign to the term be not its actual meaning, why do Pædobaptist divines affirm that it *is*? And if what they thus affirm be correct, what hinders them from giving to their fellow-men the benefit of the correct rendering? To expect that they should manfully back up these affirmations of theirs by altering their ecclesiastical relations and becoming Baptists, is vain, of course; but surely it is not requiring too much to suggest that if they presume upon the solemn task of translating the Book of God, they should at least execute the business on those rational principles with which as scholars they are of necessity familiar. Let the entire Book be translated into all the languages of men, and this with all the accuracy we can command. At a committee meeting of one of the Indian Auxiliaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society which I attended some years ago, one member (a Pædobaptist "layman") strongly protested against the practice of *transferring* into Indian versions of the Bible words directly from the originals (such as *Anathema Marán-áthá*, &c.). He avowed that he did not see the *use* of inserting, in professed translations, words thus extracted from the original languages; and he urgently maintained that if such words were inserted at all we were at least bound to give the interpretation

of them, his contention being that we ought to give to the nations the exact and unreserved translation of *all* that God in His mercy had seen fit to reveal. One member then mildly ventured to suggest that "in that case it would be necessary to translate the word *Baptismo* and its cognates." There was instantly an ominous silence, and the subject was then changed ! They were honoured Christian men, mostly ministers. What were they afraid of ? Surely, habitual departure from righteousness is apt to deprive men of the courage of their convictions, and to cause them to "flee when no man pursueth."

How our honoured brethren who practise Pædobaptism, and by a studied suppression of the truth teach others to do the same, can twist their understandings and consciences into becoming parties to such an arrangement, I for one am unable to comprehend. If the committee of the Bible Society consisted of men differing from us, as the Unitarians do, in all the essential doctrines of evangelical religion, we should feel that argument with them, on such a point as this of the rite of baptism, would be misplaced ; for men who disown the claim of Christ to absolutely control their bodies and dictate their beliefs, are destitute of those elements of character which alone can enable them to perceive the nature of the questions at issue : but that He should be denied that obedience which is due to Him as Lord of His own heritage and Master of His own house—and this by those who believe equally with ourselves in evangelical religion, and who hold Him to be its Source and Founder and the centre of law—is to us "an occasion of stumbling" and a source of sorrow.

Thus has the course we Baptists have adopted in arranging for the translation of the sacred Scriptures been *forced* upon us by the conduct of the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society. They persistently and uniformly decline to give to the nations a faithful rendering of the Book of God, and they stolidly and superciliously resist all attempts of ours to bring about an amicable settlement of the only question that separates between them and ourselves. What may be their motive for thus declining to allow the Almighty to speak, we are forbidden by Christian courtesy and by the law of Christ to conjecture ; it is a question the reply to which is due from themselves and not from us ; a more satisfactory treatment of the question than any they have yet succeeded in putting forward, will have to appear before Baptists can feel fully assured that they have entered upon the study of it with a manly desire to know their Lord's will, and with a resolution to accept the legitimate issues of the inquiry. Thus much we can say—We Baptists did not *seek* the isolation to which the committee of the Bible Society has consigned us ; we did not *choose* it, and we do not *like* it. With us, however, it is not "a small matter" ; it is not "a question of mere words" ; it is not "a question of much water or little" ; it is not "a question of whether those dying in infancy are to be saved or lost." To *us* it is the old question of faithfulness to the Author of the Book.

We can no more accept the principle of suppression endorsed and practised by the Committee of the Bible Society than could the members of the Liberation Society sell their consciences for the sake of State-patronage. With us it is *a matter of conscience*; if, in the case of our Pædobaptist brethren, it is anything less, we submit that they are bound by that Christian gentlemanliness enjoined upon them in the fourteenth of Romans, to yield the point to us, their "weaker" brethren, and by thus "bearing another's burden" to "fulfil the law of Christ." If, indeed, the full and inquiring study of the subject has led them to the conclusion that "the mere quantity of water" is a point of no importance, is it charitable in them to allow so trivial a matter to separate us from them any longer? If "repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ" on the part of those who receive the rite are in their candid judgment not in the least degree important, is it charitable that they should make their differing from us in this "trifling" particular a wall of partition? Is the barrier which separates them from us as wide and as impassable as they would thus have the heathen suppose? What conscientious objection have they to seeing a fellow-man indicate his surrender of himself to the Lord by being immersed in water? If it would be magnanimous and charitable in us Baptists to stretch a point, and go against the dictates of our conscience for the sake of uniformity with Pædobaptists in this matter, would there be nothing magnanimous and charitable in their helping towards the same desirable result by sacrificing their notions of taste for the sake of our weak consciences, and for the sake of the outward recognition and play of that brotherhood of Christian fellowship and regenerated humanity which we all believe to exist in the men who are thus so needlessly formed into two opposite camps? As for us, we cannot presume to "take away" from the Word of God, by concealing under ambiguous or misleading terms, as much as "one jot or one tittle" of His will as commended to our faith and entrusted to our stewardship; and if, in the forthcoming Westminster Revision, we discover that this principle of faithfulness to the Lord has been "set at naught of the builders," it seems to me that the circumstance will embody a challenge to the Baptist denomination to extend the sphere of its operations in regard to the subject of Bible translation. The Baptists of England and America will, by such an instance of dull sectarianism and transparent departure from all sound principles of translating, be called upon to "set up their banner in the Lord's name," and to stand by their colours—not withholding from those who speak their own language that priceless boon of a faithful translation which at so much cost they now give to the nations of Asia and Africa.

As we survey the present condition of the Bible Translation Society, we find that there is good ground for thanking God and taking courage. This is especially the case when we turn to the

work actually done in the Mission-field. Ever since the Directors of the British and Foreign Bible Society bowed us Baptists out, the Master has given us a succession of men whom He has specially qualified for this important work of translating, and whom He has inclined to consecrate all their faculties to it;—Yates, Wenger, Parsons, Carter, and Rouse, are men who have been translators born, and they have taken to the work naturally. And, as evidence of the soundness of their workmanship, we have this pleasing and weighty circumstance, that all the versions which our translators have executed since the Baptist Translation Society was formed have so far met with the approval of competent judges that they have been allowed to supersede all other versions, these “competent judges” being not Baptist missionaries but natives of the country, educated and godly English “laymen,” and missionaries of the various Pædobaptist bodies—Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Independent. As far as I am aware, the only versions in the Indian languages with which missionaries of the Bible Translation Society have had to do during the period I have mentioned are the Bengali, the Uriya, the Hindi, the Simghali, and the Sanskrit; and every one of these versions is now adopted by the Directors of the British and Foreign Bible Society,—permission first having been obtained of the Baptist Translation Committee to punch out the words for *baptism* in the various languages, and to substitute for them the untranslated and unintelligible Greek word. I do not now speak so much of the Old Testament as of the New, and I believe I am far on the safe side when I say that not only have all the translations belonging to the Baptist Society thus superseded those which before existed, but also that all the attempts of Pædobaptist missionaries to produce a really successful translation of the New Testament in either of these languages have proved to be failures. This fact is sufficiently shown in the circumstances that our Pædobaptist brethren in India relinquish their own existing translations, and ask permission to adopt and circulate ours, altering only those passages in which the rite of baptism is alluded to by the inspired writers. Most glad are we that the Master has thus placed it in our power to show that we cherish no animosity nor feeling of resentment in return for the shameful treatment to which for conscience’ sake we have for so many years been subjected at the hands of our brethren. I venture to express the belief that one reason why the art of translating, as applied to the Book of God, has proved more effective in the hands of Baptist missionaries than of others is that they have been driven by this very controversy to a more careful study of the divine originals; the effect of the habit of investigation has been to qualify them to discern the defects of the productions of other men, and to execute more acceptable ones.

Not boastfully do we note all these circumstances, but thankfully; and because they speak to us to “go forward” with this “good word and work.” And this, in humility and faithfulness we hope to do,

till such time as He who has deigned thus to employ us shall take this noble work out of our hands and entrust it to those of other men who shall be more faithful to the high and sacred trust than we are. The directors of the Bible Society have done us Baptists the honour of adopting, unsolicited, our translations, to be circulated by their agents and to be read in the churches of Pædobaptist missionaries. When their translations can be shown to be better executed than ours we will readily adopt and circulate them; and we will cheerfully ask of them the courtesy which for many years past they have asked and obtained of us,—viz., to be allowed to deal with the word for Baptism in our own way. For we are not concerned that the work of interpreting the Word of Life to the heathen should be monopolized by us; but rather, that that translation which is upon the whole the best, by whomsoever made and by whomsoever owned, should be adopted and circulated by ourselves and by all who love the truth as it is in Jesus.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARIES OF REV.
WILLIAM WARD, OF SERAMPORE.

VII.

TUES., SEPT. 2ND, 1806.—Yesterday evening I called on Mr. Brown, who had been with Blacquiere, and talked with him for two hours about the late order of Government. He told Mr. Brown that he knew of no reason whatever for this order; as no complaint against us had been made in his office. He knew Mr. Carey very well; he knew of all our proceedings; he knew that there was nothing to fear about disturbances. During the conversation, however, he said that some of the pamphlets we published were very bitter, cutting, and irritating to the natives. He wished also that we would not send out converts on purpose to convert the natives, as this seemed like a systematic plan.

WED., SEPT. 3RD.—Last night we received the boxes from the ship. No Periodical Accounts of our Mission. A good way of preventing us finding fault. How many Periodical Accounts do you sell? I am very sorry that Breth. Marshman and Carey wrote so violently on this subject. It is all Bro. ———'s fault, who is seized with a frenzy every now and then, and in these moments a falling bubble is a falling world; a day after this mighty thing is of no consequence, think no more about it.

FRI., SEPT. 5TH.—Bro. Carey brings word that Mr. Udney tells him he fears our new brethren must be sent back, as the affair has been sent before Council by Blacquiere in a formal way, viz., that these persons have come out without the

Company's leave. Scores of people come ; some write their names at the police office, and some do not ; but as their names never go before Council the matter is passed over. Our new brethren and sisters were received among us.

MON., SEPT. 8TH.—I was down at Mr. Brown's this evening. Mr. Martyn dined with Mr. Udney on Saturday. Mr. Udney told him he was almost sure that the new missionaries must be sent back, unless Capt. W. took his ship up to Serampore.

TUES., SEPT. 9TH.—This day I got a letter from Bro. Fernandez, dated the 2nd. He was to leave Dinagepore the next day with Bro. Biss as far as Malda, when it was expected Bro. Mardon would accompany Bro. B. to Serampore. Bro. Biss was no better, and the doctor of the station had died a few days before. He had been very kind and attentive to Bro. Biss. The judge, Pattle, who had written a flaming letter to Government (as we have heard from Mr. Brown), had communicated to Bro. Biss the orders of Government that he should return to Serampore. This day a boat went off to Cutwa to fetch Sister Chamberlain. We shall soon be so crammed that we shall hardly find room for all the brethren and sisters. We must turn barns into houses.

THURS., SEPT. 11TH.—This morning Breth. Chater and Robinson were summoned to appear at the Police Office, Calcutta, at eleven o'clock. They set off before breakfast ; Bro. Marshman went with them. Mr. Martin, of the police office, read a request of the Council that they would return to Europe as soon as convenient ; Mr. Martin supposed that they came out without leave of the Company. Bro. Marshman told him that they were come out, not to reside in the Company's territories, but at Serampore, and that it was not possible that we could ask the English Company for permission to reside in a Danish Settlement. Mr. Martin appeared not to know what to do with this, and told him that if he had any representation to make he might do it on paper, and deliver it in there in the course of a few days. This evening Capt. Wickes and Bro. Marshman came up. The Captain is come to enter his ship here. It is objected to the Captain that he fitted out for Serampore, and put in at Calcutta. The Captain says, in reply, that he entered his ship at Rotterdam for Serampore, and that his voyage was from Rotterdam. He was prevented from carrying up his ship to Serampore by an order from the police, ordering him to land his passengers at Calcutta. He is refused a cargo, however, unless he first agrees to take back the passengers he brought out. The captain will deliver in a memorial which he supposes will be sufficient. My fears are a little hushed now. I have been sure all day that the summons to the police office was a sentence of death, and that our brethren must go home.

“ He overrules all mortal things.”

I have begun to help our new brethren in Bengalee, and to superintend the regular instruction of the inquirers. Wm. goes through the catechetical course

with them, and reads and expounds the Scriptures. I try to enforce his instructions, and lead them to the knowledge of God, themselves, and Christ. I spend with our English brethren, Moore, Rowe, Chater, and Robinson, and with the native inquirers, three hours every day. I have them all in my room and verandah. As we cannot go out we must try to prepare against the time when the storm will blow over. For want of assistance, Moore and Rowe are a good way behind.

FRI., SEPT. 12TH.—This morning Capt. W., Bro. M., and I went to the jemadar's, Mr. O. Bie, and from thence to Mr. Krefting's, the Governor. The Governor promised to protect our brethren, but he told the Captain it was too late for him to enter his ship at Serampore; he should have come up sooner, and landed his passengers and goods here. The Captain was discouraged. Bro. M. and the Captain went down to Mr. Brown's, and, after a long conversation, Mr. B. took the Captain's papers, and promised to call on Mr. Martin at the police-office on the morrow. In the evening we had our conference as usual.

SAT., SEPT. 13TH.—Last night Capt. W. was taken very ill with a vomiting and purging, which lasted all night. We knew nothing of it till morning. He was so ill this morning, that he expected himself near death. I have been with him all day, and he seems better this evening. This day we have sent off forty Sanscrit grammars to go to the Staff College in England. We have also given to Mr. Brown, to send to Mr. Owen, Chaplain to the Bp. of London, ten specimens of different Bible translations: four in the press—viz., Sanscrit, Orissa, Bengalee 4th vol., and Mahratta; six in manuscript—viz., Chinese, Teluga, Persian, Hindostanee, Guzurattee. At night Mr. Brown sent us a note, giving us great hopes that all would be brought through, and giving us advice what to do. Mr. Martin was very friendly, and promised to present to Government whatever we might prepare on the subject.

MON., SEPT. 15TH.—This evening I went down to Mr. Brown's. He related to me the particulars of the conversation between Mr. Martin, at the police-office, and himself. He said he had received a letter of a private nature (from a Mr. Dodswell, it seems, who is supposed to be a great enemy to the Gospel, and who is in high office under Government), directing him to make a report of the passengers to Government. The report had been made that they were come out without the Company's leave; but it did not say that they were come to join the Mission under the protection of his Danish Majesty, at Serampore. Hence the Government had ordered them back. Mr. Martin was willing to show any documents to Government, and to do anything to oblige Mr. Brown. He showed Mr. B. all the correspondence which had taken place on the subject. Capt Wickes went down early this morning to Calcutta.

TUES., SEPT. 16TH.—This day we have sent to Mr. Brown for him to give to Mr. Martin a letter from Chater and Robinson, setting forth that they came out on purpose to live at Serampore to join the Mission Society formed there, under

the protection of his Danish Majesty, and under the direction of Carey, Marshman, and Ward. This was accompanied by a letter, signed by Carey, M., and W., signifying that they had joined us here, and another letter from our Governor, stating that they were part of the Mission under his Government.

WED., SEPT. 17TH.—This day, at noon, Bro. Mardon, Bro. and Sister Biss and family, arrived. Bro. Biss seems better. This evening Bro. Chamberlain brought Sister C. down to lie-in, but she died in the boat, after being delivered of a fine boy. She now lies a pale corpse opposite our house, in the boat, waiting for her coffin!! How awful, how unutterably awful this second stroke. I dare not reason on it. I cannot reflect on it. I dare not blame any one. I lay my hand on my mouth, and say, "O Lord God! Thou knowest." They left Cutwa yesterday morning. She died at six this morning.

THURS., SEPT. 18TH.—This morning we buried Sister Chamberlain. Bro. Ch. feels a good deal, but his frame of mind seems to have more submission in it, and this second stroke seems to have brought home a great sense of sin.

SAT., SEPT. 20TH.—This evening, among other business, we have been discussing the propriety of trying to plant a mission station in the Burmah Empire, seeing they are blocking up our way into Hindostan.

LORD'S DAY, SEPT. 21ST.—I was this day in Calcutta; I preached in Bengalee and English, and was at the house of an American friend. Bro. Moore, Rowe, I, and Linderman dined with the Captain, who is very low in his mind; very low. At night, after worship at the Mission Church, we went to Mr. Brown's lodgings at the college, and supped with Mr. Korry (*sic*) [Corrie, afterwards Bishop of Madras] and Mr Parsons, who arrived yesterday. They seem to be men of the right stamp.

MON., SEPT. 22ND.—Last night I slept at the Captain's; we sat up together till one; the Captain seemed a little cheered. On coming home in the afternoon I found Bro. Marshman's Joshua very ill. We got a Dr. from the military station opposite us (Barrackpore). He speaks favourably of Bro. Biss's state.

TUES., SEPT. 23RD.—This morning, about four, little Joshua Marshman died. In the evening we buried him. Two funerals in our family in less than a week!!

WED., SEPT. 24TH.—Mr. Martyn is appointed military chaplain, and ordered to proceed to Dinapore, near Patna. He longs to be in his work. He preached a kind of farewell sermon at the Presidency Church last Lord's Day, in which he made a masterly defence of himself and brethren, against the charges of schism and preaching licentious doctrines. The Governor was present. Mr. Brown has offered to advance 500 rupees to me, towards the expense of my book, and says he insists upon being a subscriber to this amount. I have proposed that his subscription shall be deferred till the work is in greater forwardness.

LORD'S DAY, SEPT. 28TH.—I preached at home in English from Zech. xiii. 9. Bro. Chamberlain preached in Bengalee and English. Bro. Rowe preached at

Calcutta. In the afternoon Mr. Desgranges and Capt. Wickes arrived. The former was in high spirits to see his dear Miss Ross, but our dear Captain is very low in his mind. Mr. Corry (*sic*) preached an excellent sermon at the Mission Church.

MON., SEPT. 29TH.—This evening Mr. Desgranges and Miss Ross were married in Mr. Brown's pagoda. The men who built this temple never thought it would become a place to marry missionaries in. Mr. Brown married them. A hymn from Rippon was sung at the beginning, and another at the end of the ceremony, which was conducted with great propriety. Every one seemed pleased and edified. After the ceremony the company proceeded to Mr Brown's house, where a wedding supper was prepared. The Capt. was very much pleased with the very pleasant manner in which this object of his voyage was completed.

TUES., SEPT. 30TH.—We hear no more from the police-office, and, therefore, suppose they have given up all design of enforcing the Order in Council. I suppose the Council did not know under what circumstances we came out. Another American ship is coming out with 2,000 dollars collected for the translations. In New York only Williams entered into the plan, and had a collection. Where was the great Mason! who collected from so many congregations in London, differing from him in sentiment?

FRI., OCT. 3RD.—This day a Mr. Leonard, an usher in the orphan school at Calcutta, came up on purpose to relate the distress of mind under which he has some time laboured. He was brought up a Catholic, has been in the army (perhaps a sergeant), has had wicked companions, been inclined to infidelity, is in rather a poor state of health, is under concern for his soul. He was introduced to me. After talking a little while on indifferent subjects, he wished for some private conversation. He opened his case. I comforted him, lent him a book of John Bunyan's, and invited him to dinner. He knows no religious people.

SAT., OCT. 4TH.—Went down to Calcutta. Breakfasted at Lindeman's, dined with the Captain, drank tea with Leonard, and had much talk, spent the evening at Mr. Rolt's, in company with Mr. Corrie, Mr. Martyn, Messrs. Moore and Rowe, their wives, two Miss Derozios, and a young officer who came out with Mr. Corrie, and who, it is hoped, has received good through him. Slept at the Captain's.

LORD'S DAY, OCT. 5TH.—Went to church at ten and heard the homily on Salvation read, to prove that the doctrine of the Church of England is imputed righteousness.

MON., OCT. 6TH.—Breakfasted at Mr. Derozio's, and held a long consultation with the old man respecting making up a difference with his son.

WED., OCT. 8TH.—Little Chamberlain went off this afternoon, and was buried this evening by the side of his mother.

THURS., OCT. 9TH.—This evening we had a Bengalee supper. We had a large

number of native friends. Mr. Martyn, Mr. Corrie, and Mr. Parson also sat down to table with us. The old Captain said he had not eaten such a great supper a long time. It was entirely a Bengalee meal, cooked by our native brethren.

FRI., OCT. 10TH.—This evening we joined at Mr. Brown's in a prayer meeting, on account of Mr. Martyn's going up the country. He is stationed at Dinapore, near Patna.

MON., OCT. 13TH.—Mr. Martin of the police sent a note to-day to Mr. Brown, enclosing one from our great adversary, Dodswell, the head policeman, inquiring whether the missionaries were not at Serampore as refugees, rather than under the protection and patronage of the Danish crown. Mr. Brown replied that he believed the latter was the case, but he referred the Government to the Danish Governor.

TUES., OCT. 14TH.—Mr. Krefting sent to us this morning, for our inspection, a letter from Martin of the police, asking about our brethren. You see they want to root us out here, if possible, but God has shut us in.

WED., OCT. 15TH.—This forenoon Mr. Martyn set off to Dinapore. We have given him fifty Hindostanee Testaments and 20,000 tracts, to begin his missionary career. Don't publish this.

THUS., OCT. 16TH.—This day Mr. Otto Bie called on us, and left with us for our inspection the reply to Martin of the police. This is a copy :—

“To C. F. Martyn, Esq., Magistrate.

“SIR,—I have been favoured with your letter of the 13th inst., informing me that Messrs. Chater and Robinson, two missionaries recently arrived at Serampore, on the American ship *Benjamin Franklin*, had amongst other papers, produced a certificate with my signature, stating that they reside at Serampore, under the protection of the Danish flag, and in consequence thereof you wish to be informed at whose suggestion, and under whose patronage these gentlemen left England ; or whether they have come out under the promise of protection from any person on the part of his Danish Majesty.

“With regard thereto, I beg leave to inform you that some years back, and at a time when several members of the Baptist Society took up their residence at this place, the former chief, now deceased, Colonel Bie, reported to his superiors in Europe their arrival, and that an additional number of them might be expected thereafter, requesting at the same time permission for them to stay, as they appeared to be not only good, moral, but also well-informed men, who in many respects might be useful to this Settlement ; upon which an order was issued to the Chief and Council, dated Copenhagen, the 5th Sept., 1801, not only granting full permission for them to establish themselves here, but also to protect them, not doubting but they, as good citizens, would pay due obedience to our laws and regulations.

“The certificate granted by me is founded upon this high order, and as Messrs. Chater and Robinson were represented as belonging to the Mission Society (which is the case), I have acknowledged them as such, and extended the protection

to them. The persons alluded to are, therefore, not to be considered as refugees, or poor debtors, merely under a temporary protection, but must be looked upon as countenanced and protected by his Danish Majesty himself, as long as they continue to live in a Settlement subject to his crown, and are found to pursue only their respective professions, without attempting innovations, which I, from their uniform good conduct, have reason to expect will never be the case.

“I have the honour to be, &c., &c.”

[Mr. Ward has copied this important letter into his diary without giving any signature, but it was evidently written by his Excellency Jacob Krefting, the Danish Governor of Serampore, and submitted to Carey, Marshman, and Ward by the Governor's secretary, Mr. Otto Bie, who was son of the previous Governor, and the secretary of his successor.—Ed.]

SYMBOLS OF THE CHURCH.

BY THE REV. JAMES CAVE, KINGSBRIDGE.

V.—THE COMMONWEALTH AND THE HOUSEHOLD.

“Fellowcitizens with the saints and of the household of God.”—EPHES. ii. 19.

HERE the Apostle presents the Church under the symbols of the State and the household—the body-politic, as we phrase it, and the family. Those who are of it are citizens of the commonwealth and members of the narrower circle of the home.

The significance of these figures will appear if we trace the steps by which the Apostle reaches the point at which he makes the assertion above. He is writing to Gentiles. The Ephesians are treated as a type of all those who were outside the fold of God's chosen inheritance, the Jews. He reminds them of their utter estrangement from these, and of their complete separation from the privileged lot. “Wherefore, remember,” he writes in the eleventh verse—let the fact of God's rich mercy in Christ, by which you who were dead in sins were quickened together with Him, remind you that you were Gentiles, the proof and sign of which was in the uncircumcision of your flesh—“that at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.” They are thus described as having no part with the corporate people of God, and, being outside their limits, they were outside their present possessions and their future hopes. Not being of the Divine Republic they shared not its privileges; nothing

that was theirs belonged to them. They had not the promise, or possession, of the Christ whose coming was the bringing in of all good, but, as their condition consequent upon being outside the commonwealth has been described: "They were without church and without promise, without hope, and were in the profane wicked world—without God." *

From this position outside the citizenship with its train of privations he passes on to notice the change of relation which has been brought about by Christ. He tells how "the middle wall of partition" is overthrown, and the fence which kept the Gentiles outside the sacred enclosure of the commonwealth is no more; how we who were at one time afar off, not so much by geographical distance as by disqualification of birth, are made nigh; and both they who were of the commonwealth and we who were outside have "the access" [or introduction] to the Father through Christ by one and the selfsame Spirit. Then, as a conclusion arrived at from all this, the assertion is made that we are "no more strangers and foreigners"—mere 'sojourners'—"but fellowcitizens with the saints"; yea, and drawing the circle still closer, are "of the household of God."

Into this position are we introduced by Christ, but it yet remains for us to inquire: In what are these conditions realised? We are fellowcitizens; but who are the saints with whom this privilege is shared? and where have they their citizenship? We are of the household of God; but where has that household its hearth and its home? From the allusion to the "commonwealth of Israel," it has been concluded that our fellowship with the Jews, or Old Testament saints, is meant. But such an interpretation seems too narrow. It is rather our fellowship with them in what we now possess in common with each other. We have not entered into *their* commonwealth; but they and we together, all former distinctions being destroyed, combine to make one new condition. The old commonwealth has not enlarged its borders, and opened its gates, to receive us in; but that has been abolished, that on common ground they and we shall make one new state. The citizenship and household here spoken of are alone realised in "that spiritual community in which Jew and Gentile Christians are now united and incorporated, and to which the external theocracy formed a typical and preparatory institution." † Thus, then, we see it is the Church of Christ that is here meant; and hence, we have the Church under the twofold symbol of the commonwealth and the household.

The ideas represented in both will cover very much of the same ground. Lying at the root of each are those of association, and the fact of oneness arising from the encircling of a common bond. But in the case of the citizenship they will be colder and more distant; while in that of the family they will be closer, more sympathetic and intense. The commonwealth suggests rather an association of

* Ellicott: "Commentary on Ephesians ii. 12."

† Ellicott.

outward circumstance, and for purposes of law and order; the household gives us an inner unity, the fellowship of love's attractive bond.

The former symbol brings two points under our notice—

I. The relation of the commonwealth to the Head. We must bear in mind that we have a definite example to follow. We are not free to choose a type for ourselves. The different forms of government among men are not open for us to select from. That of which we are citizens has for its pattern the "commonwealth of Israel"; the old theocracy is the type of that spiritual community by which it has been displaced. What the Jews failed to realise as an outwardly distinct and associated people, is realised in a spiritual and actual sense in the Church. Jehovah has a kingdom, though it "is not of this world," and "cometh not with observation." The promise spoken to the olden people—"If ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people; . . . and ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation "(Exodus xix. 5, 6)—is addressed to us, and realised only in those who are the children of God by faith. These same utterances Peter, when his vision of God's purpose is cleared, addresses to those who through the "sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ" have come to the inheritance which fadeth not away; saying to them: "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people"—"a people who are specially God's own," according to the statement in Deuteronomy—"to be unto Him a people of inheritance" hath the Lord taken you (iv. 20). To that people, consequently, we must look for the unfolding of the Church as a commonwealth, unto which our citizenship belongs.

A prominent fact, and one of the fundamental ideas of the Theocracy, was its subjection to its Divine Head. Jehovah was King. Their laws and government came direct from Him until that day in which they desired a king to "judge them like all the nations"; a desire which was not good. Their conformity to other nations, their desire for resemblance to the kingdoms of this world was their curse; and God characterised it as "rejecting Him, that He should not reign over them" (1 Sam. vii.). But in the Church God has brought His people back to the Divine idea. Other lords are not to have dominion: other kings are not to rule. The headship of the Church is alone with Christ, who has bought it with His own blood. For any earthly monarch to assume, or accept, the title "Head of the Church" is to become a Pretender to the throne of the King of kings; and for any earthly government, or power of State, to make laws for the government of the Church seems coming perilously near the trespass of Uzziah the king, who "when he was strong his heart was lifted up," and who manifested his ill balance of spirit by invading the sacredness of the sanctuary to meddle with the work of a priest; but who was driven back from his invasion of that sphere of

sacred things with the wholesome rebuke : "It appertaineth not unto thee, Uzziah : go out of the sanctuary, for thou hast trespassed."

It behoves us, however, to remember that although the Church owes no allegiance in matters pertaining to itself to any earthly authority, yet it is verily under authority, and not without law. Viewed on its earthly side it appears to be a spiritual republic, without authority or law, except such as are of its own creation, and arise within itself. The eyes which cannot reach beyond these mists of time may fail to see—especially in those forms of church government which carry out the Scriptural idea of a commonwealth—any sceptre to which it bows, or any laws to which it conforms. Calling no *man*, lord ; they might judge the liberty of the saints to be assumed licence. But those who are gifted to look upon things invisible, see that its earthly side is not the whole. There is a throne to which it pays allegiance, and there are laws which it dare not, would not transgress.

That which appears a republic is in reality a kingdom. Any disorder that appears is not from want of authority, but departing from the law. The failure is in the obedience of the subject, not in the Constitution under which he lives. And the earnest aim of all who are comprehended in the Church of Christ should be to yield themselves up in perfect compliance, to "bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ," and thus walk in unswerving conformity to the will of the King.

The Kingship of Christ is too much overlooked ; yet His is a kingdom into which we are introduced. Our conversion is a turning from the lawlessness of our own self-will, a taking His yoke upon us to learn of, and be obedient unto Him ; henceforth to yield up our members "servants of righteousness unto holiness." By the new birth we first "see," and then "enter" the kingdom of God—a kingdom, with its real, corporate existence, with its laws and order ; which laws and order it is the duty of every subject to maintain and promote.

II. The commonwealth further calls our attention to the end for which it exists. It is to regulate the life and control the actions, and so secure the common good. The State has laws to this same end, the general purport of which may be found in the explanation that they are "for the punishment of evildoers, and for the praise of them that do well." The necessity of maintaining the laws, and enforcing the penalties with rigour, was kept plainly before God's ancient people. "Laws divine to them were spoken, from the pillar and the cloud," which were distinct in their instructions, minute in their details, and imperative in their demands. None could sin with impunity, none could transgress but the displeasure of the Most High took effect in the sentence and action of His rulers. The rigour with which the Roman law held its executors responsible for its administration, and required the life of the prisoner to be answered for by the life of his guard, applied to God's requirements of the people. He would "by no means clear the guilty," and by them sin must not go

unpunished. The reason of this was to teach them the necessity of holiness in the people of God ; and the end of it to secure external purity which should symbolise the necessary purity within. For without holiness "no man shall see the Lord."

This necessity is also binding on the Church. The end which Christ has in view should be kept well before us. "He gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works." His aim is to present His Church to Himself—"a glorious Church," "holy and without blemish." He comes—according to the description of Him in Malachi—to His temple, but "like a refiner's fire and like fullers' soap" to "purify the sons of Levi." And by His forerunner He is sketched as a husbandman, with His winnowing shovel in His hand, coming to this earth to "thoroughly purge" His threshing floor. Purity is His end ; and hence He requires His Church to seek that purity, even as He did the olden commonwealth. Laws are to be fearlessly applied, and discipline is to be faithfully maintained. An Apostle writes : "Now we *command* you, brethren, *in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ*, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly." No false delicacy, or misplaced charity, is to be allowed place ; no faltering hand is to weaken the seat of judgment. The neglect of those measures of discipline which seek the purity of the Church can only be regarded as unfaithfulness to the Lord. The Church at Ephesus was commended because it had marked its sense of hatred to the things which Christ "hated" ; and, in like manner, he that had "the sharp sword with two edges," and "his eyes like unto a flame of fire," had a "few things against" Pergamos and Thyatira because they carelessly suffered these offences to remain. Times may have changed, but not the laws ; and in these facts we may read that any hesitation in enforcing the laws of the commonwealth, which seek to make it a "holy nation," will be followed by the manifest tokens of the Monarch's displeasure.

Of the civic privileges indicated, it is unnecessary that we speak. If that talismanic word "I am a Roman citizen" carried with it such weight in the case of Paul ; if to be a citizen of Rome could shelter him in danger, and transport his life away from the summary acts of injustice, how infinitely greater must be the dignity and privileges of those who can claim that their "citizenship is in heaven."

Passing on to the symbol of the household, the same ideas meet us there. There are still the corporate unity, the discipline, the laws working for the common good ; but when we leave the State for the home, we seem to be quitting a stern atmosphere and coming away from more stately surroundings where law and order stamp their cold impress upon everything, to the more genial air and kindlier scenes amid which love holds the sway. The circle narrows, the distance fades, the scene becomes more homely and inviting. There

are still the same facts, but changed and softened. There is still the subjection to authority, but the King lays aside his robes of State, and comes closer in the person of a father; the members are still associated each with each, but not as subjects girt about by outward authority, but as members of the same family knit each to the other by the gentler constraints of mutual love.

The household brings us into friendly association. We may dwell side by side as fellow-citizens, yielding obedience to the same laws which are above and about us all, being at peace among ourselves, and yet may have no friendship and little intercourse one with another. The same privileges may touch us all, but not any sense of kin. But when we are brought within the narrower confines of the household, neither positive unfriendliness nor indifference to one another can conveniently exist. In an ideal household, a kindly, common interest bind all together. If not ties of blood, yet bonds of affection hold all in one. Love encircles them with its girdle, and throws its mantle around them, and between them and the world. The household is a little spot fenced off, in which mutual tenderness reigns, and from which, by mutual consideration, the world is kept at bay.

Such is the New Testament idea of the Church. It is a household. It is "the household of God" and "the household of faith."* There we get the rallying point of the associated lives; there we have the foundation of the household, and also the cementing bond. It is the household of God; we call Him "Father"; we are "all the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ." It is the household of faith; the family which is united in the bonds of the Gospel, the members of which draw their life from a common source, and are united in a common aim. Thus, too, may we consider Christ to have thought of His Church, when He reasoned that the treatment which men adopted toward the master of the house, they would with greater certainty extend towards those of his household.

Among the members of the household we expect mutual consideration. Selfishness or self-assertion on the part of any will soon manifest itself as a deformity and a fault. The general good must be supreme. Even so in the larger family we are commanded to "look not every man on his own things; but every man on the things of others;" and to cultivate that form of love which "seeketh not her own."

has instituted the family that the different members may be

tians vi. 10. Ellicott renders this "who belong to the faith," and says it appear to involve any allusion to "the house of God" or to any special composing a single family." He would take it as indicating only "a rough close connection." But Lightfoot adheres to the specific use of referring to 1 Timothy iii. 15, 1 Peter iv. 17, where the church is as the house of God; and adds, "We need not therefore hesitate to its meaning to ~~elucidate~~ here."

cared for, and that the young may be trained up in the nurture and fear of the Lord. Of this work the Church should not be neglectful. Too often does she regard her newborn children as able to go alone. Taking the new birth as an end instead of a beginning the Church has left her young converts to discover all the needs and difficulties of the religious life for themselves, instead of making the path easier for them, and their development surer, by watching over them and caring for them until they have themselves become strong in the Lord. The matured disciple, such as John, should gather around him, or follow with his loving oversight, the "little children" whose "sins are forgiven," and the "young men" who have "the word of God abiding" in them, and teach them not to love the world; turning their eyes aside from "the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." Some wise and experienced saints like Aquila and Priscilla, should take the unskilled Apollos, "fervent in spirit" and restless to do good, and should make him the more fit for service by "expounding unto him the way of God more perfectly." The newborn spirit should be surrounded by those influences which would make him feel that in the family of his adoption he has found a home where his immatured life will be cared for, and where he will be trained for the severer toils and conflicts yet to come.

Not least of all should the home be a place of refuge where each member can find shelter in dark and stormy days. Here the child comes when sick, and hither the wronged turn and are sheltered beneath the wings of pity. Such a shelter should the Church afford. In it the troubled should find the truest sympathisers; and the needy the most timely and efficient aid. *We* should make it sweetly attractive to such, and our feeling towards it should be that there is truly home. So good and so pleasant should we find it for brethren to dwell in unity that to its shelter the distressed should instinctively turn; and where the restraints of trouble are broken, being let go, there should the Christian go to find his "own company." By this too is our testimony to be yielded to the unbelieving—"by this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." In the loyalty of the State and the love of the home do we best display the nature and reality of our fellowship one with another—

When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word :

When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye
And joy from heart to heart :
When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,—
Each can his brother's failings hide
And show a brother's love.

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

SCHOOL BOARD STATISTICS.

THE Report of the Committee of Council on Education recently published affords convincing proof of the accelerated progress of elementary education under the School Board *régime*, and possesses special interest in anticipation of the third triennial election of the new Boards which will take place in London and the larger towns in the ensuing autumn. It appears from this document that at the period immediately preceding the opening of the first Board School in London 222,518 names were registered in the books of the existing elementary schools; in 1878 these numbers had increased to 444,322. The average attendance in 1871 was 174,301; in the present year this average has risen to 350,507. The London School Board has provided for 198,470 scholars, and has an average attendance of 165,900. In the nine years under review the denominational schools have increased their accommodation from 222,518 to 274,501, and their average attendance from 174,301 to 184,607.

The returns from Birmingham show results which are even proportionably greater. In 1871 the accommodation was for 30,696, with 25,941 on the books; and 16,263 the average attendance. In February, 1879, the accommodation had risen to 55,056, the names on the rolls 59,398, and average attendance 43,497. Leeds has increased its school attendance at the rate of 178 per cent., Manchester 44 per cent., Liverpool 63 per cent., Newcastle 197 per cent., Leicester 183 per cent., Hull 167 per cent., Birmingham 151 per cent., Sheffield and London 102 per cent.

The population in England and Wales brought under the action of school boards is thirteen millions, and an additional nine millions and a half is under the control of school attendance committees.

The report of the Council affords striking evidence that the denominational schools have benefited from the operations of the board schools, and both in respect of attendance and efficiency have acquired progress from the rivalry their conductors so strenuously opposed.

The forthcoming election of the new School Boards will be the occasion of a great struggle between the antagonists and supporters of the Board system. In the metropolis, especially, the charge of extravagant expenditure will be diligently urged against Sir Charles Reed's educational parliament, and the great commercial depression which is so heavily pressing upon the community will add formidable weight to the objection. We believe, however, that the ratepayers will discriminate between reckless extravagance and the unavoidable cost involved in the purchase of sites already profitably occupied, and which could only be obtained at an abnormal rate of purchase.

THE OBSEQUIES OF THE YOUNG FRENCH PRINCE.

On the 12th of July the remains of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte were deposited, with great pomp, in the little Roman Catholic Chapel at Chislehurst, which is also the resting place of the ashes of his Emperor-father. The circumstances under which the prince lost his life, in outpost service with the British army in Southern Africa, involved the necessity for some official recognition, and the severest critics would probably not object to the transport of the corpse in a British man-of-war, and the subsequent accompaniments of a military funeral. That a royal salute should have been fired at Spithead, that five princes of the blood should have acted as pall-bearers (most of them in official and not private costume), and that subsequently the heir to the British throne should inaugurate a movement for the erection of a memorial in Westminster Abbey to the deceased prince, are adjuncts to the *pompes funèbres* somewhat trying to the sensitiveness of our French neighbours, and open to grave objections on our own side of the channel.

So far as the action of members of our Royal Family represents sympathy with the bereaved ex-Empress, and personal esteem for her late son, the right of private judgment places it beyond the scope of public criticism, but if in any measure such action assumes to be a national endorsement of the claims of the Napoleon family to the chief magistracy of France, it is to be regretted as distasteful and even repugnant to the national feeling. The proposal to commemorate the late prince by a monument in Westminster Abbey seems to us to be a bringing down of the national Walhalla to the level of Madame Tussaud's exhibition; and with saddened feelings we contrast the profuse honours lavished on the obsequies of the hapless young Napoleon, and the scant and meagre homage rendered at the grave of the great and good pro-consul John, Lord Lawrence.

THE ZULU WAR.

The intelligence received by the last South African mail conveys conflicting reports of the *status quo* of our forces. One account represents Sir Garnet Wolseley as having set his foot down in Zululand, and represents that he has disavowed Lord Chelmsford's procedure in rejecting the proposals for peace made by Cetewayo, and has informed the Zulu King that the refusal of the elephant's tusk was a blunder, and has asked him to send three of his chiefs to negotiate. Another dispatch represents Sir Garnet as having been foiled in the attempt to land at Port Durnford, and compelled to return to Durban and betake himself by the long route to the front. Communications with Crealock's division seem to have been suspended, and instead of acting with the first division he is apparently shut up in a forced idleness between some African Pihahiroth and Migdol.

It is, meanwhile, well known at home that the mission of Sir Garnet is a pacific one, and that he has gone out not to pluck laurels, but to carry the olive branch. It is impossible to feel assured that no difficulty will arise to arrest the progress of negotiations. Lord Chelmsford may have been tempted to strike before his successor in the chief command arrived, and in that case there is the fear that his division, enfeebled by the heavy draughts upon it to furnish the garrisons in his rear, would be outnumbered by the 20,000 Zulus said to be with Cetewayo at Ulundi. Negotiations once opened with the Zulu King we may hope that, although accredited with some theological astuteness, yet they can hardly be sufficiently civilized to have mastered Puffendorf and Wheaton, and we should scarcely expect that they have adopted the belief of the jurists of the last century, viz., that the arrival of the negotiators is the signal for intensifying the war. We trust that the Zulus are sufficiently unsophisticated to bear aloft the elephant's tusk, and that the moderation and tact of Sir Garnet Wolseley will rescue his country from the confusion and evil works which have disgraced our flag, obstructed African civilization, and imposed a heavy burden on our over-weighted exchequer.

THE PRESS IN RUSSIA AND ITALY.

The *Semla-i-Schwaboda* is the cabalistic and weird-like title of the Russian organ of the Nihilists. *Land and Liberty* we believe to be its English synonym. "Again and again has the Emperor of all the Russias declared it to be death or exile to print, publish, or edit this newspaper. Yet the mighty potentate finds it on the table among his State documents every morning, at St. Petersburg or in Livadia; in his sumptuous barouche, or palatial railway car, the *Semla* pursues him like an inexorable fate. It contains the orders for the assassination of his chiefs of police, and they are done to death in spite of all precautions. A few months ago, a very tempting reward of 50,000 roubles was offered for any information whatever in regard to the manner of preparing and issuing this mysterious revolutionary journal. Tempted by the large reward, a Pole betrayed the localities of two Nihilist printing presses in St. Petersburg. These were eagerly seized by the police, who were bitterly disappointed in finding nothing whatever to connect the presses with the insidious, irritating *Semla*. What startled the authorities far more than that the exposed presses gave them no clue, was that the informer was found murdered three days after the presses were seized. On his bloody breast was a placard bearing the ominous inscription, 'Death to Traitors!'

"Then it occurred to the advisers of the Czar to appoint a commission of experts to closely examine the typography of the *Semla*, for the purpose of detecting who made the type for the puzzling

revolutionary journal. This investigating committee, composed of conservative master printers of St. Petersburg, were considerably startled by the discovery that the type of the dreaded *Semla* came from the imperial foundry in St. Petersburg and a Government printing office in the Customs Department. This information only served to deepen the mystery surrounding the issuing of a paper that the Czar would give one of his fairest provinces to permanently suppress. Whatever the Emperor himself and his devoted friends may have thought of this not reassuring information, observers outside of Russia find no difficulty in reaching the conclusion that the Nihilists have powerful members among those whom the Czar trusts. Even irresponsible despots are compelled to place confidence in many people. After the tracing of its type, the *Semla* became more defiant and impudent than ever before; it advertises its price, six roubles per copy; styles itself a semi-monthly, and naïvely remarks that it can always be found at all well-known resorts. So it can, in a certain sense. Without money and without price the bankers of St. Petersburg and Moscow find it in their morning's mail; the grocer, the butcher, and the baker suddenly see it on their counters. It falls thickly on the tables of taverns and restaurants; wherever men are found to read in Russia, there the *Semla* is to be read.

"The late attempt on the life of the Czar has entirely changed the tone of the mysterious organ of anarchy. Before that event transpired, it spoke respectfully of Russia's ruler, denouncing his advisers, and, above all else, the espionage of his police department and those that exercised it so remorselessly. Now the daring sheet menaces the Czar himself in no dubious language. The sweeping measures at present in force throughout Russia to crush Nihilism by brute force, only stimulate the energy, virulence, and ubiquity of the *Semla*. It causes the Czar more uneasiness than all the conspiracies unfolded to him by his industrious police spies."

While the Czar dreads the press as his Nemesis, Pope Leo XIII. has authorized the announcement of a newspaper, to be published, in seven languages, under the immediate sanction and to represent the opinions of the Holy See.

OUR NATIONAL PROSPECTS.

The long-continued depression which has arrested the commercial progress of our country shows no signs of diminution, but, on the contrary, seems to deepen its force, so that scarcely a single branch of industry or speciality of trade remains unaffected by the burden. The tidings from all parts of the country are of diminished activities and stagnant markets, while some of our national industries seem well-nigh threatened with extinction. The gloom which overhangs the factories and workshops of the land is accompanied by a most

exceptional and inclement season. Almost incessant rain, sunless days, and cold nights have rendered it all but a certainty that the harvest will be greatly below the average—a calamity to the agricultural community of the gravest import, and one that will seriously enhance the difficulties of the country at large. In such a crisis as the present we are reminded how complacently we have been accustomed to take the bounties of Divine Providence as matters of course. How many sunny days have been enjoyed by us with but deficient recognition of the compassion and goodness they expressed! How many copious harvests have been gathered but we “have not rendered again according to the benefit unto us”! In the time of distress blessings will assume their true proportions; and instead of speculating on the philosophy of prayer, necessity will produce infallible conviction of its reality. Joy in God has often been enlarged when other sources of enjoyment have failed; and it will, after all, be a rich harvest if our national pride be exchanged for humility, our frivolity for serious God serving, and our luxury for self-restraint. Blessed are they who can sing the high strains of the prophet: “Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines: the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat: the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the LORD, I will joy in the God of my salvation.”

REVIEWS.

IMPRESSIONS OF THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

By George Eliot. William Blackwood & Son. 8vo, pp. 357.

WHILST we were reading this volume, and no doubt expressing an opinion that any work by George Eliot was worthy of our attention, an idle school-girl, sitting at our elbow, remarked that in the present day it “is not what a book is, but who wrote it; though Thomas à Kempis says exactly the opposite: ‘Search not who spoke this or that, but mark what is spoke.’” In the case of this book both sentiments hold good.

We should feel inclined, however, somewhat to put the “*Impressions of Theophrastus Such*” amongst the “*Recreations*” of the author. Not that the style is loose; for we notice special care in composition, and the sentences in many parts are

more finished than is the case in her earlier works, though in some respects they might be mistaken for those of a more youthful hand.

Theophrastus Such describes himself in the first chapter, and afterwards makes references to his varied acquaintances, amongst whom we find phases of character common to most who move in literary circles. The book is, in fact, a record of observations of men and things, though the author doubtless expresses her own opinions upon both.

It seems to us that there never was more criticism of personal appearance than in the present day. By way of reproof of such a habit, Theophrastus Such is made to say of his “bodily presence”:—“Then, in some quarters, my awkward feet

are against me, the length of my upper lip, and an inveterate way I have of walking with my head foremost and my chin projecting."

We should, however, differ from some of the opinions he expresses in "looking backward." His father was a clergyman, and this is how he describes him:—"He was a pithy talker, and his sermons bore marks of his own composition. It is true they must have been already old when I began to listen to them, and they were no more than a year's supply, so that they recurred as regularly as the Collects. But though this system has been much ridiculed, I am prepared to defend it as equally sound with that of a Liturgy; and even if my researches had shown me that some of my father's yearly sermons had been copied out from the works of elder divines, this would only have been another proof of his good judgment. One may prefer fresh eggs though laid by a fowl of the meanest understanding, but why fresh sermons."

We should say that both prayers and sermons are progressive. The experience of those who practise the one, and whose life work it is to think out and compose the other, would never allow that either could be fixed either in phraseology or thought. We might just as well ask the question "Why fresh books?" and the most artless would answer because the author has something fresh to say; and the very same remark would hold good as to sermons. We are aware that the narrow ecclesiastical circle in which some move has given them no taste in this direction; but those of us who have been more privileged, and have become habitual hearers, apart from the spiritual object of the sermon, are prepared to affirm that the pulpit is the highest eminence

of instruction and moral teaching, and that even in its lower aspects the oratory of the pulpit, as a general rule, far outshines the oratory of the Senate and the Bar.

We are content, however, to take the gentleman's own answer to the question "Why fresh sermons?" even in their subordinate advantages to the hearers. In chapter nine ("The Half Breed"), it must be admitted that "Mixtus" was mentally the better for hearing "Mr. Apollcs, the eloquent Congregational preacher"; and that he might never have become rich, or even moral, had he given himself up to frivolous pursuits and company in his early days. Many a rich man, in his heart, has to confess that he is indebted for his fortune to the habits of body and mind which were instilled into him by the minister in the little chapel.

With regard to the literature of the pulpit, we are told that "When Beauclerk's books were sold, Wilkes expressed his astonishment at finding so large a collection of sermons in the library of a fashionable scholar. Johnson said, 'Why, sir, you are to remember that sermons make a considerable branch of English literature.'"

It has been the fashion, we know, in modern days, to depreciate the pulpit and exalt the press. As if they did not go hand in hand when true to their purpose. We need only have a Hospital Sunday, or a day of humiliation, the death or birth of a prince, and our daily papers are teeming with sermons which sometimes they so much decry.

In the chapter, number eleven ("The Wasp credited with the Honeycomb"), which treats of Plagiarism, we are reminded that we often wish the preacher would give us the name of the author instead

of the phrase "as one says," and that some of our writers in the daily press and other periodicals would put passages of Scripture in inverted commas.

No chapter has interested, or we might say amused us, more than number twelve ("So Young"). Except that it is impossible for our author to be personal, we might suppose the description to apply to a prominent political character of our own day, though this would be more manifest to those of us who remember the struggles of thirty or forty years ago than it would be to the present generation. "Gany-mede was once a girlishly-handsome precocious youth"; and again, "he himself presiding in the central office, which thus became a new theatre for the constantly repeated situation of an astonished stranger, in the presence of a boldly-scheming administrator, found to be remarkably young." And then as to his personal appearance—"I saw something of him through his Antinous period, the time of rich chestnut locks, parted not by a visible white line, but by a shadowed furrow, from which they fell in massive ripples to right and left." Then with regard to his matrimonial alliance, "as if to keep up his surprising youthfulness in all relations, he had taken a wife considerably older than himself." So "his manners, his costume, his suppositions of the impression he makes on others, have all their former correspondence with the dramatic part of the young genius."

The chapter thirteen ("How we come to give Ourselves False Testimonials and then Believe in Them") is very important, having regard to the prevailing habit of exaggeration and false description. We err much in common life in this respect. Our

great want is accuracy. Here we find some wholesome rebukes with regard to inexactitude:—"I know that there is a common prejudice which regards the habitual confusion of *now* and *then*, of *it was* and *it is*, of *it seemed so* and *I should like it to be so*, as a mark of high imaginative endowment, while the power of precise statement and description is rated lower, as the attitude of an every-day prosaic mind. I find, in listening to Callista's conversation, that she has a very lax conception of common objects, and an equally lax memory of events. That Melibœus once forgot to put on his cravat—or that he always appears without it; that everybody says so—or that one stockbroker's wife said so yesterday." That we have an illustration given to us from Scripture, that "literal fact may be recorded by the subject of the most entranced imagination, even while under the spell, should indeed be a lesson to all who attempt description. Thus, for instance (p. 39), "Isaiah gives us the date of his vision in the temple—'the year that king Uzziah died'—and if afterwards the mighty-winged seraphim were present with him as he trod the street, he doubtless knew them for images of memory, and did not cry 'Look!' to the passers-by."

Chapter fifteen (on "Diseases of Small Authorship") is as entertaining as it is true; and as it is here that some of us are severely dealt with, we feel that the remarks are rather hard upon "small" authors. After all, it is sometimes mainly owing to accident that "small" authors are not "great." The only difference may be the prejudice or pre-possession of a magazine editor. An article once accepted for an important periodical gives encouragement to persevere, and places both

editor and contributor on friendly terms. It may have been thus with George Eliot. Success in the serial gave her courage for an independent publication; for, if we remember right, it was not till after the famous appearance of "Adam Bede" that "Scenes in Clerical Life," originally contributed to a magazine, was reproduced in a book.

Still we can "see ourselves as others see us" in these pages. "Males of more than one nation recur to my memory who produced from their pocket, on the slightest encouragement, a small pink or buff duodecimo pamphlet, wrapped in silver paper, as a present held ready for an intelligent reader. The indoctrination aimed at was, perhaps, to convince you of their own talents by the sample of an 'Ode on Shakespeare's Birthday,' or a translation from Horace." When we read this passage, we felt as if the prophetic words were personally addressed to us—"Thou art the man." Yet having published at our own expense, and knowing that our "works" will have no circulation unless we distribute them gratuitously, we should be sorry to be deprived of the pleasure of giving our little poems and essays to our friends, who appreciate them, perhaps, not for "what they are," but "who wrote them." Great authors are advertised by their booksellers; "small" authors by themselves; that is all!

The last chapter ("The Modern Hep! Hep! Hep!") at first puzzled us from its title. The word "hep" was the war cry with which the Crusaders fell upon the Jews. It will awaken, probably, more interest in the past history and future prospects of that nation. We were rather taken by surprise by some of the remarks in relation to the treat-

ment of that people by ourselves. The casual observer would certainly draw the inference that the Jews were popular in England. Is there any other European country where a Jew, holding to his religious faith, sits upon "the judgment seat"? We trust this chapter may have the effect of arousing attention to the destiny of this people, and leading us again to look into the prophecies concerning their return to their own land.

As our author remarks (p. 354): "Formerly evangelical orthodoxy was prone to dwell on the fulfilment of prophecy in the 'restoration of the Jews.' Such interpretation of the prophets is less in vogue now. The dominant mode is to insist on a Christianity that disowns its origin." We are all too prone to forget the words of St. Paul, even if we read them as often as we ought. "What advantage then hath the Jew?" "Much every way; chiefly, because that unto them were committed the oracles of God."

The study of the Old Testament will always give us an intense interest in their welfare, and we are not surprised at the enthusiasm of our author in their behalf, when we call to mind how Byron also never touched the sacred harp more sweetly than when, in his "Hebrew Melodies," he wrote—

Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's
stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a
dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken
shell,
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the
Godless dwell!

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding
feet?
And when shall Zion's songs again sound
sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly
voice?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary
breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his
cave, [grave.
Mankind their country—Israel, but the

We have given but an imperfect
idea of the contents of this interest-
ing book, and, having written thus
much, must refer our readers to the
volume itself.

THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES OF
THE BAPTISTS: A Book for In-
quirers. By Charles Williams (of
Accrington.) London: Baptist
Tract Society, Castle Street,
Holborn. 1879.

THE appearance of this work will be
hailed with general satisfaction. The
harmony of our principles with the
teachings of Scripture can scarcely
be denied by those who have intelli-
gently apprehended them, and our
practices are of course, the necessary
outgrowth of our principles. We
have a vantage ground in the
conflict, with ritualism on the
one hand and with rationalism on
the other, such as no other section
of the Church possesses. Evan-
gelical Christians of all denomi-
nations will find it increasingly
difficult to stand aloof from the
position, which a regard to the will
of Christ has compelled us to take.
This fact must not be lost sight of,
we must patiently, persistently, and
faithfully expound our principles,
and not allow any spurious charity
to constrain us to silence. Mr.
Williams has fulfilled his task well.
He writes with an ease, directness,
and force, which readers of all
grades will appreciate. His positions
are clearly defined, and powerfully
supported. His conclusions cannot
be rebutted. He has given an
admirable statement of our prin-
ciples, not only in regard to baptism
and the Lord's Supper, but in

regard to the broader questions of
Church government and discipline,
the relation of the Church to the
State, and others of a kindred
nature. As a handbook for inquirers,
his work will claim to stand in the
first rank. It differs somewhat in
method from the similar work of
Mr. Hanson (which we noticed last
month), but is animated by the
same spirit of loyalty to truth and
large-hearted charity. We should
not like to be without either book.
Mr. Williams's appendices, especially
those on "Church Meetings," and
"Chapel Deeds," are of great value,
and contain a large amount of
information which has not hereto-
fore been generally accessible. Of
the many services which Mr.
Williams has rendered to our de-
nomination, the preparation of this
book is not the least. Higher praise
than this cannot be given.

BIBLICAL REVISION, ITS NECESSITY
AND PURPOSE. By the Members
of the American Revision Com-
mittee. London: Sunday School
Union, 56, Old Bailey. Price
Two Shillings.

THE members of the American
Revision Committee have thought it
desirable to make their countrymen
acquainted with the scope and aim
of the work now being carried on in
the review of the English Bible,
hence this volume which consists of
a series of interesting papers on the
subject, by the most eminent
American Biblical scholars. The
reason of the work, and the mode
in which it is carried on, are set
forth in an interesting manner, and
the result is a work of great
practical value in relation to the
textual criticism of the Authorized
Version, and of the highest historic
value in connection with the forth-
coming version.

THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

WOMAN'S WORK IN INDIA.

I.

WHY is it that we hear so much about Zanána work in connection with the Indian Mission only, and not in connection with Missions in other lands?

The word *zanána* is a Persian word, made up of several ingredients; thus, *zan*, "a woman;" *án*, one of the signs of plurality; and *ah*, (silent *h*) one of the adjectival terminations signifying "appertaining to;" literally, therefore, "appertaining to womenfolk." The corresponding term is *mardána*, "appertaining to males" (from *mard*, a "male"). The term denotes, accordingly, those apartments of an oriental dwelling that are appropriated to the womenfolk of the household, and which are designed for their exclusion from intercourse with persons of the other sex. Excepting the husband, no person of the male sex, not even though he be a relative, is, on any occasion whatsoever, allowed within these sacred precincts. To this rule there are, under very rigid restrictions, certain few exceptions, which it is not necessary now to particularise.

This state of things, it is hardly necessary to remark, did not originate in anything peculiar to the Hindú people, and it is not in reality connected with their religion or with any of their national customs. It was the brutal conduct of the Muhammadan conquerors, many centuries ago, which rendered it impossible for the wives and daughters of the vanquished Hindús to continue any longer the practice of appearing in public; from the same cause the womenfolk of the Mooslims themselves were under the necessity of being shut up in like manner. The custom has so long been in vogue in India, and is so general withal, that it has become usual among us foreigners to think of the seclusion of women as an established national custom in

the land. It is, in truth, as old as Muhammadanism itself, having had its origin in an edict of the founder of Islám, issued by him in consequence of his ridiculous jealousy of his own wives. We need not enlarge upon the historical details ; enough has been said to show why it is that we do not hear of Zanána work in connection with any other part of the mission-field than India. The edict is still in force among the followers of Muhammad, and its operation may still be seen among them, in some form or other, in whatever countries they are found (as, for example, in the singular veíl worn by Egyptian women, and in the *hareem* with which readers of books about Eastern countries are in some sense familiar); but I am not aware that the seclusion of women is so much reduced to system and is, withal, so rigidly practised in any other land as in India. There are certain features of social and religious life that are characteristic of the Musalmáns of India, and this of the very rigid application of the custom now referred to is one of them. For the reason already given, the custom of the Hindús in this particular has come to be identical with that of their Muhammadan fellow-subjects in that land. The Zanána system is thus a distinctive peculiarity of Indian native society, and renders mission work in India, so far, unique.

It is quite true that females of certain classes do commonly appear in public, and that the women of even highly respectable families are allowed at times to leave their seclusion for the purpose of visiting (under special protectorship) some sacred shrine, or of performing religious ablution in the Ganges ; as a general rule, however, the women are taught from childhood to cherish seclusion as a mark of social respectability and conjugal fidelity ; they are consequently precluded all opportunity whatsoever of becoming acquainted, in the ordinary way, with those "glad tidings" which God has intended that all should hear. We missionaries have every facility for conveying the message of Divine mercy to the male element of the population—for the men and boys are to be found everywhere and at all sorts of times—but not to the women ; and when we say this, it should be borne in mind that we say what applies to at least one-half of the unnumbered population of that immense continent. "How shall they hear without a preacher?" Even in the case of an English family in England, admission cannot be obtained by a stranger without some sort of an introduction, much less can access be obtained to the *penetrabilia* of an Indian household ; for, so different are the domestic arrangements of the people of India from those of the people of this land, that it is not too much to say that to have the *entrée* of an Indian zanána is regarded there as being much the same thing as having the *entrée* of a lady's dormitory would be in England ; the *entrée* can only be obtained with difficulty, and under exceptional circumstances.

Thus do the conditions under which the women of India pass their lives show clearly that God has work for Christian women to do

there, as well as for Christian men; and it is but reasonable to conclude, that just as He holds us men responsible for achieving the rougher task of making known the way of salvation to the men and boys in the schools and in the streets and market-places of the land, so, likewise, does He hold Christian women responsible for the faithful execution of the same delightful task within the precincts of the Indian home. It is obvious that the work which is contemplated by our Zanána Missionary Societies is a work which cannot be done by men: it must be done, if it be done at all, by women; there is, plainly, no choice or option left us in the matter. In thus taking up work, therefore, which men are precluded from doing, Christian women are discharging a function as necessary as it is valuable, in connection with the enlightenment and salvation of India. In view of all this, it will surely be agreed on all hands, that Zanána teaching is one of the most Christian and exalted enterprises of modern times; and, look at the facts from whatever point we may, they all go to show the importance of female agency being even much more largely employed there in the future than in the past.

This work, moreover, must be done by ladies who are Protestants. And here it will naturally be asked: Are there no ladies of the Romish persuasion in India?—why not by them? It is quite true that there are a great many such persons there; but though I have known much regarding the work of Papists in India, I have never as much as once heard of Zanána teaching being attempted by them. If any of my fellow-missionaries have fared better in this matter than I have, I should be glad to know the facts. If, indeed, this forms a part of the Romanists' scheme of operations, I am sure that Protestant missionaries would feel deeply interested in being made acquainted with as much of the facts as the Papists may feel at liberty to disclose.

But what is it that the lady Romanists do in India, if not work among the women? I do not pretend to know all that they undertake to do, but there is one feature of their work from which we surely might well take a lesson. The readers of this magazine are doubtless aware that the Romanist Missions in India are not what we understand by *preaching* Missions. No translation of the sacred Scriptures has, to the best of my information, ever been made into any Indian language by a Roman Catholic missionary, and preaching (excepting to persons who are already identified with the Romanists as converts, and who assemble in their churches) is, I believe, not practised at all by them; and yet, according to statistics published about three years ago, their nominal adherents from among the native peoples number upwards of a hundred thousand more than the entire number of the nominal adherents of all other Christian bodies labouring in that land. How, then, do they sustain their numbers? The answer to this question is profoundly instructive.

All our friends who keep themselves informed regarding present-

day events are aware that, every few years, India is (in some portion or other) the victim of a terrible famine, and that from epidemics (such as cholera and smallpox) the country is never free. When these inexorable agencies spread over the country, the helpless people readily fall victims to them in numbers that are perfectly bewildering to think of: thus, in the late famine there fell in the one province of Maisur alone, more than fourteen hundred thousand souls. It will readily be inferred that in such times of disaster a large number of children in every stage of childhood would be bereft of both parents. It is from such sources that the Roman Catholic Missions are, in great measure, replenished. Who of us is there that will venture to impugn either the wisdom or the benevolence of such a mode of procedure? Of course, it will not be forgotten that the Missions of the Papists were carried on vigorously in many parts of India several centuries before Protestants began their work there; and it will also be borne in mind that Papists have had recourse to means for securing the adhesion of the people, which no true Protestant could ever see his way to adopting. Such considerations as these must ever enter into our calculation when we think of the immense preponderance of the Catholic over the Protestant converts. Still, the number of adherents of the Romish persuasion in India would not be anything like so large as it is, if it were not for the policy above referred to in regard to orphan children.

Under such circumstances of desolation as those through which the people of India have been passing for the last thirteen years, the Government of India has been only too glad to facilitate the removal of such poor friendless children as we have referred to, to the care of any duly authorised Mission, irrespective of sect or creed. During the Orissa famine of 1866, the Government of India (then under the wise and humane direction of the late Lord Lawrence) announced its readiness to commit any number of these children to the care of a missionary, and offered at the same time to pay a considerable share of the money required for their support. These children were, accordingly, distributed in bodies numbering from fifty up to several hundreds, in response to the kind offers made by missionaries and their wives. I lately read in an Indian newspaper, that in one province alone in the Madras Presidency, the Roman Catholics had just taken charge of no less than sixteen hundred of the orphans left destitute there by the famine of last year.

Shall not we learn something from the procedure of the Papists? For the perfect soundness of their well-known policy of getting the youthful mind under their influence, who of us is there that entertains anything but unqualified admiration? However much we may disagree with their views as to what is the proper duty of believers in Jesus in regard to non-Christian peoples, I am persuaded that we are all agreed that their procedure in regard to these destitute orphans is in keeping with the teaching and spirit of our Redeemer in regard

to the "little ones," and is therefore entitled to our careful consideration. The children are cared for by the Sisters of Mercy who are attached to the orphanages, and are trained for lives of usefulness. Our readers are, of course, aware that as soon as a Hindú partakes of food, prepared or given by a Christian, his caste is "gone"—*i.e.*, he has ceased to be a Hindú, and is regarded by all men as having changed his religion and become a Christian. Such are the young people who are trained in the orphanages I have referred to;—saved from a life of heathenism, they are brought under such instruction and training as the Romish authorities prescribe.

Now, why should not we admit this as part of our Mission policy? Every year we expend large sums of money for the purpose of imparting secular education to the male children of Hindús and Muhammadans. For this purpose, we appropriate, also, large and important buildings, and employ numerous instructors, including English missionaries. And yet, for orphan children, we have not, as far as I am aware, as much as a single home or organization. Is it not rather hard upon the girls and women, that because they happen to be females and not males, they are to be so sadly neglected by us Christians? The contrast which we thus make is, moreover, in exact harmony with the natives' own foible as to the natural inferiority of womenfolk, and does undoubtedly appear to them in this light. That here and there a missionary's wife may have charge of a few girls, is a fact which I do not ignore; but it will readily be perceived that this is not my point. I have in view, not the case of a mere handful of girls here and there, but the female population of a great empire, and the establishment of an active and well-organized agency for promoting the eternal well-being of as many of them as we can bring under our influence. I do not desire to suggest the discontinuance of any department of missionary work which we are already carrying on for the benefit of the female part of the population of India, but rather that we include in our plan of operation among them some systematic effort for the cherishing and instruction of female orphans,—that they may be rescued from those lives of misery and sin to which unprotected girls in such a country as India are almost sure to sink, and that they may be trained for useful, happy, and Christian lives, and for suitable positions. True, all such children may not become "converts," in the sense in which we evangelical believers understand conversion; they may, indeed, never become more than nominal adherents of the Christian faith; but surely it is better to be only a nominal Christian, than a votary of the drivelling and degrading superstitions of India; for it is only by thus bringing them under the influence of a Christian training that these poor orphans will ever have the opportunity of accepting the salvation of Christ. Shall we not give them the chance?

And why, indeed, should we not set about this enterprise with the assured belief that all these poor little ones will become Christians in

something more than in name? Why, indeed! excepting that the feebleness and imperfectness of our faith keeps us from exercising an implicit trust in the all-embracing love and pity and power of our Redeemer-God? Said the daughter of Pharaoh, as she entrusted the little foundling to the care of his mother: "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." And shall the Master whom we serve, who was pre-eminently the Friend of little children, take less delight in this labour of love than did the heathen daughter of a heathen king?

I have written of girls only; but why not include in our plan orphans of both sexes? This, however, is a question of detail, and may receive proper attention when we are agreed on the main question. What I am chiefly concerned for is that our souls should be possessed of the thought which I have been advocating—viz., that the importance, the practicability, and the desirability of this mode of operation, are points against which no cogent reason can be urged, and that to begin with children in the tenderest years of life is to begin at the right end.

J. D. BATE.

FIDELITY TO OUR IDEALS.

THE formation of an ideal is a very serious matter, though in the majority of cases it is the result of accident, rather than of intelligent purpose. To a certain extent, a man's ideal must be that of his nation, his age, his social circle; he cannot be indifferent to the qualities which from childhood he has been taught to admire, or to the deeds which win the applause of all with whom he is concerned. Who escapes the childish ideal, inspired by some noted athlete, whose performances seem to reach the limit of human possibilities? Even in childhood, side by side with this mastering ideal, there are the germs of others springing from the words of parents or friends. Then comes the critical moment at which, the childish conception of life thrown aside, another must take its place. When life is opening before us, we must give it a certain completeness, it must be brightened by hope, dignified by purpose. To determine in what this completeness shall consist, what the hope, the purpose shall be, is an all-important matter. Few things are sadder than to see how this is generally done; for few deliberately set themselves to form a worthy conception of life or of character. In attempting to form an ideal of life, men not unfrequently produce a monstrosity; one admired trait is added to another, without regard to harmony; one prize after another is noted as desirable, without reflection on the utterly divergent courses of action by which alone they may be secured.

To a great extent, the poet or the novelist shapes the ideals of most men and women; for at the most critical period of life their creations possess the imagination, whilst their conceptions are ever present to the mind, stimulating and directing effort. In their appreciation of this fact, our ancestors were wiser than we; they realised that the passionate outburst of the bard inspired and sustained the martial enthusiasm, the romantic chivalry in which they delighted. What shall we say of an age in which the poet's mission is to amuse, of an age whose ideal was created by Byron, and assumed the form of Don Juan? But possibly we have not advanced so greatly in this direction as we are apt to fancy. The hero and the heroine of our popular literature do not always present, or even suggest, the noblest manhood, or the purest womanhood. It is a humiliating reflection that the most popular writers present,—as heroes, *blasé* soldiers, rich only in the knowledge which is baser than the profoundest ignorance, able only in petty arts which are a disgrace to their manhood,—as heroines, women dignified only by an unmeaning, unreasoning passion, to which all duties, all ties are sacrificed. So it must be whilst it is forgotten that for good or for evil, whether we will or not, the poet and the novelist are the most powerful teachers of the day. Powerful they must be, until fancy ceases to sway human beings, during those years in which character is formed, and the destinies of life are determined. The satirist, lashing vice, rendering folly contemptible, is a teacher; but there is a period in most, if not in all lives, during which his power is as nothing to that of the poet. Consciously or unconsciously, men and women will emulate those whose deeds make their hearts beat faster, whose charms excite their envy, and whose sorrows win their tears. And the gospel of not a few of our art teachers is,—be beautiful, be well dressed, and develop a grand passion. Instead of presenting their readers with a noble conception of life, instead of furnishing worthy ideals, they pander skilfully to petty vanities and miserable egotisms.

The very genius of Christianity lies in the ideal it presents, and the aim of a Christian life is the triumph of that ideal over all rivals. The mere possession of a high ideal is something; it implies that a man has reached the point from which all ignoble living involves misery—misery quite independent of any punishment the wrongdoing may beget. When there is that in a man's mind which converts every ignoble pleasure into suffering, which makes hours of base repose, hours of bitter self-reproach, he has progressed not a little towards the development of a noble character. It is the mission of the Christian teacher so to impregnate men's minds with a lofty conception of life and deep sense of moral beauty that no unworthy ideal can attract them. But Christ's ideal of life is not universally accepted, is not even universally respected; a phenomenon due, perhaps, to the fact that it is comparatively seldom presented to

men. Teachers insist, or at least their hearers are convinced that they insist, on the little cost and inconsiderable effort by which a man may save his soul. The most careless observer sees that to save the soul, if to save it means to bring it into harmony with God's law, is not an easy thing. And so there grows a popular conviction that religion is very much more a matter of heaven and hell, of man's relation to God, than of his duty to his fellow-man. Of course, in a certain sense it is so, if heaven and hell are rightly understood, and it is realised that a man's worship of God renders all inferior relationships sacred, and that his love to God inspires effort on behalf of his fellow-men. Yet there must be something radically defective in the popular religious teaching of the day, when Carlyle sees in it only, "a new phasis of Egoism, stretched out into the infinite; not always the heavenlier for its infinitude;" and when his verdict is very generally applauded.

But if a man, ignoring all systems of theology, all statements of dogma, turns to the Gospels, he will find in them the one satisfactory ideal of life. Sweeping aside all perversions, it is enough for us to know that the ideal is still before us, and that if a man will impregnate his very soul with the spirit of Christ's teaching, there will arise within him a divine dissatisfaction, which will rob all lower conceptions of life of their power to satisfy, and stimulate to perpetual exertion. The more elevated the ideal the more difficult is fidelity to it; indeed, there is a sense in which fidelity is impossible. Occasional retrogression, due to languor, passion, or the force of outward circumstances, is inevitable; but this is consistent with a practically unflagging fidelity. The artist may be conscious that at certain seasons his attention has wandered, his enthusiasm abated, that his imagination has been temporarily fascinated by the glamour of an art he despises; but his feeling is very unlike that of the man who has been deliberately false to his conception of his work, who is pandering to unformed or depraved taste from mercenary motives. The one may be happy, the other hardly so; reflection is painful to him, for it inevitably brings self-condemnation as the result of a comparison of what he is with what he proposed to be. There is a certain admixture of regret in all retrospection, for no man makes of life all he purposed; but the regret is stimulating rather than depressing to the man who is conscious of constant effort. Sanguine expectations may fade; a man may feel that he has not done, that he will never do, what he proposed, but to some extent he is what he hoped to be. The world is not influenced easily as he supposed, difficulties are more formidable than fancy pictured them, but in struggling with them he has developed his own nature. The child building its castle on the sea-shore finds it swept away at every inflowing of the tide, but its arms are stronger, its body is richer in healthy life for the pleasant effort. It is somewhat thus with all men; many, perhaps most, of their attempts are failures, but the results of their labour are to themselves even richer than they hoped.

The work which a man must perform, his physical necessities, the pleasures he may legitimately enjoy, his social instincts, are perpetually asserting an undue pre-eminence. He must cherish certain purposes as to the position he will occupy in the world; and the attainment of those purposes, demanding daily effort, is apt to throw the nobler purposes inspired by the ideal he cherishes into a secondary position. Man is essentially a creature of few needs, but these needs he may multiply almost without limit. There is no luxury which a man may not render in a certain sense a necessity,—that is, which he may not make essential to his comfort. It is not difficult to understand how the craving for these artificial necessities depresses a man's aspirations, and makes of his life a very petty thing. Unfortunately, many men go a step beyond this; they are determined not only to secure every luxury which a depraved appetite craves, but they will strive, with all the intensity of their nature, for that which serves to make them fashionably, or at least respectably, miserable. The man who cherishes a lofty ideal of life must constantly steel himself against the subtle inducements to Mammon worship. In whatever sphere he desires to excel, this temptation lies before him; every library, every picture gallery, every church, tells the story of genius, taste, or purity, sacrificed to gold. Of all men in the world of letters, art, or politics, he is the most miserable who cherishes a high purpose and who falls a victim to the lust of gold. In the spiritual world he is most wretched of all, who, with a true conception of the purpose and dignity of life, falls a victim to the same allurements. The mere craving for wealth is so vulgar, that the man who has once cherished noble thoughts can only yield to it through the embarrassments caused by his self-created needs; therefore it behoves the man who would preserve his integrity, to cultivate the utmost simplicity of taste.

If the man who cherishes a high ideal would see it pass from the world of poetry to that of deed, if he would make life noble, he must most jealously watch all other ambitions. That he should have physical, mental, and social ideals with the spiritual, is necessary; but they must be subordinate. The man who sacrifices his faith to his ambition to-day, his ambition to his faith to-morrow, and yet again, conscience and interest to love of culture, is, of necessity, a man who never succeeds. He who does not sedulously cultivate his mental power robs his spiritual and moral influence of its due weight. Goodness is always powerful, but the goodness of the ignoramus and the philosopher are utterly unlike in their effect. Your faith may support your own life, but it will not attract others as it should do, if you are ignorant; what you believe is of little moment to the inquirer, if he has no respect for the mental integrity which should be the basis of your conviction. But here we meet with one of the difficulties of fidelity to an ideal—the desire for mental pre-eminence is apt to become an end to the attainment of which generous promptings, perhaps the calls of obvious duty, are sacrificed.

In moments of spiritual or moral exaltation a man's ideal of life fascinates him, and all else sinks into its true insignificance. Such moments may inspire a man, but they are apt to render him too presumptuous. It is well to remember that fidelity to any grand purpose is difficult, that it involves constant watchfulness, wrestlings with self, and resistance of subtle, external influences. If a man would be true to his ideal, let him surround himself with those whose purpose in life is at one with his own. When the nobler side of a man's nature becomes voiceless it loses all vitality; and how can it express itself amongst those who greet its utterance only with contemptuous smiles or icy indifference? The question is not whether those about you are stronger or weaker than yourself, for at its best man's nature is two-sided; and if all its baser aspirations meet with genial sympathy, if the unworthy thought expressing itself in words finds its counterpart, the weakness must become greater. The struggle with evil is so protracted, so desperate a one, that the man who does not choose the conditions most favourable to success is lost. Wherever a man has gained a perfect victory over self, he rises superior to external influences; but in how few matters does a man gain such a triumph? Certain temptations there are which one may scorn, which, however artfully placed before him, excite only indignation; but of many matters this can never be true. And fidelity to a worthy ideal means far more than the resistance of the grossest, or indeed of any temptations to deliberate wrong-doing. The intensity may be drawn from a man's efforts to do right, without his stooping to actual vice. Society is well qualified to sap a man's spiritual life; it would have him "dwell in decencies for ever." It asks no baseness, only the absence of all wearisome enthusiasm.

It may be that fidelity to an ideal is more difficult in the present than it has been in many ages. The dilettante life of to-day, with its moderate regard for religious observances, is more subtle than the open immorality of some past ages. No man could convince himself that he was living a true life whilst he shared the vices of such a period as that of Charles II. For us, on the other hand, it is an easy thing to fritter away life without encountering any revolting vice. Every coterie has its shibboleth, its schemes, or at least its theories, for the regeneration of society; and it is easier for a man to stifle his nobler nature, to live inactive in the midst of those whose language charms him, than when surrounded by those whose conceptions of life are contemptible. When many men who profess the profoundest sympathy for humanity are content to sit still, or to engage only in a little recreative philanthropy, the inconsistency of such a course is forgotten in its frequency. And when this happens, language has no definite relation to thought, action no ascertained relation with language. The fashionable jargon of the day is of somewhat elevated tone. Who, listening to the talk of intellectual culture which may be heard in every drawing-room, would be prepared for the librarian's

revelation of the names of our most popular authors? Who, listening to the philanthropic talk which abounds on every hand, would be prepared for the revelation of selfishness and indifference which a walk through the neglected quarter of a large town affords? Of course, there is much active benevolence,—it may be, more than in by-gone ages,—but the advance in action has not been co-extensive with the advance in profession. And this state of things has its own peculiar perils; exaggerated assertions of noble aspirations and generous sympathies are not so degrading as the utterance of licentious or cynical epigrams, but they are more insidiously dangerous. We read that Caligula, having prepared to conquer a kingdom, returned to Rome with a modest store of shells, gathered on the sea-shore, and gave thanks to the gods for his triumph,—a species of lunacy not very uncommon in the moral world, where men are very apt to fancy that the ideal they have formed is thereby attained. A high ideal of life produces suffering, but it produces little else unless all besides is subordinated to its realisation.

MILNER MACMASTER.

SCENES FROM CHURCH HISTORY.

VII.

BONIFACE AND HIS HERETICAL OPPONENTS.

THE success which attended the labours of Boniface proved a serious addition to his responsibilities; and made it necessary that the number of his co-workers should be greatly increased. He accordingly addressed urgent appeals to the bishops and abbots in England, entreating them to remember him in their prayers, and to give him practical assistance in his work. He needed large accessions to his ranks,—men who would regard the heathen Saxons as their brethren, and labour to convert them to the faith of Christ. These appeals were not in vain. Boniface was from time to time encouraged by the arrival of English Christians, who were willing to forego the comforts of home and to brave all possible hardships for the sake of Christ. He was joined by some who gained for themselves great distinction as preachers, such as his kinsman Wunibald, Willibald, Witta, and Wigbert; as well as by female devotees who came to superintend nunneries, among whom were Walpurga, Chunigild, Chunigrat, Thecla, and Lioba. Sturm of Bavaria—the founder (under the direction of Boniface) of the renowned abbey of Fulda—also devoted to this missionary enterprise his great talents and eminent piety.

From England, Boniface further sought various articles of ecclesiastical furniture—priestly robes, ornaments for the churches, and bells. For books he made frequent demands. Thus he requested his old friend the abbess Eadburga to secure for him a copy of the Epistles of St. Peter, written in gilt letters, that he might, by his use of it in preaching, inspire in the minds of the unenlightened Pagans, who were captivated by their senses, a reverence for the Holy Scriptures. He asked another friend to send him a copy of the Prophets, written plainly, without abbreviations or contractions, the letters distinctly separated, as his eyesight was very weak. Commentaries on St. Paul, several writings of the Fathers and of the Venerable Bede, are likewise among the books with which he wished to be supplied. His brethren in England regarded the work as their own, and aided him by all the means in their power. To borrow Fuller's image in relation to a later missionary enterprise—they held the rope while he went down.

In 738 Boniface once more repaired to Rome, that he might renew and strengthen his connection with the Papal See. Gregory II. was by this time dead, and had been succeeded in his office by Gregory III. The apostle of Germany was anxious to secure his patronage, and to obtain from him increased authority. He was received with a distinction corresponding to his honourable labours, and invested with new powers. He remained in Rome a whole year, making arrangements for the consolidation and extension of the German Church, and in visiting the tombs of the saints, whose prayers and intercessions he ardently desired; for on this point his ideas were thoroughly in accord with the superstitions of Rome. The Pope empowered him to act as his legate, to visit the Churches in Bavaria, where the Papal authority had not been firmly established, and where the spirit of freedom might, if not suppressed, prove a troublesome foe. On his return from Rome, he speedily carried out his commission, and founded in Bavaria the four bishoprics of Salzburg, Freisingen, Ratisbon, and Passau.

His plans were still further facilitated by the death of Charles Martel in the year 741. Martel had indeed proved a valuable patron to Boniface, had received him loyally as the Papal legate, and had in various ways assisted his mission. But he had in his nature a strong dash of independence, and would never allow to Boniface absolute and arbitrary power. He tolerated in the clergy practices which were decidedly unclerical; encouraged them to take part in war and in sports; and worse than all, the great mayor did not hesitate to lay hands on the property of churches and monasteries when he needed money for his numerous wars. His sons, Carloman and Pepin, who succeeded him, were cast in a different mould. Carloman was so decidedly ecclesiastical that he preferred the seclusion of a monastery to the intrigues and honours of a court, and carried out his preference by taking the monastic vows. Pepin also saw that the mission of Boniface would promote the civilization and

prosperity of the people, and that it would indirectly be a powerful political influence in his own favour. His interests were in a large measure identical with those of the Papacy, and he therefore sought a closer alliance with the Roman See.

Boniface was not the man to let so favourable an opportunity pass by. He lost no time in apprising Carloman and Pepin of his wishes, and at once gained their sanction to two objects which he regarded as indispensable—the foundation of several new bishoprics, and the convocation, at regular intervals, of ecclesiastical synods. In 742 he founded bishoprics at Wursburg, Erfurt, and Burburg, and in 743 he assembled a provincial synod, the first of five over which he presided. The aim of these synods was to deliberate on the moral and religious condition of the people, to devise suitable methods of Christian instruction, to make and enforce laws for the better government of the church. Boniface, in convoking these assemblies, proved himself a wise and far-seeing statesman, well able to discern the signs of the times. The idea did not, of course, originate with him: he simply revived an old and obsolete institution. But he could not, as the lieutenant of the Pope, have devised a more effective measure. The consolidation of the church was rendered easier. Its scattered forces were gathered, and its strength focussed.

The synods did a good work. Reforms, by no means unnecessary, were introduced into the Frankish Church, and the laxity of morals and manners which had been permitted by Charles Martel was sternly censured. The clergy were required to submit to a stricter discipline. They must not, on pain of deposition from their office, take part in warlike expeditions or in the chase, but devote themselves entirely and in a becoming manner to the duties of their profession. The lingering relics of paganism were to be swept away. Superstitions which had been retained even by members of the church—sooth-saying, the wearing of charms and amulets, and sacrifices at funerals—were to be opposed as unlawful and mischievous. The selling of Christian captives was strictly forbidden, and various laws were enacted which were unquestionably good. As such laws were invested with the sanction of a large representative assembly, they would the more readily gain the respect of the people; and the reformation at which they aimed would be more easily, if not more thoroughly, accomplished.

The good, however, was not unmixed. Some laws were passed which were neither just nor wise. In his zealous determination to maintain the orthodox faith and the unity of the Catholic Church, Boniface virtually ignored the authority of the Scriptures from which that faith was derived and on which the church was founded. Of the liberty of private judgment, of the rights of the individual conscience, of the guidance of the Spirit of Truth apart from the *ex cathedra* utterances of the Pope, or the decrees of councils, he seems to have had not the remotest conception. Agreement on every

point with Rome was deemed essential. Her creed was to be received with blind and implicit submission; her ritual observed with mechanical exactness. To dissent from her dogmas, whether rightly or wrongly, was heresy. To disapprove of her methods was schism. Boniface was intolerant of all opposition. With all his nobleness and magnanimity, he had a keen delight in heresy hunting, and could detect it in its earliest stages. Schism was with him the one unpardonable sin, and, with his judgment thus warped, he passed laws which were in their essence harsh and despotic, and in their action grossly unjust.

Among the schismatics and heresiarchs who incurred his wrath were Adelbert and Clement. Adelbert was a Frank of mean descent, and apparently of slender education. He was not, however, destitute of intellectual vigour and resolute will. Our knowledge of him, it must be remembered, comes to us mainly from adverse sources—from the testimony of his accuser and enemy. Yet even this testimony, carefully sifted, will lead to a far more favourable estimate of the man than Boniface entertained. Adelbert was censured as an irregular priest. He had received ordination from ignorant bishops, and had been appointed to no fixed diocese, probably because he wished, as Boniface himself wished, to labour as a missionary. He was of pure and upright life, and practised rigorous austerities. The multitude honoured him as a saint and a worker of miracles, but whether he professed to work miracles is by no means evident. He may not have been free from fanatical tendencies, and his followers probably went to excesses of which he himself would not approve. But his worst offence was his opposition to the dominance of the Romish Church. He anticipated the position of the German Reformers of the sixteenth century. The charge of Boniface, that he put himself on a level with the apostles, is entirely unproved. The ground of the charge, apparently, is that Adelbert thought that churches should not be dedicated to apostles and martyrs, whilst yet he allowed oratories to be dedicated to himself. But Boniface may here have substituted his own inferences for facts. If Adelbert contended that churches ought not to be dedicated to the name of any man, whether apostle, saint, or martyr, and yet sanctioned the dedication of one or more to himself, he was flagrantly inconsistent, and such an inconsistency would have been simply suicidal. Neander suggests a view of the matter which is much more probable. Adelbert censured the superstitious practice which had become so general, of visiting "the threshold of the Apostles" for help, instead of seeking it directly from Christ. Pilgrimages of every form were pernicious in their effects on the spirituality, and still more on the morals, of the people; and even Boniface had deplored the corruption to which they frequently—almost inevitably—led. Adelbert, convinced that these evils were inseparable from pilgrimages, erected crosses in the fields, and built also small oratories where the people might assemble.

without risk of moral deterioration. Not improbably, the people would loosely call them after Adelbert, and might in their ignorance imagine that his merits would help them. But further than this we cannot go; and if there was a display of fanaticism, a reliance on the merits of one whom the people regarded as a saint, who was responsible for it? Had not Rome herself engendered such superstitions, and fostered the spirit which promoted their growth?

Another charge laid against Adelbert is that he claimed to know the secrets of men's hearts, and needed not that they should confess to him. But here again, the probability is that he was simply a Reformer before the Reformation. He may have used unwise and unwarrantable expressions; one extreme may have driven him to another; but we shall best understand his conduct by describing it as a protest against the practice of priestly confession and absolution. Adelbert was an anti-sacerdotalist; believing that men need confess their sins to no other than God, and that they could obtain full and efficacious forgiveness by faith in Christ alone. To the Papal legate this position would appear schismatical and dangerous; to us it is the reverse. What Boniface branded with disgrace, we regard as an honour.

Neander quotes the fragment of a prayer by Adelbert, in which there is certainly no fanatical self-exaltation. "Lord, Almighty God, Father of the Son of God, our Lord Jesus Christ! Thou, the Alpha and Omega, Thou who sittest above the seventh heaven, above Cherubim and Seraphim, Thou supreme Love, Thou fountain of joy, I invoke Thee and invite Thee to me, the poorest of Thy creatures, since Thou hast vouchsafed to say, Whatsoever ye ask of the Father in My name, that will I do. I beg of Thee, therefore, to bestow upon me Thyself." It is true that, in a later passage of the same prayer, there is an invocation of angels, and of angels whose names are unknown. But imagine the representative of the Papacy objecting to this! And so, also, as to Adelbert's exhibiting relics, to which he ascribed a supernatural origin, as well as a supernatural power. From whom had he learned this miserable delusion, which, moreover, according to the testimony of Boniface himself, he held *in his youthful days (in primæva ætate)*, and which in his later years he might altogether have outgrown? He was not one of the stolid and indifferent men, who remain at a standstill. His principles, even as we understand them from the charges of his accuser, were essentially progressive, and it is therefore quite probable that at one time of his life he held opinions which his maturer judgment rejected. At any rate there was nothing, either in Adelbert's creed or practice, which a healthy spiritual organization would not have tolerated. His ejection was an act of tyranny.

Boniface had no difficulty in persuading the synod to depose Adelbert from his office and declare his orders invalid. He prohibited him from preaching, and, in order to give the prohibition effect, sentenced him to imprisonment for life. He was confined in a cell

in the convent of Fulda, and, although he succeeded in effecting his escape, he was fallen upon by a gang of robbers and killed.

Clement was an Irish missionary of extensive knowledge and superior culture. His culpability in the eyes of Boniface is no less honourable than that of Adelbert's, and many among ourselves would gladly share it with him. He was a zealous and successful preacher, but was guilty of the grave crime of thinking for himself. The Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments he received with all loyalty. To them he looked for instruction and guidance on all matters of Christian faith and conduct. They were his exclusive authority. The writings of the fathers, the decrees of councils, the utterances of popes and bishops carried with them no binding force. Such individualism as this could not be tolerated, and it is, of course, easy to see that the position would involve many momentous departures from the lines of the dominant church. Boniface excommunicated Clement on the ground of adultery. But what was the proof of that serious indictment? Simply that Clement was married, and the marriage of a priest, especially of a bishop, was illegal and monstrous! The celibacy of the clergy was a sacred doctrine, and Boniface deposed Clement for a reason which would place under the ban of excommunication the bishops and priests of the Anglican Church, the ministers of the Lutheran, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, and, in fact, all the Reformed Churches.

Boniface further alleges against Clement, that he taught false doctrines in relation to Christ's descent to hell: viz., that in descending He delivered the souls not only of believers but of unbelievers and idolaters.

"This," says Neander, "we must understand as follows—He declared himself opposed to the common doctrine of the *descensus Christi ad inferos*, according to which Christ is supposed to have delivered only the pious dead of the Jewish nation. That is, he found in this doctrine, because he held only to the Scriptures, an intimation, that all those who during their life on earth had no opportunity of hearing the message of the Gospel, were after their death taught by Christ Himself to know Him as the Saviour, and brought into fellowship with Him. A reflecting missionary among the heathen might easily be led to entertain doubts of the doctrine that all Pagans were unconditionally lost; while to the purely human feelings of those to whom the Christian doctrine was thus presented, much offence might be given, and many doubts awakened in their minds. But whoever was led by his own careful examination of the Divine Word to reject that doctrine would easily be tempted to go further, and to cast himself loose from the views hitherto held concerning the doctrine of predestination; and, accordingly, we find that Boniface actually accuses Clement of teaching things contrary to the Catholic faith relative to the divine predestination. Whether Clement, however, went so far as to maintain the doctrine of universal restoration is a point which cannot certainly be determined."

The Pope did not at first sanction the action of his zealous lieutenant, further than by confirming the sentence of deposition which he had pronounced upon Adelbert and Clement. It is deplorable to think that the apostle of Germany was apparently more

eager for their overthrow than the Vatican itself. Ultimately, however, after a second examination, the Pope decided that Clement must retract his opinions, or be eternally damned. And as he was too sincere and courageous a man to retract things which he believed

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Among his vast and incessant labours, the Bishop was unable to carry out one wish which he deeply cherished. He remembered with grateful affection the land of his birth, and the many friends whom he had left behind. He maintained a constant correspondence with them, and received numerous proofs of their generous appreciation.

He had a strong desire to visit the familiar scenes of his childhood, but having on him the care of all the churches in the land of his adoption, he found it impossible to fulfil his desire. His interest in the temporal and spiritual prosperity of England never abated. He was pleased when his countrymen were praised, grieved when they laid themselves open to blame.

Thus he heard that Ethelbald, King of Mercia, lived a shameless and immoral life, and encouraged by his example the worst forms of immorality among his people. He therefore sent to him in his own name, and in the name of a synod, a letter of earnest remonstrance, telling him to his shame, that among the Pagan Saxons in Germany the law of chastity was scrupulously observed, and that any violation of it was punished with terrible severity; nor did he scruple to remind the monarch that though he might escape punishment from man, he would assuredly incur the judgment of God. With equal fidelity did he urge the ecclesiastical authorities to reform the abuses which had notoriously crept into the British Church.

Another cherished dream Boniface was unable to realise. After the death of Raginfred, Bishop of Cologne, in 744, he conceived the idea of converting that see into a metropolis, with himself as archbishop. The chief reason which prompted his action in this matter was derived from the fact that Cologne was suitable for more extensive missionary operations, especially in the direction of Friesland, where, since the death of Willibrord, there had been serious retrogressions.

The scheme was feasible, but a number of the Frankish nobles and clergy were opposed to it, and it had consequently to be abandoned. While the negotiations in regard to it were going on, Gerold, the Bishop of Mentz, was slain by the Saxons; and Carloman appointed as his successor his son Gewillieb—a man passionately devoted to the sports of the forest, and altogether unfit for the office of a spiritual overseer. In the year following Gerold's death, the Frankish kings led another expedition against the Saxons. Gewillieb joined it, requested the chief who had slain his father to meet him in friendly conference, and treacherously stabbed him. This violation of the ecclesiastical canons could not be allowed to pass, and Gewillieb was, the next year, deposed from his bishopric. The vacancy which thus occurred favoured the opposition of the Frankish nobles and clergy. Mentz became the seat of the archbishopric, and Cologne was kept free from the honour and the heavy responsibilities associated with it.

When Boniface communicated this decision to the Pope, he requested that some other person than himself might be appointed archbishop. Bodily infirmities were beginning to tell upon him, and he preferred that a younger man should be entrusted with the administration of the office, and that he should be left free for missionary journeys. This request the Pope could not sanction, but suggested the appointment of an episcopal assistant. Boniface consecrated to

this work his countryman Lullus, who had been trained under his own care and had laboured with him for about twenty years. He further wrote to Fuldrax, the Frankish Lord Chamberlain, entreating him to secure for Lullus the royal sanction, that he might in due time be established as his successor. In the same letter he made a touching appeal on behalf of his disciples and priests, who were often in deep poverty and could not continue their hardships unless they received aid from some other quarter than the heathen borders along which they toiled.

The royal authority was granted to the appointment of Lullus. Boniface then purposed to spend his last days in the monastery of Fulda, which had been erected under his own care.

"There is," he wrote to the Pope, "a wild spot in the depths of a vast solitude, in the midst of the people over whom my apostleship extends, where I have raised a monastery for brethren under the rule of St. Benedict, men bound to severe abstinence, forbidden the use of wine or meat or of domestic service, who shall be content with the labour of their own hands. I have acquired this possession from divers pious persons and especially from Carloman, prince of the Franks, and I have dedicated it in the name of the Saviour. There it is that with the good will of your Holiness I have determined to give repose for a few days to my body, broken as it is by old age, and to choose a place of sepulture: for the spot is in the neighbourhood of the four nations to which by the grace of God I have proclaimed the word of Christ. To these I would be useful so long as I live; for I wish to persevere in the service of the Roman Church, among the German people, to whom I was sent, and to obey your commands."

The permission thus sought was granted, but Boniface could not enjoy the repose he had anticipated. The old fire was still unquenched, and tidings reached him from Friesland, which made it burn as brightly as in the days of his youth. At the age of seventy-five, he determined to visit the scenes of his early labours, and seek to win over the still unsubdued Pagans. Having made all requisite arrangements for the continuance of the work he was leaving, "For myself," he said, "I must start betimes, for the day of my departure is at hand. For this final departure I have long wished: get everything ready for me, and particularly take heed to place in the chest which holds my books the shroud in which my body shall presently be wrapped." With a small retinue of priests, monks, and servants, he embarked on a boat, sailed down the Rhine, and landed at Zuyder Zee. Here he was joined by his old pupil Eoban, Bishop of Utrecht, and together they commenced their evangelistic labours in East Frisia. Their successes were numerous and decisive, and their prospects were in every way gratifying. But danger came at an unexpected moment. On the banks of the River Burda, near Dockum, Boniface had established himself, with his retinue, to administer the rite of baptism. On the eve of Whit-Sunday, his spiritual children were to assemble around him. Early in the morning of the day he heard the noise of an approaching multitude, and, full of joy, came forth from his tent to meet it. But

he soon found that he had little reason for joy. Instead of the peaceful converts, whose advent he had gone to welcome, he saw before him a host of savage heathens, brandishing their arms and clamouring for his destruction. Enraged at the success of Boniface and his comrades, the cruel idolaters had determined to devote this day, when so many were to be received into the church as first-fruits for Christ, to an act of diabolical vengeance. The heroic missionary calmly awaited his martyrdom. His attendants urged resistance, and sought to defend their venerated leader. But he forbade them, saying, "Cease, my children, from strife. The Holy Scripture commands us to return good for evil. This is the day I have long desired, and the hour of our deliverance is at hand. Strengthen yourselves in the Lord, put your hope in Him, and He will speedily grant unto you an eternal reward in His heavenly kingdom." One report, which long lingered in the neighbourhood, says that when the barbarians rushed on him Boniface made a pillow for his head of a volume of the Gospels, and on it received the fatal blow.

Thus passed away this strong heroic soul, who, with all his limitations, his superstitions, and his excessive devotion to the Papacy, well earned his title of Apostle of Germany, and father of German civilization. His fervent piety, his strong common-sense, his rare administrative skill, his unwearied energy, his dauntless courage, enabled him to accomplish among the heathen Saxons a work to which few of his contemporaries were equal. The Franks as well as the Germans felt the spell of his power. Their Christianity, received from other and earlier missionaries, he revived and strengthened. More than any other he rescued the Western nations of Europe from the dominion of heathenism and barbarity, and prepared the way for the subsequent triumphs of religion and civilization.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SAVIOUR FOR CHILDREN."

"And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that He did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying Hosanna to the son of David; they were sore displeased, And said unto Him, Hearest Thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?"—MATT. xxi. 15, 16.

THERE is something here for young people to think about. Jesus speaks of children, and of little ones too: "babes and sucklings."

You have read of the city of Jerusalem, and you know that the most beautiful building in it was the temple. Matthew is telling us in these verses of children in the temple. People used to go there to

worship. And did these children of whom we read worship God in His temple? Yes. What a great thing for them to do while they were so young! Were all the grown people pleased to see and hear them? No. Some who, perhaps, thought a deal too much of themselves, "were sore displeased." There was One, however, who was not at all angry. He had an ear for children's music. He gave them a loving welcome. It was asked: "Who is this?" "And the multitude said, This is Jesus." And He is the same now. Others may not care for the children's service, but He does. Although He is a great King, enthroned above every other, and obeyed by all holy angels, He notices the little ones, and listens to their song.

We do not care to say much about the chief priests and scribes who wanted to silence the children. You have read of what they saw: "the wonderful things which Jesus did"; and of what they heard: "the children crying in the temple, and saying Hosanna to the son of David"; and of what they felt: "they were sore displeased"; and of what they asked Jesus: "Hearest thou what these say?" And you know, too, His answer, which showed how ignorant or forgetful they were: "Have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?"

Let us now forget, if we can, these ill-natured people, and think of Jesus as He appeared in the midst of the children. But wait a minute while we speak of some poor folk who came to Him. You may fancy an old man, with hoary head and long white beard, entering the temple, groping his way, and leaning heavily upon his staff. Did anybody know him? Perhaps one of the children would have said, "It is my poor grandfather, and he is quite blind." Again, you may suppose an old woman, and a little girl leading her by the hand; or, you may think that it was the old woman who was leading the little girl. Had anybody asked her about the child she might have said, "This is my little granddaughter; she was born blind; her poor mother is dead; can anything be done for her?" And then, there was another, and another, and another. O, such a many poor blind people. Others, too, were lame. Nobody could tell how they got there. But they came to Jesus, "And He healed them." Was it not wonderful? If you had been one of the children who saw it all you would have shouted "Hosanna!" as loud as any of them.

Well, the Saviour is here; and you may speak His praise. It is not too late. He is as ready to hear you when you pray or sing as He was to listen to the children of Jerusalem. Do not forget this while I talk to you about them, and their singing, and what was thought of it.

I. THE SINGERS.

I wonder how much you know of these already. Let me hear. A little boy says, "I know."

They were young. Yes. They were not men and women, but children. Some of them may have looked younger than they were;

for the Saviour likened them to "babes and sucklings;" that is, little ones, three or four years old. Some, perhaps, were older. It is supposed that they were boys, employed in the musical services of the temple. We may think of them, however, as no bigger than some of you. Do you delight in singing? Then God wishes you to unite in His worship. The Bible teaches old men and young men to join in the song; but it adds, "And children: let them praise the name of the Lord." The young people of whom we read here did so. And as singers:

They were beautiful. I am fancying their faces, bright and fresh as a May-morning; and their voices, clear and sweet as God could make them. How charming the sight, and the sound! A boy may play upon his flute or his fiddle and make good music; but I had rather hear him and his companions sing.

Now God's choir is a very large one. In it there are Angels. They sing in heaven their holy song. In it, too, there are little birds. Look at their beauty and listen to the sweet music which they make in the air. But, we take more pleasure in the children; especially when they sing of Him who is the life and light and joy of all that trust in His love. O, think of these in the temple, of their loving hearts, and sunny smiles, and of their hymn of praise. No wonder the Saviour was pleased to listen. And then, perhaps,

They were many. I will tell you why I think so. Whenever there is something to be seen in the streets, the children crowd to look at it. Thus it had been in Jerusalem. Jesus, the meek and lowly King, had entered the gates attended by a multitude who shouted 'Hosanna!' "All the city was moved." Some of the people went on to the roofs of their houses; some looked through the lattices or stood at the doors; while others thronged the streets and were asking what it all meant. There is no need to describe the children, running to see the sight.

Now it is said that none of the people who had joined the procession, and who had dusty feet, would venture with Jesus into the temple; but I am thinking that some of the children did. They had not come so far. There was not much, if any, dust on their sandals. There was, too, as little guile in their hearts. They had found One who loved them, and they followed Him. These, with those who were already in the temple, would make a numerous choir. And when they saw what Jesus did, they began to sing. You may think of them as—young,—beautiful,—and many. Then:

II. THEIR SINGING.

Perhaps some of them sang louder than others. I daresay they were not all in tune. They sang very much as they felt. Hence the singing would be simple and hearty. Let me ask two or three questions about it:

1.—What made them sing? They had no encouragement from the chief priests and scribes. Anybody might have seen that they were sore displeased. They said as plainly as they could, "You sing if

you dare." What, then, touched the children's hearts, and opened their lips in song? There was Christ's presence. That was the first thing. Jesus was there. He helped them to sing. There is nothing like the Saviour's presence to make people happy. It is, to the aged and the young, what sunlight is to the birds. It dawns, and there is at once the spirit of praise.

Another thing, was Christ's power. Jesus did such "wonderful things." The chief priests and scribes never opened the eyes of the blind, nor could they heal the lame. But Jesus was able. And when the children saw what He did, they sang for joy. The Saviour's power will gladden the heart; and, when it touches the lip the singing is fervent and joyful, and the praise is perfected. Again, there was Christ's mercy. He was so good to poor suffering people. Instead of passing them by as some did, without so much as looking at them, He pitied them; He helped them. And when the children saw how great was His merciful kindness to the blind and the lame, their hearts glowed within them, and they expressed their delight in song.

2. Where did they sing? "In the temple." But in what part of it? for some of its courts were closed to these children and their parents too. Every child knows that there was a part which none but priests could enter; and one into which none but the High Priest could go once a year. Where then did the people worship? Some in "the court of the Israelites," but it was only open to men and youths who were Jews. Some in "the court of the women." All Hebrews, whether men or women, rich or poor, young or old, could assemble here for prayer. But others were shut out. There was, however, "the court of the Gentiles." Anybody might go in there. It was open to all people. Jesus approved of that. "He taught saying: Is it not written: My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer"? Perhaps it was in this part of the temple that the children sang. For should there not be praise as well as prayer in the courts of the Most High?

Young people who can sing at home are, sometimes, silent at church. This ought not to be. Children should join in "the service of song in the house of the Lord." O try to make your singing there sweeter and better than anywhere else.

3. What did they sing? "Hosanna." They knew what it meant. I wonder whether they thought of it: "Save now." Thus prayer and praise were united as they very often are. Where did the children learn this song? Perhaps in the city. For as Jesus passed along the multitudes that went before, and that followed, sang: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest." Such a song is not often picked up in the streets. Where did the people find it? In their own hymn-book, "The book of Psalms." And there you may find the grand "Hosanna" or "Save now" of the children's song. But

4. To whom did they sing? Jesus. They called Him "the son of David." He had been called that before. One day, as He was leaving Jericho, a great multitude followed Him. "And, behold, two blind men sitting by the way side, when they heard that Jesus passed by, cried out, saying, 'Have mercy on us, O Lord, thou son of David.' Some of the people scolded them, and told them to make less noise. 'But they cried the more, saying, Have mercy on us, O Lord, thou son of David.' So Jesus had compassion on them, and touched their eyes, and immediately their eyes received sight, and they followed him." (Matthew xx. 29—34). And now, when "the blind and the lame came to Him in the temple, and He healed them," the children sang, "Hosanna to the son of David." What shall we say or sing? "Hosanna." And let us sing it to the praise and glory of Jesus, "the son of David," and "the son of God." Let us pray to Him, too; for He will "save now" if we ask Him.

Well, you are interested in the singing; consider

III. WHAT WAS THOUGHT OF IT?

Some people sing to please themselves or to win the praise of others, instead of worshipping God. I hope you have too much good sense for that. The children in the temple had. But their singing, as you know, did not please some people. They turned to Jesus as though they wished Him to silence it, and said: "Hearest Thou what these say?" Of course He did. He was not deaf. Perhaps they meant, "Understandest Thou what these sing"? He did, perfectly; but they did not. To them it was but "a noise." To Him it was "sweetest praise." Jesus reminded those who had no ear for such music of what is said in the Holy Scriptures about the songs of little children; and He asked them if they had never read it? It was like saying: "Do you forget what God has said? or, do you dislike what He appoints and approves? If you despise the children's song you treat as weak and contemptible that which God Almighty calls strength. Are you not even now beginning to feel the power of simple words on infant lips to silence angry men?" Thus they soon found out what Jesus thought of the singing.

Perhaps somebody is saying: "We like to hear the children sing sometimes." The chief priests and scribes would have said so much. "But," says a good man, "look at that child standing there upon the seat; he disturbs me; he is trying to sing, but he is not in tune; and then, he is not singing the right psalm; why, see, if he isn't holding the book upside down! Do you call that worship?" O, sir, what can I say? Suppose we turn to the Saviour and ask Him. He speaks of it as well-nigh "perfected praise." But stay, I am forgetting that there is no time to talk to anybody but children to-day, and some of them are asking questions which must be answered before I finish. What are they? One says, "Did Jesus ever sing?" Yes. Another asks, "What did He sing?" Listen, and I will try to repeat His song: "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and

Earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Think of Jesus singing that.

You have sometimes wondered what would be thought of your singing. Some, perhaps, do not care to hear it. Never mind. Jesus does. When He Himself sang it was about the little ones and of His Father's goodness to them. Besides, He listened to the children in the temple, and you know how He helped them to sing. May His presence, and power, and mercy tune our song.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARIES OF REV. WILLIAM WARD, OF SERAMPORE.

VIII.

WED., OCT. 22ND, 1806.—We have finished Bro. Carey's ponderous Grammar, and the first volume of the "Ramayūnā," which is dedicated to Sir Geo. Barlow, by his consent.

SAT., NOV. 1ST.—This afternoon Captain W. came up. Having heard that Government had confirmed their resolution that Chater and Robinson should go back, he called on Mr. Martin at the police, who had not heard anything new he said; implying that their former resolution stood in full force. We consulted, and at length resolved that our brethren should go back, rather than any obstruction should be thrown in the way of the Captain's sailing. We think of proposing that we will send them out of the Company's territories completely, to Rangoon, in order to begin the Rangoon Mission, if that will satisfy Government and set the Captain free.

TUES., NOV. 4TH.—This evening the Captain sent us word that he had been refused his clearance at the Police, that he thought Government was decided, and that there was no alternative—Chater and Robinson must go. This filled us all with melancholy. In half an hour a note arrived from Mr. Brown, express from Calcutta, informing us that the Captain had obtained his clearance, in his presence, and that we should hear from Government, which he supposed would be their last movement. On receiving this we got round the table in the hall and sang, standing, Dr. Watts's 46th Psalm, second part. Oh! it was one of the most interesting spectacles the Mission family ever exhibited. I was not very well; the rest of them were singing at the table till I know not how late. It was a triumph, but rather in God than over Government.

WED., NOV. 5TH.—This morning an officer from the police of Calcutta brought up the following letter:—

“*To Messrs. James Chater and Wm. Robinson, Missionaries at Serampore.*

“GENTLEMEN,—Your situation, and all the information respecting the circumstances under which, as missionaries, you came to this country in the *Benjamin Franklin*, have been submitted by me to the Government, and the magistracy of Calcutta have this day received directions to inform you that the Hon. the Governor-General in Council does not see any reason to alter the orders passed by Government on the 4th ultimo requiring your return to England, of which orders you were made acquainted with by me in person at the police-office, and which I have now to repeat in this present letter, namely :

“‘That, as you have not obtained the licences required by law for residing in India, you cannot be permitted to remain in this country ; and, therefore, it is necessary that you should take early measures for returning to Europe.’

“The magistracy having further received directions ‘to cause the foregoing orders to be duly observed,’ I have to request that you will inform me when you propose to embark, and on what ship, that I may report the same for the information of the Hon. the Governor-General in Council.

“I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

“CHAS. F. MARTIN, Magistrate.

“Calcutta Police-office, the 4th Nov., 1806.”

About eleven Breth. Marshman, Moore, Rowe, Wm., Ben. Marshman, John M., John Fountain, and I, went to congratulate and dine with and take leave of the Captain. We found him in good spirits.

THURS., NOV. 6TH.—Bro. M. and I came up early by buggy. In the evening was at Mr. Brown’s. He advises us not to take the least notice of the police letter. He says the Government don’t expect to execute their order, but that they were too proud to rescind it. He says the letter to Chater and Robinson was written and read in his presence at the time they refused the Captain’s clearance. After refusing the Captain, Mr. Brown and he were requested to come to the police-office. Mr. Martin read all the official papers to them ; the Captain mentioned the case of Mrs. Chater, who would lie-in before he could get to port, and he had no surgeon ; he also told Martin that though a refusal to grant his clearance might involve a national dispute, and the forcible taking away of Chater, &c., might do the same with respect to Denmark, yet he did not wish to involve nations, nor did the missionaries at Serampore, who rather wished for the protection of the English Government. Mr. Brown offered to be security for Chater, &c., doing everything that would be pleasant to Government. Martin at length said it was very hard upon the Captain that he should be detained—“What fault had he done ?” and very hard upon Chater, &c.—“Where must they get money to carry them back, &c., &c. ?” All this, however, was a mere farce, Mr. B. thinks, contrived from the beginning, and that Government had given

private instructions to Martin to let it drop through. Why refuse the clearance after they had written a letter to Chater, &c., asking what ship they intended to go by? If the order of Government had been peremptory, how could a police magistrate change it? Why call the Captain back and send for Mr. Brown?

FRI., NOV. 7TH.—This forenoon the Captain went on board, and took his departure from Calcutta. "He that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger." This evening we held a meeting respecting our present obstructions. Bro. Carey made a short address, and one or two engaged in prayer that God would give His Word free course, that it may be glorified. We then revived the question that had been before agitated respecting Rangoon, and Breth. Mardon and Chater declared, in a manner which melted all our hearts, that they were willing to undertake this work. Bro. Mardon spoke much of his insufficiency, and Bro. Chater of his being willing to be offered up at Rangoon for the sake of Him who offered Himself up for us all. It was resolved that these brethren, without their wives, should go to reconnoitre and get information, and then one or both return, when further steps should be taken. Burmah is entirely in the hands of heathens, but they have a treaty with the Company, so that Englishmen may travel in the country. At Rangoon a trade in teak timber is kept up; Europeans reside there; bread, milk, butter, cheese, tea, &c., are scarcely procurable there. How far it may be safe to preach and baptize publicly is doubtful. They may sit down to the language and translate, however, and in the meantime Providence may open doors for preaching. The Catholics have churches there. I was rather anxious that Bro. Chater should have stayed at Serampore and not have gone to Rangoon, but that another brother should have gone with Bro. Mardon. Bro. Marshman is anxious for him to go, whatever may be the ultimate destiny of Bro. Chater. I think the good talents, and especially the most amiable temper of Bro. Chater, point him out as a very suitable person to fill up an important place at some future time at Serampore. I see none like him in all our junior brethren as it respects being peculiarly cut out for Serampore. Robinson will, I think, learn the language sooner than Chater, but Robinson would never keep things together. The whole Mission depends upon Serampore; as it flourishes the Mission will flourish, and when Serampore shall cease to be the spring, the example, &c., then all will quickly come to nothing. I have great hopes of Felix Carey, both as it respects translations and as it respects ballast, as he gets more experience.

LORD'S DAY, NOV. 23RD.—The missionaries in the south are alarmed on account of the steps of the Governor-General here. Dr. Kerr, the first chaplain at Madras, has written a long letter to Lord William Bentinck on the importance of evangelizing the heathen. Mr. Desgranges has just got a copy of it from Madras. We have received in the whole from America 3,340 dollars, viz. 7,000 rupees. A good lift. Be sure you thank Capt. Wickes.

LORD'S DAY, NOV. 30TH.—Breth. Carey and Marshman at home. Bro. Rowe

at Calcutta. Our congregation at Calcutta is considerably increased, so that the room is too strait for us, yet the subscriptions do not come in so as to enable us to finish it without borrowing. We have preaching at Grieff's in Bengalee, and the other place is getting ready at the Armenian's house. Bro. Carey preaches on Wednesday in Bengalee, and on Thursday in English, at Mr. Lindeman's; on Tuesday evening he also holds a conference to discuss a passage, when six to ten persons attend. Amongst the four brethren who came out before the last, Biss is the only one who has an English preaching talent, and he, poor fellow, is laid up. Chater and Robinson have much better preaching talents, especially the former.

LORD'S DAY, DEC. 7TH.—On Friday evening we had a very comfortable prayer meeting in Mr. Brown's pagoda, on account of the departure of Mr. Corrie and Mr. Parsons to their stations.

Mr. Brown, W. Ward, Mr. Corrie, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Carey engaged. Mr. Martyn has arrived at Dinapore, where I hope he will be very useful among all ranks. He distributed tracts all his way up. He is not ashamed of being in a crowd, and longs to be useful to the heathen. You must not insert anything respecting these men which I have written, on any account whatever.

Mr. Brown has called upon Dr. Hare respecting Bro. Biss's complaint. After seeing Dr. H. he sent Bro. Biss a letter, in which he says: "There is not only the highest probability of your complete recovery by your proceeding to sea as proposed, but Dr. Hare affirms it to be *certain* as far as his experience reaches. It is almost equally certain you will not survive another hot season in Bengal." If we were not now to send him he would actually die with fear.

SATURDAY, DEC. 13TH.—On Thursday Mr. Corrie and Mr. Parsons set off to their stations. Mr. Brown accompanied them a day or two, and also Mr. Thompson. God's designs of love to this country are opening every day.

MONDAY, DEC. 15TH.—We are seeking for a passage for Bro. Biss by an American vessel. Mr. Smith has been very friendly. He has presented each sister with a small keg of wine, and is taking with him proposals from us respecting the translations, to try to raise more money in America.

TUESDAY, DEC. 16TH.—Bro. Moore has arrived from Calcutta, and says the Captain of the *Brahmin* wants 5,000 rupees to take Bro. Biss. This is a dreadful sum, and it is a pity that a brahmin should carry back a missionary.

There is a remarkable similarity in the different Indian languages. Without having bestowed any attention on the Orissa, I go through a proof of the Testament in this language every week, comparing it with the English. I go through another Bengalee one, have begun to go through another in Hindostanee, to which language I have not sat much. I intend, in future, to go through the Sanscrit in the same way. Don't print this; neither do you imagine that I want to make you think I am clever in these things. Having got a tolerable knowledge of the

Bengalee, the similarity is so great that I can compare almost every word of these other languages without much previous knowledge. The Sanscrit, I suppose, will be more difficult. But these proofs take up much time.

FRIDAY, DEC. 19.—This day Bro. Carey brought up a letter which he had received from Dr. Taylor, who arrived safely at Bombay on the 23rd November. He writes very affectionately and feelingly. He is a man of the right stamp, and is truly clever. He is afraid to avow his errand lest he should be sent home.

SATURDAY, DEC. 20TH.—We have discovered that though Jessore has been the most fruitful part of Bengal, yet several who have come from those parts have not turned out well.

TUESDAY, DEC. 23RD.—This evening it was resolved at a Committee meeting at Mr. Lindeman's respecting the new chapel that the Mission should lend 5,000 rupees, and that 5,000 more should be borrowed of Mr. Maylin, and that the chapel should be got up with all speed. Mr. Rolt, Mr. Lindeman, and Mr. Derozio agreed to become securities for this 5,000 of Mr. Maylin's. Yesterday our friends, Petruse, Peters, Grieff, came on a visit from Calcutta. They had a Chinese with them, and also a young man, born at Rangoon, who could give Chater and Mardon a Burmah verb to conjugate. Bro. Mardon spluttered Chinese with this man as he sat to drink tea with us.

WED., DEC. 24TH.—In the night I, and Bro. and Sister Moore, and Sister Rolt left Calcutta in a pinnace, to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Smith to their ship, bound to New York. Mr. Smith raised a small subscription among the American Captains in Calcutta for our new chapel. He has also taken some printed applications for subscriptions towards the translations, which he will distribute in America among his friends. Miss Rumohr is building a house in our ground; her present house has been sold by her landlord, and she could get none by the river-side.

LORD'S DAY, DEC. 28TH.—We left our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, on Friday evening. I wrote a letter to one of the passengers who is apparently in a dangerous state of health, and left it with Mr. Smith to give to him after I was gone. He was reading a novel while apparently on the brink of eternity. We had worship with the boatmen on the top of the pinnace. In the midst of the worship, Mr. Derozio's third son, an officer on board a country ship, passed us on board the ship. I wrote a note and sent it to him, exhorting him to a remembrance of what he had heard and seen and learned at Serampore. We arrived at Calcutta in the night. I understand Bro. Desgranges preached a farewell sermon at Serampore, and Bro. Marshman preached at Calcutta. It was Bro. Rowe's turn, but Bro. Marshman came down to try to prevail upon Sister Biss to give up her white clothes and the children's, and to receive an equivalent for them, instead of taking them to England, where people will wonder to see a missionary's wife so fine. Bro. Marshman is a good hand in getting through a

disagreeable job, though I fancy Sister Biss is none so fond of his arguments against her thin clothes. While we have been absent, Mr. W. Grant and Mr. Ellerton have arrived. I found Mr. Ellerton in Bro. Carey's Calcutta bed. This evening they had a prayer-meeting at Serampore on Bro. Desgranges' account.

WED., DEC. 31ST.—This evening a prayer-meeting was held at Calcutta on Bro. Biss's account. Breth. Marshman, Moore, Rowe, Chater, Robinson, with Sisters Moore, Rowe, and Robinson, were present.

HOME MISSION WORK IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE AND HEREFORDSHIRE.

THE following paper was read by Mr. Thomas Nicholson, of the Forest of Dean, at the annual meeting of the Gloucestershire and Herefordshire Association of Baptist Churches, held in Salem Chapel, Cheltenham:—

“In compliance with the request of my brethren, I offer a few remarks on the work that has been done, and is now doing, and is yet required, in the area covered by the Gloucestershire and Herefordshire Association of Baptist Churches.

“I do not forget—I respectfully and thankfully recognise—the valuable, successful labours of other denominations, but the brevity and adaptation required in this paper compel me to speak only of our own.

“It is somewhat difficult to define this area. Our association takes in a portion of the Stroud district, which intersects the Bristol Association, and can scarcely be regarded as forming part of our own area, properly so called. It also takes in the two churches in Cheltenham, ‘Salem’ and ‘Cambray.’ I must leave the districts of Stroud and Cheltenham for future consideration. I propose to confine myself chiefly in this paper to the area that could be included in a ‘ring fence,’ comprising the city of Gloucester in its parliamentary boundary, that portion of West Gloucestershire lying on the Western side of the river Severn, and the whole of Herefordshire, which, I think, may be regarded as the legitimate field of operation for our Gloucestershire and Herefordshire Association. The population of this area is about 275,000—150,000 in the county of Gloucester, and 125,000 in the county of Hereford.

“First of all, let me show what has been done by our denomination in this district. Be it observed that I speak for myself alone, on my own individual responsibility, from my own personal experience and

observation during a period of seventy years. My brethren will allow me liberty of speech. In some things they may not agree with me, and they will not, in a degree, be compromised by my statements and opinions. At the close of the discussion that will follow I shall be entitled to reply.

"It will, I think, appear that all circumstances being taken into account, the proportionate increase of our denomination in the specified area is unparalleled in the history of our churches throughout the United Kingdom. I mention this, not in any spirit of boasting, but in grateful acknowledgment of the lovingkindness of the Lord, who has given testimony to the word of His grace, and has made the little one to become a thousand, and the small one a strong people. 'This is the Lord's doing. It is marvellous in our eyes.' I can myself remember the time when within the specified area, within the distance of 25 miles from Coleford, my native place, there were only two small Baptist chapels, with less than seventy members and less than fifty Sunday scholars between the two. Neither of the chapels was larger than the vestry of this Salem chapel. Now, in the same area, or within the same distance, there are thirty Baptist churches (not all of them connected with our association), with thirty-five chapels, nearly all of them paid for and free from debt, having an aggregate of 2,500 members and of 4,000 Sunday scholars. This is not all that has been done, for we are continually losing the best of our young people, who migrate to the metropolis and other large cities and populous neighbourhoods. The population of the district has doubled. The Baptist denomination has increased three thousand per cent. !

"I venture to say there has been no such proportionate increase in any other district of the United Kingdom. All this has been accomplished by the old-fashioned Gospel, proving itself to be the power of God unto salvation. In old-fashioned modes of operation. Holding fast the form of sound words. Abiding by the old land marks. Not by any eccentric, erratic movements; not by the promulgation of any doubtful theories, 'broad' or 'narrow;' not by any questionable expedients for creating a sensation, but by a patient continuance in well doing, in the old paths wherein our fathers walked. The churches of the district and their pastors have been essentially home missionary, and have been characterised by soundness of doctrine, sobriety of procedure, brotherly love, and cordial co-operation in advancing our Redeemer's cause. The Baptist Home Missionary Society has helped on the good work, and in several localities effectual aid has been received in evangelistic and educational work from the trustees of "Goff's Charity." The faithful, zealous, disinterested productive labours of our 'local preachers' must not be ignored or undervalued. There are eighty recognized, registered local preachers in our association. And these are not all. There are many others not reported. Each of these has, more or less, done the work

of an Evangelist, and they have not laboured in vain. In London, at the annual meetings of the Baptist Union, I was amused at the way in which some of the zealous young brethren spoke of their present evangelistic movement,—as though nothing had been done until they came into the field, whereas many of their elder brethren had been engaged in unostentatious, effective, evangelistic work long before they were born, and with results such as I have now submitted for your consideration. It seems to be a common, and somewhat ungracious error, with zealous brethren, to imagine that little or nothing has been done until they undertook the work; when, in reality, other men have laboured, and they have entered into their labours.

“In this review of the Home Missionary evangelistic work of our association, it would be unpardonable to overlook the earnest, faithful, gratuitous work of our noble band of Sunday School teachers. Of these we have upwards of 520 in our association, who are diligently engaged, from week to week, in the religious instruction of the young. Their Sunday scholars are the hope of our future. During the seventy years to which I have referred, thousands of our Sunday scholars have become the disciples of Christ. We cannot retain them in our rural districts. Many of them have gone forth, as already stated, to other localities. Some to distant lands, where the bread we have cast upon the waters has been seen after many days. They have carried with them the principles of divine truth communicated to them by these 520 faithful teachers and their predecessors. One instance occurs to me in which the office of superintendent has been filled for sixty years, by three brethren, who have successively borne the burden and heat of the day, who have seen their Sunday school increase from forty to four hundred, while, during that period, a great number of the scholars have become members of Christian Churches of various denominations. Many such cases there are equally encouraging to the faithful teachers in our Sunday schools. I have, myself, had most gratifying communications from old Sunday scholars who are now in America, Australia, and New Zealand. So much for the past. What is our present position? Much has been done, but much more remains to be accomplished.

“There are now, in this part of Gloucestershire, ten Baptist ministers to a population of 150,000, or one Baptist minister to every 15,000 of the population. In the county of Hereford there are fourteen Baptist ministers to a population of 125,000, or one Baptist minister to every 9,000 of the population. Take the whole county of Gloucester, including a portion of the city of Bristol, there is one regular Baptist minister to every 10,000 of the population, and this is just about the average proportion of the United Kingdom. In Wales, however, there is one Baptist minister to every 2,000 of the population. In Scotland one to 40,000. In Ireland one to 240,000. In the Forest of Dean we have one Baptist minister to 5,000 of the

population. In the whole area of our association we are far below the average of England and Wales. We are one to 15,000. In the whole county we are about equal to the general average. We are wont to hear so much of the spiritual destitution of Herefordshire. The brethren will be surprised to learn that, as far as concerns the Baptist denomination, that 'benighted county' has a larger supply of Baptist ministers than the counties of England generally, larger than the county of Gloucester, far larger than the whole area of our association. Gloucestershire has one to 10,000; our area of Gloucester one to 15,000; Herefordshire has one to 9,000. Clearly what is wanted for Herefordshire, in comparison with other counties, is not so much an increase of ministers and of gospel preachers, as the adoption of some mode of operation that shall induce the population to avail themselves of 'the means of grace' already provided for them. They have more in proportion than Gloucestershire; more in proportion than the general average of the United Kingdom. To some extent this remark will apply to other districts. In the Forest of Dean we have tolerably adequate church and chapel accommodation, but there are, every Lord's-day, out of a population of 25,000, more than ten thousand persons needlessly absent from public worship, and, I fear, an equal proportion of non-attendants will be found in the neighbourhood of nearly all our rural Nonconformist chapels. The accommodation is provided, the doors are open, the ministers are there, but the people cannot be prevailed on to attend.

"There can, however, be no doubt that both in Gloucestershire and Herefordshire the chapels and preachers are very unequally distributed, and that many large districts are utterly destitute of evangelical religious instruction. Within our own area there are upwards of three hundred parishes and hamlets, having an aggregate population of 150,000, without any Baptist chapel. I think, for the present, these must be supplied chiefly by colporteurs, Scripture readers, local preachers, evangelists, and Sunday-school teachers, whose efforts should be directed, in the first place, to strengthening the existing weak churches, and, after that, to the planting of additional Baptist churches in towns and villages where at present we have no labourers, and where there is no Baptist chapel within a convenient distance.

"Preaching in the open-air, during the summer months, I strongly recommend. I have seen great mischief result from the premature building of chapels. I believe the preaching of the Gospel in the open-air, and in farm-houses, and barns, and school-rooms, and cottages, is oftentimes more advisable than the multiplication of chapels, which we occasionally find are not attractive to the population. I have known many cases in which people would go to the farm-house who would not go to the chapel. Sometimes £400 or £500 may be expended in building a chapel, which becomes the property of a small coterie of Christian people, good folks in their way, but who are repulsive rather than attractive, and who have no desire to be swamped

and deprived of the management of the chapel by any large increase of the members of the church. If the chapel is not their property it is subject entirely to their control, and the building of the chapel has proved a hindrance to the progress of the Gospel in the locality. In some cases it were far better the £400 or £500 should be expended in home missions, evangelistic work, preparing lively stones for a spiritual building; or, if a church must be built, it would be expedient to place the management in the hands of intelligent, experienced members of neighbouring churches.

"The question has often been raised, whether we are justified in attempting to establish a 'Baptist cause' in localities already occupied by other denominations. In this matter we cannot lay down any hard and fast line. Wisdom is profitable to direct. Let not your good be evil spoken of. Certainly the districts that are entirely destitute have the strongest claim. If there be an open door, we should enter in and labour there, in preference to any field which is already partly cultivated by some other denomination. I am, however, by no means convinced that a denominational monopoly is advantageous to the interests of religion in any locality. My experience is quite in the contrary direction. I could select a hundred places, each having a population of from 1,000 to 2,000, where there is only one Non-conformist chapel. One denomination has everything its own way. There is no competition in the Nonconformity of that locality. The result being, in many such places, that there is no progress. There is no sectarian strife, but they have the peace and stillness of death. I could find another hundred places, with an equal population, each having three or four chapels of various denominations. The result being occasional strife and unlovely rivalry, much to be deplored, but, upon the whole, a great advantage. Twice, aye four times as many church members, four times as many hearers and Sunday scholars, and four times as much contributed for the support of the Gospel at home and abroad. I do not believe in monopoly. I do not desire absorption or amalgamation. What we want is genuine Christian love between the several denominations. Cordial co-operation without jealousy, working alongside of each other 'in the unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace.' Then the tribes shall remain distinct, each working separately, but 'Judah shall not vex Ephraim and Ephraim shall not envy Judah.' There should be holy emulation and wholesome, honest, straightforward competition, provoking one another to love and to good works.

"I have little sympathy with the so-called 'unsectarian' labours of Christians who are 'unattached.' At our missionary meeting, in Exeter Hall, Dr. Punshon appropriately designated them 'general lovers,' and he warned his hearers, and especially the ladies, against all such 'general lovers' who disavow any special binding attachment. I have learned, by experience, that the very best and most useful of Christians are to be found amongst those who have strong

denominational proclivities, openly avowed, combined with a Catholic spirit towards all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. I have generally found these good people who disavow denominationalism to be intensely sectarian in their own way. In the maintenance and propagation of their own peculiarities and crotchets, insidiously disseminating their own doubtful disputations concerning 'an open, unpaid ministry,' the 'gathering' of the Lord's people, vague and visionary expectations of the immediate advent of our Lord, satisfaction in freedom from 'conscious sin,' the perilous doctrine of imputed sanctification, the subtle element of a transcendental anti-nomianism, and the like. Long experience and observation have convinced me that the non-denominationalists, the so-called un-sectarian brethren, are the most exclusive and bitterly sectarian of all Christian people. The venerable Dr. Ryland was wont to say, 'Of all the bigots I ever knew, the anti-bigots are the worst.' I earnestly advocate our keeping clear of them, and our working on our own lines and within our own borders, maintaining our own distinctive principles in subordination to the grand fundamental truths of the Gospel, which are most surely believed by us in common with all the faithful in Christ Jesus, and which are (as we believe) especially held forth in our teaching concerning the character of our Lord's kingdom and concerning the ordinances which he has enjoined us to observe.

"I venture to suggest that in all the area of our association, the city of Gloucester, with all its parliamentary boundary, especially claims our consideration. There our beloved brother, Mr. Bloomfield, labours amongst a population much larger than surrounds any other minister in the association. I well remember when there was no Baptist chapel in Gloucester. In that city, when we look at the present chapel and congregation, we say, 'What hath God wrought?' 'The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad.' I hope the time may soon come when, under the auspices of the church in Brunswick Road, under the guidance and with the co-operation of the pastors and deacons of the parent church, a second Baptist church may be formed in Gloucester.

"In conclusion, I recommend the employment of local preachers, colporteurs, Scripture readers, and evangelists, to co-operate with the pastors and deacons of our associated churches; and that all these agents should be accredited members of our churches, not lawless and erratic, but subject, in Christian love, to the discipline and direction of their pastors and their brethren in church fellowship. I earnestly invoke the aid of influential ministers of our denomination. They may do much to help our rural congregations. In their early history the feeble churches of this association were greatly encouraged and strengthened by the occasional visits of many of the ablest ministers of our denomination. Before there was any Baptist chapel in the specified area of our association, Samuel Pearce, 'the seraphic Pearce,' and his fellow-students, came from Bristol College to do the

work of evangelists in the district. In the little chapels of a former generation, in the day of small things, I have heard Dr. Ryland, Dr. Steadman, Dr. Cox, Dr. Godwin (who commenced his ministry as an evangelist at Aylburton, near Lydney), Thomas Flint, Samuel Kilpin, Isaiah Burt, William Winterbotham, Henry Page, G. C. Smith, Thomas Roberts, Thomas Waters, Joseph Hughes, Robert Hall, and other eminent ministers. Such visits were a great blessing to the churches in their infancy and feebleness. I refer to them as an example worthy of imitation, for the benefit of our beloved and honoured brethren, Dr. Landels and his compeers. If they will visit our rural districts in like manner we will welcome them as angels of God; and they will confer an inestimable blessing upon our village congregations.

“Our village preachers must be stimulated and encouraged to careful preparation for their work. The extension and improvement of education by means of our board schools will require superior qualifications in the regular, and even in the occasional ministry. This will be felt especially in our rural districts, where we shall have intelligent, educated young people growing up in our congregations whom we shall lose if our religious instructors are not fully abreast, and in advance of the general attainments of the young folks in the families with which they are associated. This is a serious matter. Ministerial qualifications that were adequate to the circumstances of our village congregations fifty years ago will not satisfy the requirements of our rural districts now, and much less hereafter, when superior elementary education will have been given to the children of our congregations. Mere scholarship, however profound, will not be sufficient, and scholarship is not always indispensable. We must have consecrated common-sense, which, next to the power of the Holy Spirit, is the great want of the Christian church. There must be true godliness, without sanctimoniousness or conventionalism—a general knowledge of men and things, and a manliness of character which will command the respect and confidence of our young men and maidens.

“I have repeatedly advocated, and I once more earnestly advocate the revival of a good old practice which prevailed in my youthful days, when the educated, intelligent, wealthy, influential members of our churches went forth to our villages and preaching stations to read sermons and conduct the services, and occasionally to expound the Scriptures, and to preach when moved thereunto by the Divine Spirit, while the poorer members took part in the devotional exercises, and the rich and poor were thus associated in our evangelistic work. This practice had a beneficial effect in bringing together the different classes of society, making them acquainted with each other, and strengthening the bonds of Christian sympathy. This is more than ever desirable in the present times. These influential brethren would not supersede the labours of our local preachers, but would co-operate

with them as fellow-labourers, and would encourage their hearts and strengthen their hands in the work of the Lord. As I have already said, much has been accomplished within the area of our association, and not only by Baptists but by Evangelical Churchmen, Independents, Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, Bible Christians, and others, our fellow-labourers, and a great and good work is now in progress. We have abundant reason to thank God and take courage. But much more remains to be done. May our Lord and Master show us plainly what He would have us do, and make each one of us a good and faithful servant, willing to be and to do whatever would be well pleasing in His sight."

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

POLITICAL PARTIES.

OUR weary legislators have rested for a time from their arduous labours, and, according to their sentiments, look with satisfaction or regret upon the work of another session. There probably was never a condition of public affairs the estimate of which depended more upon the private political views of the estimator. An unversed outsider may find much difficulty in deciding whether the country has benefited or lost by the past session, and when he hears the accounts given by opposing statesmen he is in more bewilderment than when he endeavoured to employ his own judgment. He will be told on one side, for instance, that by our energetic action against Afghanistan we have succeeded in gaining an influence in that country which will for ever secure our North-Western Indian frontier. He will hear, on the other hand, that we have sacrificed much money and life for the sake of creating more enmity near us than there was before. It is not easy for the ordinary citizen to form opinions of his own upon such matters, and some people think that the ordinary citizen should not form his own opinions at all upon subjects of foreign policy; yet this is almost the only policy of the present Government which presents an object for consideration. It can hardly be contended that our ministers have devised numerous or important schemes for the development of our industries or commerce. They can scarcely be charged with a feverish eagerness to promote the spread of general education in the kingdom. They can hardly be credited with an anxiety to equalize the standing of all religious bodies in the land. Their mission has been different; to merit the praise of making England more respected abroad and more patriotic at home. If they have not achieved this, they have achieved nothing. Political parties appear to join issue on this question; it is not at all an easy or simple thing to fix a decisive point upon which issue may be joined. A popular and powerful Government will be able to evade the contest

for a long time without much loss of prestige. Attention can be diverted by the movement of an army, the occupation of an island, the declaration of a war; and all the opposing party can do is to treasure up the memory of these expedients and recur to such precedent when they find it useful. And for a government whose strong point is its foreign policy these devices are extremely easy and convenient, and they can generally insure that attack, if made at all, must be made against this, the strong point of the defence.

And such an attack affords the worst and weakest party cry wherewith to appeal to the people. It is extremely inconvenient to have matters of foreign policy submitted to the public and presented for a vote to the body of electors. Athens allowed her citizens to debate and settle foreign affairs, and her policy in this direction was often cruelly hampered, except when she had a premier of great personal prowess and influence. We cannot look for a succession of statesmen like Perikles, and so we must adhere to a foreign system which can be worked by politicians of moderate or mediocre ability. To dispense with skilled labour we must employ machinery; and, if the processes are to have the advantage of secrecy, the public must not be too familiar with the works. And to raise a cry for economy, however much the country needs it, would be to open the above inconvenient question. The balance of parties has to be arranged by personal consideration of what has been done, and what is likely to follow, and this process we have said is no easy one for the average elector. This being so, we are bound to admit that we think the expectations of those who anticipate a defeat of the present Government are likely to be disappointed. The present officials commanded a large majority and have not lost very many adherents; and what is more significant, the great mass of the people do not seem to have undergone any such great change of opinion as would warrant the expectation of a ministerial reverse. Of course we do not forget the recent quietness of the Jingo sect, but the governmental adherents must not be judged by the vagaries of their snobocracy, and its stillness is an accession of strength to the party which it adorns. We do not think the ministerial power likely to be overthrown so hastily as some think, and with admiration we wonder at the men who can so command the country, and, without admiration, wonder at a country which can be so governed.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

The holidays are well-nigh over, and the boys are about to resume their studies. Paterfamilias has read their terminal report with more or less gratification, has come to a conclusion from it as to the progress his sons are making, and has perhaps given a word or two of praise or blame to his youngsters, and perhaps made a remark or two to their teacher. He is probably not quite so clear as he might be

as to the actual meaning and force of the word "examination," which should figure in his report; and, indeed, these school tests are very variable quantities. The test may be independent and fair; and, in such case, the result is exceedingly valuable, and the criticism forwarded should be to every parent a most interesting and important piece of information. Where the examination has not been independent, the statement of result is almost entirely valueless, and the time expended is simply so much loss of the scholar's learning time. If examinations are essential—and it seems difficult to do without them—the parent should carefully select such schools as will stand critical investigation in this respect.

Attention has recently been drawn to this matter from the fact that a teacher has come into unenviable notoriety by giving illicit information to his class just before they were examined. They were to be submitted to a "pass" examination, in which all who passed would get prizes, and all who got prizes would augment the honour of the teacher. Whether or not it is proper that a mere pass should insure a prize, is another question which we will not now argue; but it is clearly not right that a teacher should cram his class in immediate preparation, and do that dishonestly. This, of course, is very immoral; but another point forces itself upon consideration. How far is a teacher justified in so conducting a class, for a year or a term, that they may give the best account of themselves at an examination, instead of having for the main purpose their solid grounding in the subject they learn?

The first solution of the difficulty which occurs is extremely simple. Alter slightly the scope of the examination, so as to make it a test of the boy's power to think about and grapple with a subject, instead of a test of the teacher's ability to drum into a class a number of rules and facts. Where trials of this kind are in use, the results are very valuable, and the advantage is of the most solid kind, and the examiner's criticisms are of great use to the teaching authorities of the school. But, to perform this well, the examiner needs to be a good scholar and a practised teacher himself, and his services are not to be had without fair remuneration; in short, such a process, if satisfactory, is expensive. The examination is independent and judges the boys fairly, but is not cheap enough to be available for every school. The other independent system is different in the item of expense, and different also in everything else. Under a mighty machinery, vast masses of pupils can be submitted to examinations; and, if they reach a certain standard, they pass and confer distinction on themselves and all connected with them. This is clearly a much less satisfactory method of sounding an individual boy's abilities; and unless a whole class can be forced to enter at once, it is useless as a test of the efficiency of the school. It is only a test of the teacher's ingenuity in teaching—or, rather, a test of his power to cram young people with facts which he knows from experience will "pay" in the

examination room. It is very gratifying for Mr. Blank to be able to say that ninety-five per cent. of his pupils passed the late official examination in every known subject of education, but this return is meaningless unless Mr. Blank was compelled to submit all of those under instruction and not merely his picked candidates. And even then the result will merely notify the fact that he can cram for a pass, not that he is able to teach the young how to work and think,—that is, able to educate them at all.

Probably where an examination of the nobler kind is unattainable, the best expedient is to abandon the idea of an outside trial and to have examinations conducted by the teachers themselves. They will thus obtain material, not indeed available for pleasing the parent, but very useful as affording them hints wherein and whereby to amend any previous deficiencies. This gives up the notion of tickling the paternal palate, but affords most excellent suggestion for the wary head master. In the suspicion that Paterfamilias does not quite understand the bearing and value of the present school examinations, we have ventured thus to attract his attention thereto.

THE SECRETARIAT OF THE BAPTIST UNION.

Mr. Booth's resignation of the office he has held with equal honour to himself, satisfaction to all his brethren, and advantage to our denominational interests, is a calamity so great that we hope, notwithstanding his announcement that it was final, he will be persuaded by the strong feeling of the members of the Union to reconsider the subject and to resume the position which he is so eminently qualified to occupy.

It would be useless affectation to conceal, or to seem to conceal, the true cause of the official block in the path of the Baptist Union. Divided and conflicting authority has rendered it impossible for Mr. Booth to maintain his position, and to perform its duties to his own satisfaction.

Mr. Harvey, the respected Treasurer of the Annuity Fund, feels so strongly the importance of bringing the influence of the constituency of the Union to bear upon Mr. Booth, that he has addressed a letter to its numerous members canvassing their opinions, and seeking a definite reply to the question—"Do the ministers, delegates, and members of the Union and the Home and Irish Missions generally desire the services of Mr. Booth?"

We do not doubt that the result will be a decisive expression of the high esteem in which Mr. Booth is held by his brethren. Mr. Harvey's letter may probably facilitate the action of the Committee of the Union, but the happiest consequences of it will still leave them a difficult and delicate duty to discharge. The reinstatement of Mr. Booth means the retirement of Mr. Millard; this the former has foreseen, and has probably been quite as completely influenced in

sending in his resignation by consideration for his colleague as by consideration of his own comfort. We trust that very shortly the Committee will reach a conclusion satisfactory to all parties and conducive to the successful working of the important undertakings entrusted to their charge. The near approach of the Autumnal Meeting at Glasgow renders the time for remedying the difficulties of the case all too short.

THE STRENGTH OF FRANCE.

With an energy and patriotism beyond all praise the statesmen of the great republic have been steadily working out the solid advancement of their country. Its natural wealth and national industry and thrift have made it prosperous in spite of legislation which in our eyes is short-sighted and unremunerative. Hurt in pride, torn by faction, menaced by ambition, the French republic has gone on the even tenor of its way, unswerving for a moment from the great task of remodelling the authority and consolidating the force of its country. As a consequence its strength is felt daily, and probably France has now as much weight in the cabinets of Europe as at any time since the tyranny of the first Napoleon. There is no concealing the truth that here the republican principle has had a trial—and a trial by no means specially favourable—and has succeeded. To those European monarchs, whose interest it is to make people believe that they are incapable of self-government, such an existence as this government of France is a perpetual nightmare. Here is a state of things in which the popular voice is the ultimate authority for all measures, and yet there is no spasmodic violence, no mad pursuit of chimaeras, but a steady and persistent consolidation of a republican constitution.

This power, so recently developed, may of course disappoint the hopes of modest-minded men. It may, in its intolerance of superstition, debase itself to an internal persecution of domestic faction. It may, like the drunken outburst of the old pre-Napoleonic republic, endeavour before the time to liberate adjacent peoples. But the most careful diagnosis applied to its external bearing fails to find any indication of such diseases. A weak power might persecute at home, but the infinite patience shown disproves the charge of weakness there; or it might seek to hide its futility by braggadocia abroad; but there is no sign of such blustering. A quiet and modest, but firm, demeanour in its foreign affairs proves, while it does not obtrude, the consciousness of strength at back. It can secure attention to its interests abroad without flourishing force in the face of other powers. It can afford in its own dignity to look quietly and contemptuously on while undue honour is granted by a friendly country to a pretender whom many thought really dangerous—albeit, if it condescended, it might [remember when serious complaints were made about the

harbouring of a great pretender at St. Germain. Above all, it can see to the well-being of its domestic wealth, and contemplate the development of its African power, not by the irritation or annexation of useless territory, but by the peaceful commercial expedient of railway-making. Galatians, when no longer bewitched, seem to be no longer foolish.

RECENT DEATH.

MR. THOMAS RICHARDS, MAINDEE, NEWPORT, MON.

THERE died at Maindee, Newport, Mon., on the 25th July, aged seventy-three years, Mr. Thomas Richards, for forty-six years a member and twenty-nine years a deacon of the Commercial Street Baptist Church, and brother to the late Rev. James Richards, of Pontypridd, so widely known amongst the Welsh churches of the Principality. His remains were buried in the new cemetery, the Rev. Henry Oliver, Minister of the Victoria Road Congregational Church, officiating—his own pastor being from home; and was followed to the grave by his numerous sons and grandsons, and many members of the church, his brother deacons attending as pall-bearers. He took very great interest in all denominational matters. On the evening of the funeral, at the ordinary monthly church meeting, the following resolution was adopted:—"This church, in recording the death of its senior deacon, Brother Thomas Richards, desires to bear testimony to his Christian character during the long period of his membership of forty-six years." In 1829 he assisted in the erection of the first chapel, and in 1833 became a member of the church. In 1850 he was elected to the office of deacon, a position which, for twenty-nine years, he honourably sustained, and continued to be actively and usefully engaged in its service till within a short time of his death. As a Nonconformist he was very thorough and pronounced, never ashamed of his religious or political principles. He rests from his labours, but his name and works will be fragrant amongst us.

INTELLIGENCE.

IN our advertising pages will be found the programme of some tours in the Highlands, to be personally conducted by Mr. Thomas Cook, so arranged as to fit in with the autumnal meetings of the Baptist Union at Glasgow. Those of our readers who contemplate attending the Union meetings, who have never visited the Caledonian glories, will do well to embrace the opportunity afforded by Mr. Cook's proposals. We should unhesitatingly name Mr. Cook as a living contradiction of the statement of Thomas à Kempis—that a man cannot be a great traveller and a good Christian.

REVIEWS.

FIVE YEARS OF TORY RULE: A Lesson and a Warning. By "Nemesis." London: Hodder & Stoughton. Price One Shilling.

THIS crushing exposure of the weakness, inconsistency, deceptiveness, and extravagance of Lord Beaconsfield's government, ought to be placed in the hands of every elector in the United Kingdom. The writer has administered to the political adventurer and his deluded followers a severe castigation, and out of their own mouths has he condemned them. The Premier is, in fact, made to be his own accuser and judge. The difference between Mr. Disraeli in opposition and Lord Beaconsfield in office is absolutely irreconcilable. No man has so mercilessly censured this self-made Earl as he himself has done. If anyone doubts whether the last five years is the most shameful and degrading period of our recent history, both in home and foreign politics, let him read these powerful pages. The writer has done good service in the prospect of a dissolution.

A YOUNG MAN'S DIFFICULTIES WITH HIS BIBLE. By Rev. D. W. Faunce, D.D. Fifth Edition, completing Twelfth Thousand. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1879.

A BOOK which has by the force of its own merits reached, in the course of two years, an edition completing its twelfth thousand, needs no further commendation. Its intrinsic value and its adaptation to the needs of the age are already acknowledged, and its further success is

insured. We heartily rejoice in this extensive circulation of Dr. Faunce's lectures. They deal, in a wise, sympathetic, and popular manner, with difficulties by which multitudes of young men are sorely perplexed, and offer exactly the right kind of guidance. It would be well if more of our ministers would occasionally deal with matters of this class. These lectures are, indeed, models of popular discussion.

THE EARLY YEARS OF CHRISTIANITY: A Comprehensive History of the First Three Centuries of the Christian Church. By E. De Pressensé, D.D. Translated by Annie Harwood-Holmden. In Four Volumes. Vol. I.: *The Apostolic Age*. Vol. II.: *The Martyrs and Apologists*. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1879.

It is upwards of ten years since the first edition of Pressensé's "Early Years of Christianity" appeared in an English dress. It was at once received with enthusiasm, and the estimate in which it is held both by professed theologians and ecclesiastics, and by the general public, has steadily risen. It has for some time past been out of print, but the demand for it is so great that the publishers have at length issued a new and cheaper edition in four volumes. A cheaper edition means, as a rule, an inferior edition. But in this case it is not so. In respect to size, binding, type, and general get-up this new issue is admirable, and cannot fail to satisfy even the most fastidious taste. It ought to prove one of the most successful

literary enterprises of the day, and we trust our readers will do their utmost to make it so.

The importance of Church history, especially in its beginnings, is universally allowed; and the course of rationalistic criticism renders a knowledge of it imperative. But it is commonly regarded as a hard and dry subject, and is apt, on this account, to be summarily dismissed. It certainly need not be dry. Under the guidance of writers like Pressensé it is positively fascinating. The ignorance which prevails in regard to it is inexcusable even in non-professional readers, and we feel convinced that no man of average intelligence could begin the perusal of the work before us without wishing to complete it. There is in English but one work that can be justly compared with it, the late Dean Milman's "History of Christianity," and that is in many points a contrast. Pressensé has had the advantage of researches of which it was impossible for Milman to avail himself. He writes in full view of all that has been advanced, *e.g.*, by Strauss, Baur, and Rénan, and replies either directly or indirectly to their powerful and specious attacks. Pressensé has a large share of the German depth and fertility of thought, and the English practical sense, together with the French vivacity and brilliancy. He is the master of a lucid, nervous, and eloquent style. His sentences are formed with exquisite simplicity and grace, and hence he never wearies his readers, but invariably charms as well as instructs them.

The first volume is devoted to the Apostolic Age, and discusses the foundation and early extension of the Church. The sketch of the Apostle Paul is especially fine. Those who imagine that they

thoroughly understand his career, and that nothing new can be said of it, should consult these graphic outlines. On all questions relating to the constitution, government, and ordinances of the Church we are in substantial agreement with Pressensé, and are thankful for the noble exposition he has given of the great spiritual principles which the Free Evangelical Churches have ever held dear. His dissertations on the various forms of doctrine in the apostolic age (the Pauline, the Petrine, the Johanine, &c.) are not, perhaps, so subtle and comprehensive as Neander's, but they are unquestionably clearer and more readable. Pressensé is, while soundly evangelical, thoroughly liberal. No opponent could charge him with a lack of breadth or candour. When the evidence seems to him to be insufficient to sustain the commonly received opinion on any disputed point, he frankly avows his dissent from it. Thus he surrenders (we think wrongly) the authenticity of the Second Epistle of Peter. He also refuses to admit a second captivity of the Apostle Paul, herein differing from the majority of theologians, ancient and modern.

The second volume, on the martyrs and apologists, is, in our opinion, more masterly than the first. It contains a vivid sketch of early Christian missions which is well worthy of attentive study, but the sections by which we have been particularly impressed are those which depict the persecution of the early Christians under the Roman Emperors, and the attack and defence of Christianity in the domain of controversy. The analysis of the character and works of Origen is marked not only by extensive research, but by fine discrimination, soberness of judgment, and wise

suggestiveness. It abounds in touches which reveal the most delicate sympathy. This great father is made to stand distinctly before us in all the nobleness and strength of his character. We see both the opulence of his genius, and the limitations by which it was hampered; nor could we wish for a more faithful delineation of the services he rendered to Christianity in one of the gravest crises through which it has passed. The whole period of which the volume treats is, in fact, portrayed as vividly as it could have been by Macaulay, while Pressensé has, of course, a clearness of spiritual insight and a fervent sympathy with the lowlier forms of life of which the great Whig historian was destitute. In the controversies of our own day this narration of the struggles and triumphs of the early Church possesses an inestimable value, and we urge our readers to lose no time in making it their own.

ANTI-THEISTIC THEORIES: Being the Baird Lectures for 1877. By Robert Flint, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1879.

PROFESSOR FLINT'S very able lectures on theism are now followed by a complimentary series on the theories opposed to theism. In the earlier series he endeavoured to demonstrate the validity of our belief in God; in the present series he subjects to a stringent examination the theories which contradict this belief, and shows that they are essentially irrational and erroneous. The task is both comprehensive and difficult, demanding in the man who undertakes it a knowledge of speculative philosophy from the very dawn of

history, and a thorough mastery of the phenomena and methods of modern science. The respect with which Professor Flint's former lectures have been received by sceptical writers, and the laboured attempts which have been made to nullify his arguments, are the best proof we can desire of his peculiar qualifications for the task. The theories discussed here have unfortunately gained an extensive prevalence, and are supposed by many abettors of scientific scepticism to be so self-evident that an examination of the grounds of theism is regarded as superfluous. The question is, therefore, never fairly or fully investigated. The approach to it is blocked by strong and often supercilious prejudice. It is, therefore, necessary for the Christian apologist to carry the warfare into the enemy's camp, to attack him in his strongholds, and to prove to him that his fortress is by no means impregnable. This Professor Flint has done with admirable effect. His refutation of every form of atheism, of materialism, secularism, positivism, pessimism, and pantheism, is as complete as any refutation can be. He is a clear and incisive thinker, a keen and logical reasoner, vindicating his position by arguments which his opponents cannot consistently reject. The candour of his examination is not less conspicuous than its thoroughness and accuracy. There is in this book no refusal to confront difficulties, no attempt to evade or underestimate the force of objections. The author writes with the courage of a man who is on the side of truth, and who is prepared to follow her whithersoever she may lead. At her bidding he would give up his most cherished beliefs. The mass of information embodied in his notes with regard to ancient and modern

materialism, the Chinese and Hindu philosophy, &c., is of vast extent, while the criticisms of such writers as Lange ("History of Materialism"), Spencer, Huxley, and Holyoake, are invaluable. Perhaps more space should have been devoted to the clever and specious arguments of Physicus, whose essay on "Theism" is calculated to have a more widely-pernicious effect than Professor Flint imagines. But no author can accomplish everything, and Professor Flint has accomplished so much, and accomplished it so well, that it would be no less unjust than ungenerous to find fault. His work ought to be extensively read.

BAPTIST PRINCIPLES AND HISTORY.

The substance of two Sermons preached in George Street Chapel, Plymouth. With Notes and Appendix. By J. W. Ashworth, Pastor of the Church. Published by request. London: Yates & Alexander. Price Threepence.

MR. ASHWORTH preached these sermons first to his own people at Plymouth, and afterwards in substance to the ministers and delegates of the Western Baptist Association at Bridport. Had we been among his hearers, we should heartily have joined in the request for their publication. He has compressed into small compass an amount of historical information, and of doctrinal exposition, for which in many cases we should have had to wade through volume after volume. His style is often eloquent, and always forcible. The sermons must have made a profound impression on those who heard them, and are well worthy of preservation in print.

SONGS OF REST. Edited by W. R. Nicoll, M.A., Minister of the Free Church, Kelso. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

A NEAT, dainty little volume on which printer and binder have expended their utmost skill, and in which every lover of good books will delight. The poetry has been selected with great care. Most of the pieces are such as can be found in no similar collection. Many of them are quite new to us, and there is not one we should like to see omitted. The work is divided into five sections, as follows:—Desponding Believers; The Anxious; The Sick and The Maimed; The Bereaved; The Aged and The Dying. As a companion for the quiet hour, and for the sick-room, these *Songs of Rest* will be universally welcome, and [Mr. Nicoll will win the gratitude of every cultured mind and devout heart. The book is in every sense a gem.

FROM MALACHI TO MATTHEW: Three Lectures on the period between the Old and New Testaments. By the Rev. Walter Morison, D.D. London: James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners-street.

THIS volume will be useful to those who have not time or opportunity to search for themselves the standard historical records of these interesting times. People generally are lamentably ignorant of the centuries whose history is untold to us in the Bible, and some brief compilation of this kind was much wanted. Dr. Morison has prefixed a very able review of the Jewish condition before this period as revealed in the Old Testament, and winds up with an intelligent criticism of historical changes viewed as preparation for the coming of the Messiah. This

wholesome view of Jewish history is, indeed, traceable throughout, and is a pleasing trait in a pleasant book. Unpretending compilation as it is, this little work is thoroughly readable and altogether instructive. The style is simple and lucid, though, in our opinion, marred by the use of such a word as "a wanting."

(1) THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL TO THE PHILIPPIANS, (2) TO THE COLOSSIANS AND PHILEMON. A free translation. By H. Arnold Thomas, M.A. William Mack, Bristol, and 4, Paternoster Square, London.

THESE are capital translations, or rather paraphrases of the Epistles named above, intended to convey to English readers a clearer apprehension of the force of the text than could be gained from a strictly literal version. Mr. Thomas has executed his task in an able and scholarly manner.

BEN BOYCE THE BEACHMAN; and other Nautical Sketches. MY SCARLET SHAWL; or, out of Debt out of Danger. THE PEDLAR OF COPTHORNE COMMON; and other Stories. THE CORNISH FISHERMAN'S WATCH NIGHT. HUGH TEMPLAR'S MOTTO. By Louisa Emily Dobree. London: Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row. Price One Shilling.

ADMIRABLE stories for the young, presented in most bewitching attire.

ECCENTRIC PREACHERS. By C. H. Spurgeon. London: Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings. Price One Shilling.

A CHARMING little book, which is

sure to attract myriads of readers. Mr. Spurgeon's introductory chapters are, to our own mind, by far the most valuable portion of its contents, but the whole is interesting, and might well have been expanded to far larger dimensions.

THE WALDENSIAN CHURCH IN THE VALLEYS OF PIEDMONT. By the late Jane L. Wilyams. A new edition. Edited by Mrs. Matheson. London: Religious Tract Society. Price Five Shillings.

THE antiquity, the persecutions, and the fidelity of the Vaudois Christians render their history one of the most striking chapters in the history of Christianity itself. This history is narrated in concise but effective method in this work. Its authoress lived to the very advanced age of ninety-one, and Mrs. Matheson has ably carried on the story to our own days in this new edition.

ILLUMINATED CARDS. 1. *The Lord's Prayer.* 2. *Loving Words for Birthdays and other Anniversaries.* 3. *The Golden Rule.* 4. *The Consolations of God.* London: Religious Tract Society. Price Sixpence each.

THESE are really artistic gems, beautiful in design, exquisite in colouring, and complete in execution.

THE FAME OF JESUS: A Sermon by Rev. W. K. Armstrong, B.A., Lewes. Lewes: Farncombe & Co. Price Twopence.

A VERY effective and suitable discourse preached on a Sunday-school anniversary, and quite a model for such services.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Asquith, Rev. D. (Brixton), Landport, Hants.
 Bullivant, Rev. G., Dorking.
 Chedburn, Rev. W. S. (Berwick), Aberdeen.
 Clare, Rev. R. B. (Appledore), Watchet, Somersetshire.
 Fletcher, Rev. H. (Alford), Appledore.
 Harley, Rev. T. (Savannah, U.S.A.), John Street, Bedford Row.
 Jarman, Rev. G. (Birmingham), Loughborough.
 McFadyen, Rev. G. (Bristol College), Saltash.
 Parkinson, Rev. J. (Lenton), Bradford, Yorks
 Steven, Rev. J. M. (Morpeth), Romford.
 Tomkins, Rev. W. J. (Barking), Ridgmount, Beds.
 Tressider, Rev. H. J. (East Dulwich), Budleigh Salterton.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Carmarthen, Rev. D. Thomas, July 15.
 Collingham, Rev. D. Davies, July 22.
 Dorking, Rev. G. Bullivant, August 7.
 Grantown, Rev. J. Munro, July 31.
 Greenwich, Rev. C. Spurgeon, Jun., July 29.
 Watchet, Rev. R. B. Clare, August 4.

RESIGNATION.

Rev. James Dann, Westgate, Bradford, Yorks.

DEATHS.

Mountjoy, Rev. J., Ruarden, Forest of Dean, July 24, aged 74.
 Norman, Rev. W., Hatherleigh, Devon, July 20.
 Salter, Rev. W., Leamington, July 29, aged 66.
 Shipway, Rev. R., Wickwar, Gloucestershire, July 23.
 'lim, Rev. C., Guildford, July 24, aged 77.

THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1879.

WOMAN'S WORK IN INDIA.

II.

COME we now to our second point—By what class of agents might such an organization be carried on? I know of none so suitable as the unmarried ladies of our churches. Some one may ask, Why not by the wives of missionaries,—persons already in the field? I believe I may say with perfect truth that the wives of missionaries find that they already have on their hands quite as much as can be reasonably expected of them; besides, the enterprise now advocated would need the entire strength and time of any who should engage in it to some good practical purpose. But what is there, now, in the case of a missionary's wife, that gives her any special fitness for work of this kind? For every point which any reader might mention I will engage to give another point showing that special fitness is possessed in an unspeakably greater degree by an unmarried lady. I may mention one possible exception,—the case of native children being left orphans in very early infancy. In such cases it may perhaps be found desirable to obtain, if possible, the nurturing care of some one who has had charge of children of her own. Such cases, if they occur, will easily be provided for; for not only will there be in the orphanages native Christian women who answer the required description, we always have in connection with our work in India the widows of missionaries. Several such cases will at once occur to the memories of the Directors of our Mission.

Is it not *here*,—in the complete consecration of soul and body to deeds of mercy, that the ladies of the Romish persuasion leave our Protestant ladies deplorably in the rear? In certain essential particulars, the principles of Protestants must ever stand in favourable contrast to the principles of the Romish community; and yet, may

we not profit by the example of the Sisters of Mercy? Why are there no sisters of mercy among the agencies of Protestant missionary societies? The celibacy of the missionaries of the Romish sect has been held up by Professor Monier Williams for the admiration and imitation of Protestant missionaries. I know of no argument of any value that can be adduced in support of that principle which does not hold with much greater force in the case of celibate ladies; for the usefulness of an unmarried lady in India is not imperilled by that suspicion which, in the minds of Orientals, inevitably attaches to an unmarried man. There is no climate so trying to the health of English people, but one may find there not the Romish missionary only, but also the Sister of Mercy. And these ladies go, not for a term of years, but for life; they take farewell of parents, friends, and home,—of everything that renders life in their native land as dear to them as it can be to any of *us*,—and, without any stipulation as to the nature of their future occupation or as to the limitation of their term of service, they go forth to that which, for aught they know, will be perpetual exile. Will the sisters of our own communion deliberately yield the palm for Christian devotedness to poor misguided Romanists? If so, then what is the use of being a Baptist at all?—and what advantage hath the Protestant over the Papist? Are we to conclude that the taunt of unbelievers is really true,—that the law of Christ, under which we profess to act, is bereft of its ancient power? Or is it that we, who persuade ourselves that we are under the control of that law, are fatally and most miserably deceived? I am not forgetting that, here and there, there have arisen in Baptist families ladies who have gone to heathen lands in the right spirit of genuine self-abnegation; but such cases, instead of leading us to rest satisfied, ought rather to stimulate and encourage others to go and do likewise, and, by their very isolation, to put to shame our heartless devotion to luxury and ease, and to awaken us in hundreds from our guilty and unfeeling indolence and unfaithfulness to those “vows of the Lord” which we Baptists have all voluntarily taken upon us.

I know that it will be urged, in reply, that the sisterhood of the Romanists are bound by the “vow of obedience” to follow out whatever orders may be laid upon them by their ecclesiastical superiors,—that they are bound for life, without the power of questioning authority, or the option of the choice of a sphere of labour. It will be said that it is, after all, not the constraining power of love to Christ or to the souls of the perishing, that impels the ladies of the Romish sect to devote themselves to such a life, but mere subjection to human authority, and dread of the possible consequences of disobedience. Be it so: and shall mere brute force, such as this clearly is, avail to supply heathen lands with a constant and unfailing succession of devoted labourers? and shall the “power” which we each profess to have received “from on high” be utterly futile to stimulate us to similar deeds of self-sacrifice? Shall the love of Christ, which we affirm

"constraineth us," be shown to be a mockery and a sham when contrasted with the fear of man?

But let us be careful to place the blame upon the proper shoulders. Is it fulfilling the true functions of a redeemed soul and body, to make calls and to receive them, to dust the drawing-room ornaments, and to retail the personal twaddle of the neighbourhood? Is it for nothing sublimer than *this* that the precious blood of the Redeemer was shed in our stead? Is this what we wish people of the world to understand to be the sole fruit of our participation in the infinite and saving mercy of the Almighty? Let us leave the poor slavery of the world to the people "who have their portion in this life," and let us rise at our Master's call and gladly spend our little day "in his vineyard."

Not long ago I heard of a grown-up daughter, who had recently been quickened into "newness of life" by the power of the Holy Spirit, expressing to her mother, a professing Christian, an earnest desire to be in some way engaged in doing good, and she suggested that she thought she might find a sphere of labour suited to her capabilities if she could be engaged as a nurse in some London hospital. The request was met by a burst of indignation, and the poor girl was made to understand that such a proposal had deeply offended her parents' sense of social respectability. Thus do we make supreme what God has made subordinate, and subordinate what He has made supreme. In contrast with this case, think of another:—A grown-up daughter went to her mother and said, with an earnestness that would admit of no denial, "My mother, I want to go, in obedience to my Redeemer's command, to teach poor heathen women to love and serve Him." The mother, more concerned for the honour of her Saviour than for the gratification of her own cherished purposes, said, "My daughter, go, and the Lord bless you!" Is there, among our readers, a mother that would not say the same under similar circumstances—that would not be delighted beyond measure to have, not *one* daughter, but *all* her daughters similarly minded and similarly occupied?

I have said that we must take care to lay the responsibility for the lack of labourers upon the proper shoulders. What I have said will already have led the reader to infer that the lack alluded to is owing less to our young friends themselves than to their parents—perhaps their mothers. Which is it? Are there not among us, Christian daughters, who, if left to follow out the instincts of their fresh religious life, would joyfully engage in any work which the service of Christ might require of them? And are they not kept back and thwarted in all this fresh and burning devotion by domestic authority and influence? Is not many a daughter deterred from doing her Redeemer's bidding by this interposition of an authority which is, in truth, subordinate to His, and which ought never to be exercised, excepting in subserviency to His laws? Is it not the main object of

many a Christian mother to see her daughters married to what the unenlightened and unregenerated people of the world would consider to be "eligible partners"? I do not believe that this is the case in every household; I appeal to the reader's own knowledge and common sense to discriminate in what I have said. Is there not many a daughter who is heartily weary of the all-but useless monotony of home life,—of the dreary vacuity of an aimless existence? And is there not many a mother who is her daughter's only hindrance in consecrating her life to some noble and blessed enterprise of heavenly mercy? And yet, all Christian mothers humbly hope that at last He whom they thus wrong will say to them at the Judgment bar: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

Our readers are aware that the great missionary enterprise is not a mere fad of a faction, or the crotchet of a sect; that the authority for it is no less than that of High Heaven; and that the great commission to preach the Gospel "as a witness" among all the nations of the world was entrusted by the Redeemer to His followers at one of the most affecting periods of His earthly career—amidst all the touching suggestiveness of the last occasion of His intercourse with men. And hereby hangs a statement of which the less the heathen know the better, surely, for all concerned:—Nearly twenty centuries have passed since that order was given, and His followers have scarcely yet begun to observe it! Is it, indeed, possible for persons to be the followers of Jesus, and yet set at nought His authority and disobey His laws? Is He, to such persons, anything more than a myth?

But by whom is that heavenly commission to be obeyed, if not by such as ourselves? Under the peculiar circumstances of the people of India, there are many millions who never can as much as *hear* the "witnessing" unless from the lips of such as the women of our churches,—*men* missionaries are baffled and defeated here. But it is complained that the Saviour is too exacting, that His commission involves too much of hardship, that the path of obedience to such requirements as His is apt to lead us into unpleasant circumstances. It is complained that the burden involved in obeying Him is too heavy to be borne by any person of refinement and of proper domestic sensibility; the climate of a tropical country is intolerable, the pangs of separation from home are all too severe, and the prospect of premature decrepitude involves a sacrifice which is not to be seriously contemplated! And yet, parents will readily give up their daughters to go to India, or to any other part of the world, if the object be to engage in some lucrative business or "desirable" marriage. With such an object in view, parents and children alike will easily waive all objections as to the long and perilous voyage, the inhospitable climate, the hopeless distance, the probability of never meeting again. Why this difference?

Readily will parents give up even the children they love most

tenderly to go to heathen lands as the wives of planters, of Government servants, of military officers, of men in mercantile callings; and yet, when the exigencies of the Redeemer's kingdom and of perishing heathen women are such as call aloud to them to yield up their children for His service, they suffer the climate and a score of other considerations to form an effectual barrier to their complying with His requirements. "They all, with one consent, begin to make excuse."

Alas! what does all this prove? What a satire on our fidelity to the Master and to Protestant principles! Are we satisfied that the heathen should know nothing more of the truth of God than poor deluded Papists are able to teach? Shall the Roman Catholic ladies, possessed (as we believe them to be) of a huge delusion, go out to India and China *for life*—forsaking parents, prospects, and comforts—while ladies who hold the pure and unadulterated truths of the New Testament, treat with comparative indifference the authoritative commission of the Lord, and the everlasting concerns of their heathen sisters? Shall home, and property, and other worldly ties, however dear, be dearer to Baptists than they are to Roman Catholic ladies—dearer in their calculation than are the souls of women who go on to their eternal destinies in the gross darkness of heathenism? who, merely because they happen to be women, and not men, are to go out in the dark? and who, but for the compassion of members of their own sex, will never have an opportunity of hearing of the Redeemer at all? If so, then where is the advantage, *in practice*, of our boasted Protestantism?

It is a call for sacrifice,—the parting with something which we cannot conveniently spare. But who of us is there that gives to the Saviour, up to the point of actual self-denial? The faithful consecration of David would not allow him to rest satisfied with "giving to the Lord that which *cost* him nothing;" shall the consecration of evangelical believers be less loyal and less whole-hearted than that of the Old Testament saint?

"Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of *all* thy increase!" Do not "give to the Lord" the "fool of the family,"—the principle on which blustering country squires are said to give a son to what is technically called "the church." Do not give on the principle of dedicating to the service of the Most High the child you least care for, and whose departure would least be felt. Do not give your child to this service because she happens to be afflicted with some drawback fatal to her prospects, lest she say in her heart, as one of whom Kingsley tells us—

"I was not good enough for man,
And so was given to God."

Do we not remember the description which Jehovah gives of the kind of sacrifices He required of His ancient people? Give to Him still, the one who, on every consideration,—physical, mental, and

spiritual,—is the one of whom you yourself have the highest opinion: give to Him your *idol*,—the child who is the light of your eyes and the joy of your heart; and earnestly beseech Him that He would condescend to visit your household, and honour you by selecting for His service the best you have. Does He not deserve it? For, “What hast thou which thou didst not receive?”

We ought ourselves to *suggest* the missionary enterprise to the minds of our sons and daughters,—to train in their minds the conception that it is the most blessed service in which they could pass their lives, to keep it before them from childhood up, as the grandest conception of Christian consecration. We constantly hear the missionary enterprise spoken of in these terms; and yet, are there not mothers who, so far from sparing their daughters for this interesting branch of the Redeemer's service, would not even consent to their becoming nurses in a London hospital, or teachers in a Ragged school, and who would be horrified at the thought of their distributing tracts among their fallen sisters in the slums of London, or joining the out-of-door services, by singing hymns to the praise of Christ near a street-corner, or by a lamp-post? And yet, what occupation in this wide world could be more Christ-like than this of thus seeking the lost that they may be saved? Until the women can be found who are ready to forego the conventionalities of a worldly education, and devote themselves as the Divine Master did, to “seeking and saving those who are lost,” the work which needs to be done on behalf of the women of India, and which Zanána Missionary Societies aim at achieving will never be done at all. Who will really care for the souls of the female population of India, if Christian women do not? Who *can* care for them as Protestant Christians can?

There is no need that we should here say anything with the view of showing that Christianity as understood by Protestants is better for all people than Christianity as understood by Papists; nor that the ladies of our Baptist Churches are, consequently, better fitted than Romanist ladies are to carry on the Zanána work, and the orphanages of which I have been writing: whether, again, the ladies engaged in this work appear in public in some fanciful uniformity of attire, and be designated “Protestant Sisters of Mercy,” are points which will be of immeasurably less importance in the judgment of Baptists than they would be in the judgment of most other bodies of Christians. Regarding all such points we shall, I suppose, hold but one opinion,—the name is nothing, the guise is less still,—the *work* is all we care for.

Thus much for the enterprise itself, and the agency which I contemplate as most suitable for carrying it on. Come we now to the question of expenditure. My own conviction is that we, as a denomination, are not doing anything like our fair share of the Church's duty to the heathen; and I believe that in this conviction most of the readers of this paper share. It was, moreover,

the conviction of our lamented Secretary, Mr. Bailhache, who, as many will recollect, earnestly pleaded, in the later months of his life, that the annual income of our Society should be brought up from its present amount to a hundred thousand pounds. The enterprise now proposed would involve an outlay considerably in advance of the present one. To what better purpose could ladies of fortune devote their resources and themselves?

But the enterprise would not be anything like so costly as might at first sight be apprehended. I have already made reference to the practical beneficence of the Government of Lord Lawrence in regard to famine-orphans as far back as 1866; and, notwithstanding the financial difficulties of the Government of India under the present administration, I have yet to learn that the grant-in-aid made by Lord Lawrence has been withdrawn or even curtailed. Towards the support of each child taken charge of by missionaries in the way I mentioned, Government offered to make a grant-in-aid of two rupees a month,—an amount which in a well-administered Orphanage would at once cover not less than seventy-five per cent. of the cost of the support of each child. This grant is, I believe, still made in the case of the Orphanages of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in Ceylon, and in the numerous Roman Catholic and other Orphanages in Southern India and in Orissa. It is a permanent source of income, and one upon which we may fairly calculate; for, in all enterprises so closely connected with the material welfare of the people we may reckon upon the co-operation of the Government of India.

In view of this enterprise we Baptists are, moreover, particularly fortunate in the possession of several well-appointed buildings ready to our hands. I may mention, as an instance, the Mission premises at Intally,—one of the most valuable and extensive of all the non-official properties in the city of Calcutta. We have there a Mission-house large enough to accommodate many more ladies than will, I fear, be found ready to go, as well as a large chapel and school-houses affording every needful accommodation for the purpose; all these, and many other structures, are enclosed within the far-extending fence. All this property is our own; the work might, therefore, be at once inaugurated, without the necessity of expending either time or money in building, or in casting about for hired premises that might, or might not, be suitable for the purpose. This I mention by the way, with a view of showing that there is no reason for unnecessary delay, seeing that we have already at our hands the means for a fair start, the assistance of Government being, in the meantime, guaranteed to the enterprise.

With these facts before us, how much a year are we to suppose the enterprise would cost us? Not so much per head as many of the members of our churches spent a few months ago on their Christmas festivities; *not* a fraction of a tithe of what many professing Christians are spending this summer on their annual holiday. How

many there are who, in the face of all the temporal and spiritual destitution of their fellow-creatures far and near, spend upwards of fifty pounds on the summer holiday, and think the money well spent. I say not that all money spent in pleasure-seeking is necessarily misapplied; but when I affirm that, even with the money which believers in Jesus *waste*, the treasury of the Redeemer would overflow, I appeal for support to the personal knowledge and Christian sentiment of my fellow-believers. Between what we spend on ourselves, and what we give to the service of Him to whom we owe our all, is the proportion what it *ought* to be? A hundred and seventy millions sterling are spent every year, in this enlightened land of ours, with the view of gratifying the appetite for strong drink, and Baptists contribute a considerable quota to this frightful outlay; and yet, not as much as a million a year is given to prove the nation's thankfulness for its privileges, and its fidelity to the grandest and most precious trust ever committed by God to the custody of those who fear Him. Is the exhortation to devote our persons and our possessions in some such way as that now advocated, an exhortation that carries with it no obligation?—is it destitute of Divine authority?

To my own mind, there are much more serious considerations than pecuniary ones; for, if the Saviour's call to duty meet but with a loving response, and the service of God be truly and faithfully executed by us, we may rest assured that He to whom the gold and the silver belong will not fail to show His approval of our work by causing us to be supplied with the needed funds. What we need most and first is the "*living sacrifices*"; the same Divine Spirit that creates and gives us these will not be unmindful of the lesser gifts.

To conclude. One of the great practical results which I anticipate from the vigorous and wise execution of such an organization as I have now ventured to suggest is the immense extension of our sphere of usefulness, and the eventual and speedy enlargement of the number of the adherents of the Saviour in that far-off land. And we may reasonably hope that, brought, as the children would be, under the best of Christian influences from the very earliest years of their lives, large numbers of them would, in due course, be truly converted in heart to Christ and added to the number of His followers. This, in my judgment, is a truer conception of the ideal Mission-school than any we now have—a school, the all-absorbing object of which is to "bring young children to Jesus that He might bless them."

The great missionary enterprise has suffered so much, in the course of its history, from mere theorizing, empiricism, and love of startling novelty, that I hope I may be excused for asking that the practical nature of what I have been advocating be carefully noted. Plain and simple as it is, I cannot venture to hope for it a very cordial adoption. By some it will doubtless be superciliously ignored, and

by others derided as fanciful, Quixotic, Eutopian, or mad. By all means let the other side be heard; but I ask merely that my suggestion be considered on its own merits, apart from the imperfectness of my advocacy. As to myself, I shall gain nothing if the suggestion be adopted, and I shall lose nothing if it fail to meet with sympathy. I may, however, place on record my deep conviction that, if it be but discreetly and prayerfully and enthusiastically taken in hand by the unmarried ladies of our denomination, the results will be the very best that could be desired. What I have in view is the removal of the reproach which, with I fear only too much of truth, is cast upon us both abroad and at home,—the reproach of the comparative failure of our Baptist Mission in India, the permanent widening of our base of operations, the quickening and sustaining of our active practical sympathy with the mass of misery that still possesses the land, and the hastening of the overthrow of the kingdom of darkness, and the achievement of the Church's mission,—the turning of the heathen "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

J. D. BATE.

OUR PRINCIPLES.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK BAPTIST HOME MISSION UNION, BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

I ASSUME that we have principles. By our very existence as a Union of Baptist Churches, contemplating Home Missionary purposes, we declare not only that we have principles, and distinctive principles, but that, in our judgment, they are of such importance and worth, that we think it well to band ourselves together with a view to their maintenance and extension. Nothing but our belief that the distinctive principles, which we thus unite to maintain and extend, are of great worth and importance, can justify our separate existence and action as a Christian Denomination. Separation from others in life and work is a sin, if it be not a necessity. If we secure no result of value and importance by our separate existence, which could not be otherwise secured at all or so well, then our denominational isolation, which cannot be shown to be necessary, must appear perverse and wilful.

It is then, I think, most desirable that we should from time to time look at those distinctive principles, by reference to which alone we can vindicate the independent position we occupy, and, in the maintenance of which, we are separated in sundry noteworthy particulars

from large numbers of those whom we gladly recognize as our fellow Christians.

Let us, before we vindicate, try and define our position. We are meeting here, by our representatives, as a Union of Baptist Churches. As such, we claim to belong to the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of Saints, to be a portion of God's redeemed family who are scattered abroad throughout the whole world. Our faith, so far as the great and fundamental doctrines of the Gospel are concerned, is the faith of Evangelical Christendom. And it is pleasant to think that the visible Church, the unity of which seems rent by so many unseemly and unnecessary divisions, is, after all, so completely and truly one as to those things which are of the greatest moment. But, with this glad and grateful recognition of the fact that we are one with all those who love the Lord, we cannot forget, and we would not disguise the fact, that in certain particulars, and what seem to us not unimportant particulars, we differ from many of them.

As Baptists, we belong to the great body of *Nonconformists*, a body comprising all who do not conform to the Church which is established by law in this country, which body of practical Nonconformists includes, of course, people of nearly all religious persuasions, and a very large number of people of no religious persuasion at all. But within this large and somewhat heterogeneous mass of practical Nonconformists, there is a smaller, but still very considerable and comparatively compact body, that we may speak of as *Protestant and Evangelical Nonconformists*, including the Baptists, Independents, Presbyterians, various branches of the great Wesleyan body, with sundry smaller communities. All of these maintain a position of nonconformity because they dissent from certain things (not all of them from the same things) in the teaching and ritual of the Established Church; while, in addition to these religious and ecclesiastical reasons for dissent, nearly all—all, with the exception of a small and rapidly diminishing minority—object against the principle of an Established, or State-Church, and are not only free-churchmen *de facto*, but are *voluntaries in theory and principle*.

We have now to contract our circle again—and, in proclaiming ourselves *Congregationalists*, we separate from Wesleyans, Presbyterians, and all who do not concede to each community of Christian believers the right of self-government. But while separating from such, we are still, as to Church order and polity, one with the Independents, they and we are alike, and equally Congregationalists. But, while we are Congregationalists, we are something more—and here we take a forward step, in taking which those who otherwise are entirely one with us, refuse to bear us company. In proclaiming ourselves *Baptists*, we assume a position in holding which we must be content to stand alone.

You see, then, where we are. *We are Christians*, and as such we claim alliance with all who call upon the name of Jesus Christ our

Lord, both theirs and ours. *We are Nonconformists*, sharing at once the honours and disadvantages of all those who for conscience' sake are without the pale of the Church by law established. *We are Protestant and Evangelical Nonconformists*, belonging to that sisterhood of Free and Evangelical churches, which has been and still is the strength and glory of our land. *We are voluntaries*, one with all those who are eager to maintain the crown-rights of our Divine Redeemer, and who declare that His Church should not be found in alliance with and in subjection to the civil power. *We are Congregationalists*, who maintain that each church is, under Christ, and in obedience to His rule, to manage its own affairs, which principle of congregational self-government we do not the less strenuously maintain, because we admit that these separate and self-governed churches may, with great advantage, band themselves together, for the promotion of their common interests, and for the doing of work outside their own limits. But besides all this—and here we stand alone and by ourselves—*We are Baptists, i.e.*, we maintain that the ordinance of baptism is to be administered only on a profession of repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that, as the meaning of the word baptize is to dip or immerse, we feel it to be our duty to adhere to and uphold the original and proper usage of the Church in practising baptism by immersion. And in maintaining this primitive and New Testament order of baptism by immersion, we have the satisfaction of knowing that, with inconsiderable exceptions, we are sustained by the scholarship of the universal Church, though we are left almost alone in practically carrying out the teaching of the word, as to the real meaning of which there is but little serious disagreement, among those who are competent to form an opinion.

Having thus defined our position, I would add a few words in justification of it. Our appeal is to the law and the testimony. Our one inquiry is—What saith the Scriptures? We have been led to adopt the principles we maintain by a devout and careful study of God's Word, and I trust we are all sufficiently open to the influences of the truth, to be ready to acknowledge our error, and to abandon or modify any position we have held, if, upon an appeal to Scripture, reason can be shown for our doing so. I certainly speak for myself. I believe that I am equally speaking for my brethren, when I say that nothing but what we conceive of as loyalty to the truth keeps us where we are. It would be pleasanter to merge our differences than to maintain them, but faithfulness to truth and conscience will not allow us to do this. We must walk according to our light, and be prepared to maintain our principles, however our relations to our fellow men and our fellow Christians may be affected by our so doing.

But first of all, before taking this firm stand upon our distinctive principles, we ought to be quite sure that we have the warrant of

Scripture for holding them. We raise no question as to historical precedent, or ecclesiastical usage, we go at once to what we regard as the fountain head of authority—Sacred Scripture itself.

I do not dwell upon those articles of our creed in holding which we are at one with all Evangelical Christians. As to the great and essential doctrines of the Gospel, the differences between the various Evangelical communities, are fewer and less considerable than many imagine. But while gladly recognizing this substantial oneness as to the greatest matters of all, I would attempt to vindicate the separate position we occupy as Protestant Nonconformists ; as Congregational Free Churches ; and as Baptists. In all these particulars we occupy a distinctive position which we ought to be able to justify.

As Protestant Nonconformists we stand apart from the Established Church of this country. Recognizing much that is good in that Church, rejoicing to acknowledge the presence of many devout and holy members and ministers in its communion ; not ignoring, or even wishing to undervalue important services rendered by it in many different ways, we yet, taking our stand upon the teaching of the New Testament, object against many things in its doctrine, discipline, and ritual. Our religious and ecclesiastical objections are mainly those of our Puritan and Nonconforming ancestors, who, after ineffectually protesting against error, as a Puritan minority within the pale of the Church, rendered themselves at last so distasteful to the dominant party, that they were ejected from it. Nearly all those reasons for remonstrance or dissent which weighed with the Nonconformists of the seventeenth century, and the Puritans of an earlier period, are those which press with almost undiminished weight upon the consciences of the Protestant Nonconformists of to-day. Established as a practical compromise between the Puritan and Roman Catholic parties, the Church of England has always been distinguished by a strong leaven of papistical error ; and the fact that the Church was never more than partially reformed, has given an advantage to the Romanizing party within the Church, of which they have not been slow to avail themselves, and of which that very able and determined party have availed themselves with so much dexterity and success, that they have managed within the last few years to impress upon the Church a new character, and a character which appears to us inconsistent with the claims, still modestly urged by some within its communion, that the Church of England is to be regarded as an Evangelical and Protestant Church, and even as the great bulwark of Protestantism. We pronounce no judgment upon those who are within the pale of the Church ; as I have said, we gladly recognize among its members and ministers, large numbers who, as to all the great essentials of the Christian faith, are practically one with us ; but with the teaching of Christ and His apostles within reach, we simply say that *we cannot conform to a church*, many of whose ministers claim to be sacrificing priests, and are declared to be invested with power

to forgive sins ; a Church whose ritual affords serious encouragement to many papistical errors, and whose discipline is so lax as to be practically valueless.

It is quite impossible even to mention all those matters concerning which we disagree ; a few of the principal grounds of our dissent we may however briefly refer to.

We dissent altogether from the teaching of the Prayer Book as to the sacerdotal character of episcopally ordained ministers. In both the *Ordinal* and the *Visitation Service* it is plainly taught that the priest has power to forgive sins. In the form for the "Ordering of Priests," we read, "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands. Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven ; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained." And we can have no doubt about the meaning and intention of these words, because when we turn to the office for the "Visitation of the Sick," these are the very words which the minister is directed to use. After such confession as the sick person shall be moved to make, the priest is authorized to pronounce over him these words of absolution : "Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to his Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in Him, of His great mercy forgive thee thine offences, and by His authority committed to me, *I absolve* thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." In these two services we have the essential principle of sacerdotalism developed, and the ecclesiastical warrant for those priestly pretensions which so many of the Anglican clergy have of late years unblushingly put forth. We are aware that there are those within the Established Church who have no sympathy with such pretensions, and who seek to evade the force of these utterances by drawing nice distinctions between "precatory" and "absolute" forms, "declaratory" and "indicative" senses ; but such distinctions are not for the common people, and are little likely to be appreciated in the sick chamber and in the hour and article of death. The dying man, and those who stand in trembling sympathy and solicitude around his bed, will eagerly snatch at the natural import of the words employed and rest in ill-grounded satisfaction on the priestly declaration, "*I absolve thee from all thy sins.*" In opposition to such teaching, which we regard as dangerously delusive, we maintain that Christ alone has power to utter the words of absolution, and say : "Son, Daughter, go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee."

We object as strongly against the teaching of the Prayer Book in the Baptismal Services. The position assigned to sponsors in the baptism of infants occurs to us, not only as *unscriptural*, but irrational. Their position is very clearly set forth in the Catechism. "Q. What is required of persons to be baptized ? A. Repentance, whereby they forsake sin ; and faith, whereby they stedfastly believe the promises of God made to them in that sacrament. Q. Why, then, are infants

baptized, when by reason of their tender age they cannot perform them? A. Because they promise them both by their sureties; which promise, when they come to age, themselves are bound to perform." And, on turning to the Baptismal Service, we find that these sponsors, many of whom are making no diligent attempt to do such things for themselves, solemnly engage, in the name of the infant to be baptized, to "renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so as not to follow or be led by them." Such, and other equally solemn engagements, do the sponsors enter into in behalf of the child—engagements which no man has the right to enter into for another, and which certainly no man has the power to carry out.

The Baptismal Service is open to a still more serious objection, *as declaring the doctrine of baptismal regeneration*. All who administer the ordinance of baptism are obliged to declare, of every child they baptize, that he has been regenerated in baptism; for, by the terms of the Service, he was treated as unregenerate before the administration of the ordinance, and those who administer it are instructed to thank God for his regeneracy afterwards. And this doctrine is not only plainly set forth in the Baptismal Service, it is as clearly expressed in the Catechism. In answer to the question, "Who gave you this name?" the child is taught to say, "My godfathers and my godmothers in my baptism; wherein I was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."

Passing over many other matters of scarcely inferior importance to those we have touched upon, I would, in a word, remark upon the *Burial Service*; and, in referring to this, I would say that, while we may more or less appropriately animadvert upon the conduct of individual clergymen in carrying out the law of their Church, or in neglecting to do so, the great thing for us to do is to keep in view the authoritative teaching of the Church itself as set forth in the Prayer Book, which every member of the Church, lay and clerical, professes to accept, and which fits in with logical consistency with the previous teaching of the Prayer Book as to baptismal regeneration. There can be no doubt that the Church of England absolutely denies *to all unbaptized persons*, of whatever age or class, *Christian* burial; and that, I say, in perfect consistency with its teaching elsewhere, that it is by being baptized, and only by being baptized, that we are made Christians. The Burial Service, to be fairly appreciated, must be studied in connection with that theory of sacramental efficacy which imparts a distinctive and, as we think, an unscriptural character to the Prayer Book as a whole. This Burial Service of which we hear such loud complaint is nothing more than the practical conclusion—the logical issue and outcome of what goes before. With ruthless consistency the Church maintains the same position by the side of the open grave, which she has previously taken by the side of the

uncovered font; and while not holding out the slightest hope of the salvation of the new-born infant dying *unbaptized*, lays upon her ministers the necessity of pronouncing over the grave of the most sinful and impious, *if baptized*, words which express something more than even the most triumphant hope.

But besides these ecclesiastical and religious objections which we urge as Protestant Nonconformists, and which have been mentioned merely as examples of others of the same class, *we object not less strongly against the political constitution of the Church of England*. The doctrine of the *Royal Supremacy* appears to us as invading the crown rights of our Divine Redeemer, and as opposed to the plainest teaching of God's Word in which we have Christ, and Christ only, set forth as the one Head of the Church.

Few of even well-informed Churchmen—I refer especially to the laity—have any idea of the essentially *political constitution* of the English Church. If any wish to be informed, I would ask them to read “The Act for the Uniformity of Common Prayer and Service in the Church, and Administration of the Sacraments,” with some other documents commonly prefixed to the Prayer Book; “The Royal Declaration,” prefixed to the Articles of Religion; and “The Constitution and Canons Ecclesiastical,” and such reader will feel that much of which he reads fits in more completely and congruously with the idea of a great political corporation, than with any representation of a Christian Church we meet with in the New Testament. The Church of England is established by human laws, has a visible, human, secular head, has, indeed, but exchanged the supremacy of the Pope for the supremacy of the Crown; her courts, and discipline, and judicature are of a civil nature, wherein almost all things are performed by secular persons; and, did she even wish to reform herself, no change could be effected but by the will or with the consent of a House from which her clergy are expressly excluded, and which is altogether worldly in its character and constitution. The Churches of the New Testament, as it seems to us, were constituted by the voluntary confederation of professed believers, were subject only to the laws of Christ, acknowledged only His headship, and, as spiritual communities, they ordered their own affairs.

We need not wonder that a Church thus constituted, and holding such doctrines as we have referred to, should be exclusive and intolerant in its character and spirit. When I say this, I am speaking of the Church as an institution, and not of the individuals who compose it. I gladly recognise the fact, that within the Church, both among its members and in its ministry, there are many who are as large-hearted and charitable as we could wish men to be, and who are not less anxious than Christian men should be to cultivate pleasant and brotherly relations to those who are outside the pale of their own communion. But while we recognise their brotherly spirit, and would to the fullest extent reciprocate their words and deeds of

brotherly kindness, we feel that the spirit they manifest is the Spirit of Christ, which refuses to be bound by the trammels of an earthly system, and that it is not in any degree the spirit of that ecclesiastical corporation to which they belong. So far from recognising other Christian communities, the Church of England deliberately and expressly unchurches all such. One of the canons declares, "Whosoever shall hereafter affirm or maintain that there are within this realm other meetings, assemblies, or congregations of the King's born subjects, than such as by the laws of this land are held or allowed, which may rightfully challenge to themselves the name of true and lawful churches, let him be excommunicated, and not restored but by the Archbishop, after his repentance, and public revocation of such his wicked errors."

I have referred to these grounds of dissent—and many others might have been mentioned—because I think we should be ready to give a reason for the position we occupy as Protestant Nonconformists; and I am the more inclined to insist on these reasons because, of late years, the controversy with the Established Church has become more and more exclusively political in its character; and the result has been the withdrawal of public attention, even among ourselves, from matters which have greater weight than any purely political considerations. I refer to those ecclesiastical and religious grounds of dissent, in maintaining and urging which we are substantially at one with our Puritan and Nonconforming ancestors. Many hard things are spoken concerning our *dissent*, as though, in a perverse and self-willed spirit, we dissented just for the sake of dissenting. Nothing can be less true, the alternative presented to us is *dissent*, or *assent and consent*, and I would ask how, with an open Bible in our hands, and the teaching of Christ and His Apostles to refer to, we can give our assent and consent to such doctrines as I have spoken of, and which are not only inconsistent with, but are directly opposed to, some of the plainest teaching of God's Word."

I have not time, nor perhaps, in addressing such an audience, have I need to dwell at greater length on the position occupied by us as *Congregationalists*. We believe that, on the whole, the system that we have adopted is more in accordance with the teaching of the New Testament than any other. The Churches of the New Testament appear to have been voluntary associations of Christian believers, with their pastors and deacons, recognising the headship of Christ, and each Church managing its own affairs. We would not, however, in this matter of Church polity, concerning which so little is said in the New Testament, be wise beyond what is written, and we believe that Christ has left His Church a large liberty so far as its practical action is concerned.

When we come to the question of *Baptism*, we regret that we have to leave our Congregational brethren behind, and in what we cannot but regard as worse company than our own. Going with us so far,

we wish they could see their way to go with us a little further. Joining with us so heartily as they do in the protest against that most mischievous doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, we regret that they impair the force of their testimony in that direction, by cleaving to a practice for which no Scriptural warrant can be assigned, and which, however interpreted by our friends themselves, is sure to act as an indirect, though quite unintentional, encouragement of that very error which they, by all their other action, are zealously seeking to destroy.

As to our position as *Baptists*, I have little to say. We practise baptism by immersion, thinking it right to maintain what was unquestionably the New Testament usage. And here the Church of England is, in its teaching, though not at present in its practice, at one with us. In a recent number of the *Parish Magazine*, a Church of England publication, there is a large picture of St. Athanasius baptizing Egyptian children by immersing them in the sea; and there is an article by a neighbour of ours, the Rev. George Venables, Vicar of Great Yarmouth, on "Baptism by Immersion," in which, among many other things of interest, he says:—"Now here, assuredly, lies our first duty. It is to plainly show the people that the Church of England not only permits immersion, but enjoins it. She permits pouring as the exception to immersion, but her rule is immersion; and the rubrics plainly declare that this regulation applies to the baptism of an adult or of an infant." But that on which we most strongly insist is that baptism is only to be administered to believers. We maintain the doctrine, we do not say of adult baptism, but of believers' baptism. We raise no question as to age. Our only question is as to whether the candidate for baptism is old enough intelligently to make a profession of repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; if so, we say there is nothing to hinder such an one from being baptized. As distinguished from all vicarious profession, we discern in baptism the intelligent, willing, personal submission of the believer to the law of Christ. And the view we take of the ordinance precludes all idea of sacramental efficacy; those who submit to it do so, not that in some mystic way they may be regenerated, but because they believe that they are regenerated, and have already become new creatures in Christ Jesus. I enter upon no argumentative defence of our position. If I am speaking to any who differ from us, I would say, Go to the New Testament; study it; see if these things are so or not; if you do not find the justification of our principles there, we cannot, we do not wish you to accept them on any other authority.

Very imperfectly I have told what at least some of our principles are, and I would now say, *If such be our principles, what is our duty?* It is clearly our duty to uphold them and to seek to extend them. We have a work to do as Christians, as Protestant Nonconformists, and as Baptists; and while these different portions of our

work are not equally important, no part of our work must be neglected; we are called to bear witness for the truth, and the whole truth, as we have received it. There was never greater need that the voice of testimony should be heard. It is no ordinary work to which we are called, and they are no ordinary difficulties with which we have to contend. Our foes are defiant, and almost contemptuous in their defiance. There is superstition securing an ever-increasing number of votaries; there is scepticism lifting up her head more proudly than she has ever done in the past, and seeking in every possible way to make us ashamed of what she would characterise as our ignorant and unreasoning credulity; and there is a practical and stolid ungodliness which, in the larger centres of our population especially, is becoming more hopeless in its character, and more unmanageable in its extent. I have no time to point out, what I trust is obvious to you all, that the principles we hold should lead us to deal practically and energetically with all these various forms of error and evil. In faith and love and fearlessness, we must be ready, in season and out of season, to bear witness for the truth; and with unswerving fidelity to our principles we must see to it that the precious heritage which we have received from our fathers we hand down in undiminished worth to our children. As to the spirit of love and large-heartedness in which such principles are to be maintained, I cannot do better than quote, in conclusion, the words of one who very nobly vindicated most of the principles which we hold:—"Let us all scrupulously attend to the nourishment and exercise of the Catholic principle. Let us impress upon our minds the necessity of 'keeping the heart with all diligence, for out of it' arise 'schisms' and 'strifes.' Let us watch over ourselves, and guard against every circumstance that may diminish candour, pervert the judgment, or poison the affections. As Christians, let us war with what separates man from God; as Dissenters, with what separates Christian from Christian. Let us seek the nearer approximation of church to church, and the ultimate recognition of union of all. Let each of us so enter into the spirit of our faith, and so feel the propriety and understand the reasons of our ecclesiastical position, as to be able to say with boldness and truth, 'I am a Dissenter, because I am a Catholic; I am a separatist, because I cannot be schismatical; I stand apart from some, because I love all; I oppose establishments, because I am not a sectarian; I think little of uniformity, because I long for union; I care not about subordinate differences with my brother, for "Christ has received him," and so will I; thus, cultivating the spirit of universal love, I am hastening, I hope, that day when the world itself shall become the church, and preparing, I trust, for that world in which the Church shall be *one*,—one in faith, in feeling, and in worship, in a higher sense than can be witnessed here; while here, however, so far as the *spirit* and *expression* of affection is concerned, I am longing to witness and to realise some approach to what I anticipate hereafter—anticipate in that region

where, amid the lustre and loveliness of heaven, the jars and jealousies of earth shall have passed away.' This, brethren, *ought* to be the *feeling and consciousness* of all who profess and call themselves Christians. It ought pre-eminently to be ours. May God make it be so, and to be so universally, by pouring down upon His Church the Spirit from on high, and by diffusing and sustaining in every part of it, the strength of love, and the meekness of wisdom. Amen."

SCENES FROM CHURCH HISTORY.

VIII.

ISAPOSTOLOS VLADIMIR.

SUCH is the title which the unanimous voice of the Russians has conferred on the great Emperor, under whose auspices the Christian religion was introduced into their land—*Vladimir equal to an Apostle*. The motives which led him to abandon the traditions of his fathers were perhaps political as well as religious. The means by which he broke the power of the old heathenism, and won the adherence of his subjects to his new faith were strangely out of harmony with the spirituality of the Gospel, but, carnal as they were, they were thoroughly accordant with the spirit of the times, approved by men more enlightened than himself, and such as his subjects deemed in every way reasonable. Christianity was established in Russia almost entirely as the result of "State patronage and control." The form of government would not have permitted its introduction without the royal sanction; the people were so docile and submissive, so utterly destitute of independence, that they would not have ventured on their own authority to violate the laws and customs of their ancestors or enter upon paths so new and strange. The power of the sovereign was despotic. His will was law. Hence, so long as he remained stationary the people remained with him; when he advanced they advanced also. And thus it came to pass that the apostle of Russia was the occupant of the throne. Vladimir is the real founder of the Russian Church.

European Russia has from the earliest historical times been inhabited by Slavonic tribes, but their rulers are commonly believed to have been of Scandinavian origin. A number of independent chieftains, wearied of inactivity and impatient of the restraints imposed upon them in their northern home, set forth in quest of warfare and plunder. They explored every coast that offered to gratify their ambition. From the eastern shores of the Baltic they descended on the Slavonic and Finno-Tartar tribes, and exacted from them an

annual tribute. They then penetrated into the more central parts of the vast territory, serving the savage races as friends and auxiliaries, until they gradually obtained dominion over them. Thus was laid the foundation of that mighty empire, whose progress has been slow but continuous, and whose alleged schemes of conquest have so often—whether rightly or wrongly, we will not say—disturbed the peace of Europe, and excited the suspicion and wrath of the English.

These Scandinavian chieftains were called *Varangians*, or wanderers. According to Nestor, the Monk of Kieff, they “came from beyond the sea” in the year A.D. 858. In 862 certain tribes—the Chud, the Slavs, the Meria, the Krivichi, and the Ves—rose in arms against them, and successfully expelled them. They “drove the Varangians back over the sea, and paid them no tribute. Then they began to govern themselves, and there was no justice among them, and clan rose against clan, and there was internal strife between them, and they began to make war upon each other. And they said to each other:—‘Let us seek for a prince who can reign over us, and judge what is right.’ And they went over the sea to the Varangians, to *Rus*, for so were these Varangians called. . . . The Chud, the Slavonians, the Krivichi, and the Ves said to *Rus*:—‘Our land is large and rich, but there is no order in it; come ye and reign over us.’ And three brothers were chosen, with their whole clan, and they took with them all the *Rus*, and they came. And the eldest, Ruric, settled in Novgorod.” Ruric was a prince of exceptional prowess. His government, stern, and even arbitrary, was in many respects well adapted to the rude and lawless tribes over which he had been called to rule. His valour, firmness, and energy were essential to their order. His repressive measures were often severe, but by the establishment of a powerful monarchy he paved the way for a state of subsequent civilisation, such as in the then existing barbarism the most sanguine dreamer would not have dared to anticipate.

Ruric reigned until A.D. 912, and was succeeded in the government by his son Igor—a prince of very different calibre from his father, mild and gentle, but displaying no great strength. His reign continued from A.D. 912 to 945, when his widow Olga ascended the throne. It was during her reign that Christianity first entered the Russian dominions. True it is that the monk Photius of Constantinople, writing in A.D. 866, asserts that the people called Russians, hitherto noted for their barbarism and cruelty, had been led by the voice of reason and religion, to abandon their idolatry, to accept Christian missionaries as their teachers, and to allow a bishop to be consecrated over them. But the assertion was premature. Photius allowed his hopes to give too bright a colour to his statement. His representation is exaggerated, and all that can be affirmed is that efforts were laudably made to sow the seeds of Christian truth in this wild soil, and that some of the seeds took root. In the commercial

intercourse of the Russians with the Greeks, as well as in their wars, they would to some extent be brought into contact with the influences of the Gospel, and a few of the merchants and soldiers might be converted to Christ. Shortly before his death, Igor concluded a treaty of peace with the Greek emperor, and in this treaty mention is made of baptized Russians, who worshipped the God of the Christians. But the conversions were apparently neither numerous nor influential. There was indeed no intolerance on the part of the rulers, no persecution of the new religion, but neither did they adopt it.

The legendary account of the introduction of Christianity, which was for long current among the Russians themselves, is so thoroughly characteristic, that we must here narrate it, using the words of Dean Stanley, to whose researches we are throughout greatly indebted. Speaking of the peculiar connection of Oriental Christianity with the regions it has traversed, the Dean remarks:—"The geographical and historical relations of a country so monotonous as Russia, are, indeed, far less striking than in the diversified forms of Greece and Syria, of Egypt and Chaldæa. Endless forests, endless undulating plains, invite no local associations and foster no romantic legends. But there is one feature of Russian scenery truly grand—its network of magnificent rivers. These, important for its political and commercial interests, are the threads with which its religious destinies have been always curiously interwoven. Turn your mind's eye to the vast stream of the Dneiper, the old Borysthenes, as it rolls into the Euxine. Over the banks of that stream, five hundred miles from its mouth, hangs a low range of hills, low for any other country, but high for the level steppes of Russia, and therefore called Kieff, 'the mountain.' From that mountain, we are told, a noble prospect commands the course of the river; and up the course of that river, on his way from Sinope to Rome, came, according to the ancient legend, Andrew, Apostle of Greece, the Apostle of Scythia, and as he rose in the morning and saw the heights of Kieff, on which he planted the first cross, he said, 'See you those hills? For on those hills shall hereafter shine forth the grace of God. There shall be a great city, and God shall cause many churches to rise within it.' And so he passed by the north to Italy."

Another legend, in which there is an element of the grotesque, connects the introduction of Christianity into Russia with the strong current of a river. A certain saint, whose very name is unknown, was cast into the Tiber with a millstone round his neck. On or with this millstone he floated miraculously from the Mediterranean Sea into the Atlantic Ocean; from the Baltic into the River Neva. The Neva bore him in triumph to the Lake of Ladoga; from thence he reached the Volkhoff, and at last he stood, a free man, endowed with marvellous powers, under the walls of the imperial Novgorod.

These legends afford us no clue to the real turning point in Russian history. We plant our foot on firm ground when we reach the reign

of Olga, from whose baptism Russian Christianity may, with some approach to accuracy, be said to date. Olga was a woman of stronger will and more enlightened mind than her husband. Her subjects were well governed and stood in awe of her power. In A.D. 955 she undertook a journey from Kieff to Constantinople—whether with a political object or with the express purpose of receiving instruction in the Christian faith we are unable to say. The Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus received her with courteous deference, gave in honour of her visit a sumptuous banquet, and sought to secure her initiation into the church by the aid of his most learned dignitaries. She was baptized by the patriarch Polyeuctes, the emperor himself acting as sponsor. She received at her baptism the venerable name of the Empress Helena, “that she might resemble both in name and in deed the mother of Constantine the Great.” The patriarch addressed to her a series of injunctions which she is reported afterwards to have observed with holy exactness. On her return, she proved steadfast in her new faith and laboured diligently to spread it, but her endeavours were not immediately successful, and she saw that the time had not yet come for the change she desired. Her son Swatoslav, in whose favour she had abdicated, was impervious to her entreaties. He was a rough and hardy warrior, who cared little for the arts of peace; he delighted in military expeditions, and wished only to consolidate and extend his empire. “Wrapped in a bearskin,” says Gibbon, “Swatoslaus usually slept on the ground, his head reclining on a saddle, his diet was coarse and frugal, and, like the heroes of Homer, his meat (it was often horse-flesh) was broiled or roasted on the coals.” The rude gods of his ancestors contented him, their imperfect morality he fully approved. Christianity he could not appreciate. One concession his mother did secure from him—liberty of worship for those who, influenced by her example, had become Christians. Restless in times of peace, implacable towards his enemies in war, Swatoslav did not disgrace his reign, which lasted from 957 to 972, by persecution. He was in this latter year treacherously murdered by a neighbouring tribe with whom he was at war. On his death the kingdom was divided between his three sons, who, as is usual in such cases, quarrelled incessantly one with another. In 980, Vladimir, the youngest son, became sole ruler. Vladimir had, with his brothers, been confided to the care of Olga, who sought earnestly to win them to the faith of Christ. But at the time of his accession, “the Sunny Prince” was to all appearance a confirmed pagan. He erected new altars, increased the number of idols, and ruthlessly sacrificed the lives of his subjects to appease the anger of the gods. “The savage deities of the North,” to quote the words of Gibbon, “were still propitiated with human sacrifices; in the choice of the victim, a citizen was preferred to a stranger, a Christian to an idolater: and the father who defended his son from the sacerdotal knife was involved in the same doom by the rage of a fanatical tumult.”

In the early years of his reign, Vladimir was superstitious, cruel, and tyrannical; dreams of military glory impelled him to undertake a series of aggressive wars, and his fame as a conqueror surpassed that of his ancestors. He had, however, his moments of grave thoughtfulness; his mind was open to impressions from the new forms of life with which he was brought into contact, nor were the lessons he had received in early life ever entirely lost.

When his fame was firmly established, a desire was felt by the devotees of various religions to convert him to their views, and envoys were accordingly sent to him. From different quarters of the world, men of learning, eloquence, and authority found their way to his court, and exerted their utmost powers of argument and persuasion to win him over to their side.

The first emissaries who appeared on the scene were Bulgarian Mohammedans from the Volga—"Thou art wise and prudent, O prince, but thou knowest neither law nor religion. Believe in our religion and honour Mohammed." "What is your religion?" "We believe in God and also in his prophet. Be circumcised, abstain from pork, drink no wine, and after death choose out of seventy wives the most beautiful." To the last sentence, it is said, Vladimir attached some weight, but the prohibitions were distasteful to him, and especially the prohibition of drinking. "Drinking is the great delight of Russians," he said, "we cannot live without it." And thus the Mussulmans pleaded in vain.

Next came delegates from the Latin church, who quoted the Pope as their authority and claimed obedience to him. But Vladimir knew nothing of the Pope and speedily dismissed his advocates.

Then came Jews who lived among the Chazars and spoke scornfully of the worship of the Christians, "Because," said they, "they believe in Him whom we have crucified, and not in One God as we do." They then descanted on the ancient glories of Jerusalem, and on the privileges of her elect children. But Vladimir constrained them to confess that God was wroth with their forefathers and had scattered them among the Gentiles as a punishment for their sins. "What!" exclaimed the monarch, "God has rejected and dispersed you, and yet you wish to teach others! Had He loved you He would not have scattered you abroad; do you wish that we should suffer the same?"

Last of all came a representative of the Greek church, "not a priest or a missionary, but a philosopher." He began by exposing the abominations of Mohammedanism, and deepened the disgust which Vladimir already felt towards them. He next exposed the errors of the Roman Church and disproved its arrogant and pretentious claims. "But Jews have been here," said the king, "who told me that the Germans and the Greeks believe on Him whom they crucified." The philosopher acknowledged the charge, and in answer to the demand, "Why was He crucified?" went on to expound the story of our religion from the beginning to the end. In this way he thoroughly

aroused the interest of the semi-barbarian monarch and disposed him to receive the truth. But the wise and prudent advocate sought still further to impress the mind of the awakened king. He showed to him a tablet on which was painted the scene of the Last Judgment. In the centre was the great white throne; on the right hand were the just, full of joy, entering into the Kingdom of the Blessed; on the left hand were the impenitent and unbelieving, departing condemned and terror-stricken into hell. Vladimir gazed on the picture and sighed. "If you wish," said his instructor, "to enter Paradise with those on the right you must be baptized." "I will wait yet a while that I may consider;" and the prudent philosopher withdrew amid many marks of the royal favour.

The next year Vladimir summoned a council of his nobles and elders and told them of all that had occurred. After they had deliberated a while, they advised the king to ascertain what each religion did for its devotees at home. It was natural, they said, that every man should praise his religion, but his word might not be true. Would it not be well to send wise men to examine these forms of faith and test their worth? With this suggestion Vladimir agreed, and an embassy was forthwith appointed. With the German and the Roman churches they were bitterly disappointed; the Jewish religion was intolerable; the Mohammedan was repulsive and disgusting.

At Constantinople their experience was widely different—the imperial city shone before them in all its stately splendour. Basil Porphyrogenitus, who at that time (987) shared the throne with his brother Constantine, ordered a reception for the strangers on a scale of unusual magnificence. "Let them see," he said, referring to the solemn pomp of the ritual, "the glory of our God." The church of St. Sophia, to which they were conducted, was then the finest ecclesiastical structure in the world. It is, as Dean Stanley remarks, "magnificent even now in its fallen state; it was then all gorgeous with gold and mosaics"—"the masterpiece of Christian architecture." The strangers gazed with admiration on its lofty dome, they were enchanted by its rich and variegated marbles, the gleaming of its precious stones, its pictures of saints and angels, of martyrs and confessors. The patriarch, robed in his most splendid vestments, headed a gorgeous procession—lights were blazing, clouds of incense rose from the altar, anthems were pealed by the many-voiced choir, and as the deacons and sub-deacons issued forth from the sanctuary, with lighted torches in their hands and wings of white linen on their shoulders, the people fell prostrate before them and cried, "Kyrie Eleison, Kyrie Eleison." The scene was overpowering—the envoys in their blind wonder took their guides by the hand and assured them that what they had seen was supernatural. "We have seen young men with wings in dazzling robes, who, without touching the ground, chanted in the air, Holy, Holy, Holy, and this is what has most surprised us." The guides

replied, "What, do you not know that angels come down from heaven to mingle in our services?" The simple-minded Russians believed it, and demanded no further proof that here at length they had come into the very presence of God.

Their report to Vladimir was, as might be expected, glowing and rapturous. No such temple had they seen, or could they see. They knew not whether they were in heaven or on earth. God had there His dwelling-place with men. The splendours they had seen could not be described, neither could they be forgotten. "Whoever has seen so sweet a spectacle will be pleased with nothing else." It was impossible for them, after this, to remain in heathenism. Christianity, and Christianity alone, was divine, and those who knew it turned to it with irrepressible yearnings.

The king still hesitated, but his nobles, remembering his reverence for his grandmother Olga, said to him that if this religion had not been true, she, the wisest of mortals, would not have embraced it. And, thereupon, he determined that he would ultimately become a Christian. But he would not take this step without giving to the Greeks a demonstration of his power. He would not let them think that he was weakly submissive, or that the adoption of a new creed would render him less terrible in war. He, therefore, besieged the city of Cherson in the Crimea, and vowed that if he succeeded he would forthwith be baptized. By an act of treachery on the part of a priest he accomplished his end, and then sent to demand from Basil the hand of his sister Anne in marriage, the demand being accompanied with a threat that a refusal would bring upon Constantinople the fate of Cherson. Basil replied that the proposal could be granted only on one condition—that Vladimir should publicly embrace the Christian faith. To this, of course, he readily assented. Anne was strongly averse to the proposal, but in view of the peril which her refusal would bring to the State, and the glory her compliance would confer on the Church, she accepted the engagement. Attended by a retinue of priests, she joined Vladimir at Cherson, and on the eve of his marriage the royal convert was baptized. Cherson he restored to Basil, but the brazen gates of the city he transported to Novgorod that they might, in due time, be placed in front of a church which he resolved to erect as a trophy at once of his victory and his faith.

On reaching Kieff, Vladimir issued orders that his twelve sons and his people should be baptized. With great vigour he destroyed all the monuments of the ancient religion, and prohibited the observance of its rites. The gigantic wooden idol, Peroun, the god of thunder, was overthrown, dragged across the hills at a horse's tail, battered with clubs by twelve mounted pursuers, and flung, amid shouts of scorn and derision, into the waters of the Dneiper. Some of the people gazed on this act of desecration with terror, dreading lest the powerful god should avenge the insult. But the stream was stronger than the idol. It was carried helplessly down the current,

disappeared in the dark rapids, and was finally lost to sight in the bay which was afterwards known, in consequence of this event, as the Bay of Peroun.

The king, in his excess of zeal, next issued an edict that all who should refuse the rite of baptism should be treated as the enemies of God and their Prince. The edict was instantaneously obeyed. The obedient Russians flocked to the banks of the Dneiper in thousands, and were immersed in its flowing waters. Nestor describes it as a sight curious and beautiful. The joy of the king, as he watched the scene, was mingled with deep anxiety, and in his desire that he and his people might alike prove faithful, he prayed unto the one true God, "Grant, O Lord, unto these Thy new people to know Thee as Thou art made known in Christian lands, and confirm them in Thy faith." The place became a consecrated place. On the site of the temple of Peroun arose the Church of St. Basil. Other churches were built, schools were established, bishops were ordained, evangelists penetrated into the interior of the country, converts were everywhere gained, and the Christian religion, as understood and practised by the Greek Church, was invested with the highest sanction of the State.

The facility with which the Christian religion gained for itself a footing in Russia was not only remarkable, but altogether unparalleled. Various causes may be assigned for this fact—the despotic power of the Emperor, the meekly-submissive character of the people, the splendour of the ceremonial under which Christianity was presented, and the extent to which that ceremonial dazzled the senses of a nation emerging from barbarism. But the later Russian historians, as Dean Stanley reminds us, lay great stress on yet another element in the transaction—the vernacular translation of the Scriptures by Cyril and Methodius. These distinguished missionaries had, a century before the conversion of Vladimir, invented an alphabet for the then unwritten language of the Slavonic tribes, and rendered into this language the whole of the New Testament, except the Apocalypse, together with the Book of Psalms. The language of barbarian nations was commonly deemed profane, and, therefore, unfit for ecclesiastical and sacred uses. Cyril was free from so absurd and pernicious a prejudice, and saw that only by use of the vernacular could the progress of Christianity be permanently ensured. This version was an ally without which even the royal patronage would have lost much of its power, and it must, therefore, be mentioned with honour.

There is very much in this story on which we cannot look with approval. With the ritual of the Greek Church we have little sympathy. Byzantine ecclesiasticism was enervated and corrupt. Its sensuous worship was an admixture of Paganism and Christianity. The simplicity of the Gospel was hidden behind its meretricious shows. Its solemn masquerades were illusive. The dexterity of its

patriarch and priests in deceiving the ignorant and bewildered spectators into the belief that they were aided in their worship by a choir of angels was an effective stroke of policy, but utterly unworthy of the pure and elevated morality of the Gospel, and the stately service in St. Sophia, which so enraptured the Russian envoys, was a pitiable caricature of our holy faith.

The royal edicts which demanded from the subjects of Vladimir the immediate abandonment of their ancestral religion, and the acceptance of Christianity, were entirely out of place in connection with a kingdom which is not of this world. Christianity wins its conquests by spiritual not by carnal weapons, by persuasion not by force. Its revelation of the fatherhood of God, and of the sonship and immortality of redeemed men; its presentation in the person of Christ of infinite love allied with infinite sorrow; its exhibition of a perfect character as the ideal of human life; its sublime morality; its power to ease the conscience of the burden of guilt, to cleanse the heart of its impurities, to console it in its sorrows, to nerve it in the prospect of death—these are the means by which it wins our affections, and sets up in the very centre of our manhood the throne of Christ. The allegiance which is born of force, or springs from fear, is of no real worth, and the aids suggested by worldly policy are hindrances rather than helps.

But in judging of the actions of Vladimir we must not try him by the standard of our own day. The tenth century was not the nineteenth, and to condemn a king, a priest, or a subject because he had not the enlightenment we possess, would be both ungenerous and unjust. Vladimir did not in any sense fall below the spirit of the age. Neither he, nor his nobles, nor the masses of his people, saw in his conduct anything unreasonable or wrong. His dominion over them was supposed to be absolute and entire. The distinction which we see to be of such moment between the sphere of the Divine government and the human, between Christ and Cæsar, between the State and the Church, between the temporal and the spiritual, was not then discerned. And the most sceptical historians allow that the conversion of the nations to Christ imparted many temporal benefits, lessened the number and mitigated the horrors of war, promoted law and order, fostered the arts and sciences, and added in every way to the dignity and happiness of man.

Vladimir himself after his conversion was greatly changed. His cruelty was tamed, his vices were abandoned. He strove manfully to fulfil his duty as a servant of the Lord Christ; and when, in A.D. 1015, he was compelled by death to lay down his sceptre, he had so endeared himself to his subjects that they could only speak of him as "Isapostolos—equal to an Apostle."

EVENING GLEANINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISCELLANEOUS READING."

IN the *Life and Letters* of G. Ticknor, a remark is made to the effect that, when in Brussels, and conversing with some of the *élite of society* there, he could not avoid constantly remembering that two of the high-minded intellectual persons with whom he was sitting were under sentence of death if found within the grasp of Austria.

It would be a striking reflection if it were to come to us in all the solemnity and extent of its truth, that many with whom perhaps we may have, not only occasional, but frequent association, are under the ban of such a condemnation as we find expressed in John iii. 18; and that a higher and more inevitable judgment will overtake them if they remain in the same spirit of unbelief. Intelligence, culture, refinement, taste, cannot cancel nor atone here. There is but one hope, and that is submission to the Heavenly Power as kind and forgiving, as, if it were earthly, it would be severe and implacable.

How strange that so many prefer to close, rather than open, their eyes to the light and joy of truth. No wonder that habit renders ultimate enlightenment all the more difficult. A traveller in Norway notes the fact that, when sleighing in winter, if the eyes are shut even for a few seconds the eyelids become frozen, and the use of the hands, or some friendly help, is necessary to restore the power of vision. It is a symbol of spiritual experience. To love darkness rather than light is to make it difficult to get back the enjoyment of light again. Doubt, worldliness, unbelief, all tend to blind the seeing faculty. "Open Thou mine eyes," said David.

Both the germs of sin and the seed of truth have great vitality, and reappear sometimes when least expected. A species of poppy, that ten centuries ago grew in Italy, and was spoken of by Pliny, appeared to be lost, and to survive only in description. But it was not so. The removal of some scoræ in the neighbourhood where the plants once flourished, brought them suddenly into being again. A thousand years had not destroyed the life that hid secretly in the seed. So sin in the world, or sin in the heart, though apparently in some of its forms dead, perished, forgotten, re-appears through some new incident, or some new conjunction of circumstances, and revives in all its olden style. Nothing requires more diligently to be watched against than the renewal of dormant evil habits. Seed thoughts, having a chance,

again often spring up into sinful deeds. It is a comfort, however, to the Christian worker, to feel that the good seed of the kingdom has not less living power. When those who last went to seek the North-West Passage came upon some wheat, which had been left by the *Polaris* five years before, they tested its germinant power. They found it grew readily under a glass shade. Now this seed had been exposed to the rigour of four Arctic winters. All the energies of biting frosts and piercing winds had been brought to bear upon it, and had conspired to slay, if possible, its life. Yet it had survived the force of all. We may be cheered in thinking that, notwithstanding the influences of the world, the cold of indifference, the attacks of temptation, the overshadowing of the power of darkness, the good seed does not, cannot, perish. Uncongenial surroundings, long forgetfulness, destroy it not; and the day may come when we shall see "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

Is it not striking that astronomers tell us there are dark stars—planetary bodies that influence others and move among the shining ranks unperceived by the common eye? Are there not also evil men, and more, dark spirits, whose influence is amidst us, and whose similar power may be too evidently traced and known? We may often, though not always, be able to identify the men, but we want the discovering power of revelation to point out to us the spirits of ill. Yet they are here, and in the moral, if not the physical, sphere tend to deflect from its course many a fair star and dim its light and beauty.

When some scientific gentlemen were travelling in the north of Russia on an electrical expedition, people who observed them with their instruments and experiments got to believe and reported that a star had been lost in St. Petersburg, and these seekers had come out to Siberia to find it. One wonders if they ever thought of its magnitude; what could have been done with it if the discovery had been made. Could they have revived its brightness or restored it to its orbit? But there is one who on spiritual quest came forth "to seek and to save that which was lost," who entered the region of the dreariness, desolation, and misery of our sin to find and to re-exalt. He can renew the faded brightness, put back into its original orbit, and give it to circle on again for ever amidst the quiring of the heavenly spheres.

A suggestive illustration of "Rock of Ages" occurs in a Hungarian legend. Some ladies, who crossed the Carpathian mountains, relate the popular belief. One Benedict, a devoted monk and preacher, once living in those secluded parts, was attacked on one occasion by robbers. On the supposition that he had wealth, three greedy rogues broke into his cave and summoned him to surrender at peril of his life. Benedict turned to the rock, tradition says, and besought it to give him shelter, and behold at his word the rock opened and received

the saint into its bosom. Amidst dangers, fears, and foes, when no other escape or refuge is possible, how sweet to be able to say :—

“ Rock of Ages shelter me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

Again they fable, the figure of the monk is at times to be seen forbidding the overhanging rocks to fall upon a village that nestles at their foot. Blessed is the truth that there is One, who, while He is the “munition of rocks” for His people, can also restrain all that can harm them by His word: “Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm.”

But the warnings to the ungodly which He gives, while full of tenderness and power for a time, at last, if neglected, will die away, and only an accusing and awful remembrance be left.

Thurso, adopted by Hrisco, became impatient for her money, pretended she was insane, and threw her into a dungeon. But demons entered into his dwelling and haunted the ungrateful man. Horrid laughter was heard and fearful faces seen. At length, one night, a strange monk knocked at the gate of the castle. He was refused admittance, but at the door he stood and cried, “Repent! Repent! Repent!” No revelry so loud but this voice sounded above it. At length the warning cry was silenced; but next morning, with finger outstretched, gigantic in stature, and menacing in aspect, a stone monk was standing where the living monk stood, and there, say they, he is standing now. Take heed and listen when Christ stands at the door and knocks. If rejected, the faithful appeal may petrify at last into a stony and foreboding remembrance, all grace, hope, and opportunity gone.

Not always do those whom we might think it a charm to be with verify our sanguine estimation. They are often better at the distance than near. They “break the promise to the hope,” and this is at once a suggestive lesson and useful warning. The eminent scientist, Michael Faraday, in the earlier part of his career, was helper and travelling companion to Sir Humphry Davy. But how does he speak of one so eminent in his profession, and who, by his discoveries, has conferred such incalculable benefits on the human race? In a letter given in Mr. Tyndal’s Life, he writes that the greatest advantage he had in his association was that, in Sir Humphry he had a model to teach him what to avoid. It is an unfortunate fact that clever men are sometimes more honoured in their public than admirable in their private life. It illustrates again the old adage, that “no man is a hero to his valet.” But how genuine and blessed that Christianity must be that shines in secret as much as in public, and is as fragrant to those who are near it every day as when it is set out, now and then, in the sunshine of popularity. There have been many who might thus be commended—men like Archbishop Leighton, Samuel Rutherford, or R. M. McCheyne. Yet, after all, there is only One

who has ever lived a life that the eyes of angels, as well as men, might scan and still say, with Pilate, "I find no fault in Him."

How majestic and glorious in every respect is Christ! Indescribable and transcendent! Speaking of the Alps, Faraday says, "We are transported by magnificent scenery. Mont Blanc above all is wonderful, and I could not but feel that painting is very far beneath poetry in cases of high expression. No artist should try to paint Mont Blanc. It is utterly out of his reach. He must be able to dip his brush in light and darkness first."

And what shall we say of the triumphs of the cross? Like mountains fallen—Alps, Andes, Himalayas, and the sun shining in his strength above all. So Sin, Satan, Death, are vanquished by Christ, and He is exalted far above all blessing and praise, for "He has spoiled principalities and powers, and made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it."

The lesson that "distance lends enchantment to the view," might well, if properly conned, sober our judgment and repress our feelings of excitement in many things. The scenes of attraction that rise before imagination are often only delusions, and, standing at last in the midst of the reality, we are compelled like Cæsar to say, "Is this all?"

Gazing from Corsica over the foam-fringed coast and deep blue waters, the island of Sardinia, her sun-burnt sister, looks passing beautiful with her luxuriant myrtles and crimson cliffs.

My friend Lorenzo, yonder purple mountains,
They beckon in their gracious calm to me;
They stir my bosom with a fiery longing,
And my heart leaps to cross that narrow sea.

Whereto my good Lorenzo thus made answer,
And spoke low to himself with doubting air,
"Ah! the fair mountains of the Lombard yonder,
The pictured lies, only afar are fair.

"They seem like sapphires in the magic distance,
Like wondrous crystal domes they kiss the sky,
But when the weary spell-drawn wanderer nears them
They throw the purple and the glitter by.

"They offer you their grey sides rude and naked,
Save where the tangling briars harsh covering lend,
With tempests threaten you and with abysses,
Like life—too like the cheats of life, my friend."

Especially true is this of the "pleasures of sin." So, doubtless, felt Mdlle. Dutarri, one of the favourites of Louis XV. He presented her with a mirror made designedly to flatter her, with two cupids holding a diadem. It was so curiously constructed that she could never look into it without seeing herself crowned. Ah, but what would conscience, in quiet moments, say of the reality?

It is sometimes astonishing to learn how strangely indifferent to all

possible propriety men may show themselves in prayer. The barest respect that they would show to their fellow-men in asking a favour, or in the expression of friendship, they will yet fail to show the Eternal, Almighty Jehovah. Yet they expect their prayers not to be refused, nor their homage neglected. We are reminded in such cases of a monk, so idle, that instead of expressing intelligent requests, he used to repeat the alphabet, and then add, "Take, O Lord, these letters, and put them together even as Thou wilt ;" or of another, who, as he flung himself wearily into bed, was accustomed to say, "O, Lord, Thou knowest we are on the same old terms ;" or of the Archbishop of the Alhambra, when Mr. Ticknor went to see him. At breakfast the little chaplain knelt by his side, on a hassock, fluently reciting the prayers from the breviary, and his reverence always responded at the proper moment, with scarcely an interruption in his continuous talk. What a different idea of prayer had John Welsh, who used to sleep with a plaid upon his bed that he might wrap it around him when he rose in the night to pray, and who used to spend whole nights in wrestling with God for Zion ; or Robert Hall, whose voice, pleading for his family and his church, could often be heard in his study by passers by ; or the valiant Havelock of Indian fame, who would rise in the morning at four if the hour for marching were six, rather than lose the precious privilege of communion with God before setting out. Surely it was prayer such as these last named breathed, that gave force to the lives of three who form part of a significant illustration in a Prayer Book at the University of Prague. In the margin there are three miniatures. The upper one is Wicliffe, striking fire with steel and flint, and endeavouring, though in vain, to blow it into a flame. The middle one is Huss, lighting a candle at the spark ; and below is Luther, bearing a blazing torch.

Sweet is light after darkness, calm after fear, rest after pilgrimage. Sweet is comfort after trial to the Christian, sweet will heaven be after the endurances of the present.

A Roman Catholic missionary, fulfilling his duties in Texas, speaks of having to pass through a forest at night where the panther haunted, and wild men, as cruel, would waylay the defenceless wayfarer. It was dark, and weird sounds broke now and then from the solitudes. It was an acacia wood, and thorns pierced the feet, beat in the face, and tore his apparel. His hands and head were covered with blood. The path was narrow and choked up, and he had often blindly to creep along stretched at full length. It was dreary, lonesome, miserable. However, day dawn in its first faint colouring came at last, and morning spread over the heavens, not as in our colder clime, sullen and suspicious, but putting to flight all his ennui and soothing to forgetfulness all recent sufferings. A penetrating and delicious odour of vanilla, patchuli, jasmine, and the ebony tree filled the air, while thousands of wild vines saturated the early breeze with their perfumes. Choirs of birds lent their music to the scene,

and the voices of the cardinal and the coo, the turtle, the blue bird, and the bird of paradise, blended their charming melody and plaintive notes. A light dew had strewn on the leaves of the trees and planted a thousand liquid pearls, which refracted the pure bright ray into the prismatic colours. Such perfumes and gentle airs, such songs and hues made me, he writes, most happy. "This awaking of nature conveyed into my soul a feeling of undefined bliss, a vague happiness, which I would not have exchanged for all the joys of earth while it raised my thoughts to heaven." Who in the experiences of life, delivered and blessed, shall not say, "Lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the time of the singing of birds is come and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land," and who shall not anticipate heaven, where "the fear of the night," and "the thorn in the flesh," shall for ever have passed?

A traveller in Africa relates how, as they journeyed towards Tabessa, the evening grew gloomy, and wrapped in sombre tints the high hills, right and left studded with trees. One of the party in advance pointed mysteriously to the foot of a cluster of pines, and there at a distance of about four hundred yards lay a huge lion, his head resting on his forefeet. He rose and shook his mane. In their terror they crept by as quietly and quickly as they could. Great, however, was their alarm, for the distance to be traversed was yet long; they feared to hear some token of their enemy behind them, and became tired, faint, and exhausted. They asked at two encampments of Arabs, as they passed, how much farther their destination lay; the answer was "very far." They declined invitation to remain, however, and pressed on. Blinding darkness enveloped them; the night was so intensely black they could not see the road, and therefore followed by sound their guide. Portions of the way were very bad—swamps, rivulets, and ditches had to be passed whose magnitude was exaggerated by the darkness. But at last they reached the south-western extremity of the low land and ascended the higher ground on which the town of Tabessa is situated. The monotony and profound stillness of the plain was now superseded—the welcome and enlivening notes of the nightingale were heard, whose melodious warbling sounded above the pleasant dash of falling waters. The path lay between beautiful gardens, the rich odour of whose numerous and variegated flowers impregnated and filled the atmosphere. Weary, famished, and terrified as they had been, their spirits revived, their trouble vanished, and amid sparkling lights and abounding hospitality they were able to recount the perils of the way. Even so we are passing through a world where an adversary seeks "whom he may devour." We often walk in darkness and see no light; the way is discouraging and we are "faint though pursuing." But we are nearing by every step our final home. Glorious scenes and songs await us there, pleasant greetings and unspeakable joys shall attend, and then, O how shall the trials of the past be forgotten, in the

reunions and bliss that, the Great Master felt He could best express by saying, "They shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God."

We journey through a vale of tears,
But often from on high,
The glorious bow of God appears,
And lights up all our sky.

Then through the breaking clouds of heaven
Far distant visions come,
And sweetest words of grace are given
To cheer the pilgrim home.

A GEM FROM RICHARD BAXTER'S CABINET.

THE latter part of the seventeenth century was by no means a favourable period for the production of hymns of praise. No great hymn-writer had yet risen up to render such service in England, as Luther, Hermann, Ringwaldt, Richter, and Gerhardt had rendered in the churches of the Continent. Isaac Watts, the father of English Hymnology, did not commence his work until the year 1696. It is well known that the number of hymns current in the English language before his day was very small.

Within the borders of the Established Church were found many elements of disturbance and distraction, whilst outside her borders were found fear and dismay. To say nothing of the oppressive and intolerant Acts of Parliament against the Nonconformists, we find there arose even amongst some of the most gifted preachers and theologians an ambitious intellectualism, which led, in not a few cases, to unwarrantable dogmatism with regard to points in theology and worship which multitudes found most unwelcome.

During this period of theological, political, and ecclesiastical controversy, the standard of piety reached by the masses was miserably low. In fact, after the death of such men as Owen, Howe, Flavel, and Baxter, dissent began to show signs of decay. Baxter himself saw these signs before his death, and very deeply lamented the state of things. Like the prophet of sorrow, in the days of Jehoiakim, he might well say, "I am pained at my very heart. . . . I cannot hold my peace. . . . Destruction upon destruction. Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears"; and yet like Habakkuk, the contemporary of Jeremiah, Baxter could say "Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." This joy he expressed in the songs

of praise he composed in those times of trouble. Of the hymns written by the author of "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," one, and only one, is inserted in the Baptist Hymn Books. There is an interesting history connected with the composition of this hymn which is not known to all who love our hymns.

Amongst the members of Baxter's congregation was the daughter of a wealthy widow named Charlton. The youthful years of this daughter had been spent in gaiety and spiritual indifference. When about twenty years of age she was smitten with disease, and her life was despaired of. Prayers for her recovery were offered by Baxter and his congregation.

It is believed that in answer to these prayers of faith, the Lord spared the sick. By the blessing of God the means used for her restoration were successful. Upon her recovery it was thought desirable to have a public Thanksgiving Service, when Miss Charlton was able to attend it. The service was conducted by Mr. Baxter. On that very memorable occasion Miss Charlton signed a covenant which she had written with her own hand:—

This day I have, under my hand and seal, in the presence of Witnesses, nay, in Thy own presence, Who art Witness sufficient, where there is no one else to see me, or ear to hear me. Thou, Lord, that knowest all things, knowest that I have devoted my all to Thee. Take it and accept my sacrifice. Help me to pay my vows. Wilt Thou not accept me because I do it not more sincerely or believingly? O Lord, I desire to do right! O Lord, wilt Thou not strengthen my weak desire? I believe, Lord help my unbelief.

From this period the life of Miss Charlton was quite different from what it had been before. She felt grateful to Mr. Baxter for all his kindness and wise counsel. Her gratitude gave place to a pure affection. For awhile, this affection she very studiously veiled from the keenest eyesight. But there came a time when it was no longer possible to keep this secret within the chamber of her young heart. She reluctantly whispered her secret to a near friend who undertook to reveal it to Mr. Baxter. Upon hearing the news he exclaimed, "Since I have passed my youth in celibacy, it will be reputed madness in me to marry a young woman."

His objection was met by the statement that it was not upon any worldly account that Miss Charlton was prepared for this step, but rather that she might have fuller conversation with him on religious matters. After duly reflecting upon the matter he was convinced it was "the best for him to marry."

Many years after marriage, Baxter published a little book with the very quaint title, "Poetical Fragments; or, Heart Employment with God and Itself, the Concordant Discord of a Broken-healed Heart, Sorrowing-Rejoicing, Fearing-Hoping, Dying-Living, written partly for Himself and near Friends, on Sickness and other deep Affliction."

Amongst these "Fragments" is a hymn entitled "The Covenant and Confidence of Faith," with the following note appended. "This

covenant my dear wife, in her former sickness, subscribed with a cheerful will?" John xii. 26.

This note, and the covenant which we have given in a previous part of this article, throw some light upon the sixteen lines of the hymn omitted in its republished form in our denominational hymn-books. It may be interesting to our readers to see these lines:—

- 1 My whole though broken heart, O Lord,
From henceforth shall be Thine:
And here I do my vow record;
This hand, these words are mine.
- 2 All that I have without reserve
I offer here to Thee;
Thy will and honour all shall serve,
That Thou bestowdst on me.
- 3 All that exceptions save I lose,
All that I lose I save,
The treasure of Thy love I choose,
And Thou art all I crave.
- 4 My God, Thou hast my heart and hand,
I all to Thee resign;
I'll ever to this covenant stand
Though flesh thereat repine.

Verse 5 begins, "Lord it belongs not to my care," &c.

From a careful perusal of the memoir of Mrs. Baxter, and the notes in the works of Mr. Baxter, we are convinced that the substance of the hymn called the "Covenant and Confidence of Faith" was written for the special benefit of Miss Charlton, upon her recovery from the very serious sickness which seemed to threaten her life in 1659-60, or thereabout.

We presume the date, 1681, which is affixed to the hymn, is intended to mark the date of its publication, and not the date of its composition.

At the end of the "Fragments," to which we have alluded, is the note, "At the door of eternity: Richard Baxter, 1681, August 7th."

But though he concluded that he was at the door of eternity in 1681, he did not enter thereat for another ten years. His experience during these years was often times expressed in these lines.

One of his prayers is in perfect harmony with the language of the hymn:—

Thou knowest, Lord, I am not weary of Thy work, but of sorrow and sin. I am willing to stay while Thou wilt employ me, and despatch the work Thou hast put into my hands; but I beseech Thee stay no longer when this is done. While I am here let me be still amending and ascending; make me still better, and take me at the best. I dare not to be so impatient as to importune Thee to cut off my time and snatch me hence unready; nor would I stay when my work is done, and remain here sinning, while my brethren are triumphing. Thy footsteps bruise this worm, while those stars shine in the firmament of glory.

Although the lot of Richard Baxter was hard, yet he sang:—

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before:
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

When seventy-six years of age, though on the one hand he was obliged to admit:—

My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;

yet comforting his heart with the thought:—

'Tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

he fell asleep in 1691.

H. S.

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

KABUL.

THE “scientific frontier” of course was meditated as a security against Russian aggression, and if it is unequal to the duty of coercing Afghans themselves, no blame to the frontier. If a man purchases a tool for one specific purpose, and finds it unsuitable for any other purpose, he cannot blame the tool. Only people who do not know about these purposes will in their ignorance be rather astonished at the weakness we exhibit where we expected to be strong. Some of us, even although we disbelieved in the frontier as a security against Russia, did really think that the Kabulese could be kept in terror by our proximity. We were mistaken. We find that our Envoy has been assailed by a mutinous force, apparently with the full sympathy of the population, his escort overwhelmed, and with himself slain. We were eager to enforce our claim to prestige when it was an unnecessary obtrusion of our strength upon the Afghan people, and now we are compelled to maintain the prestige we claimed by another invasion.

There is one conclusion which, for our own part, we at once recognize—that it is impossible to enforce the acceptance of a Resident. We may persuade or bribe a powerful and popular prince into receiving a Resident, but to compel a weak monarch, or one who has not the confidence of his subjects, to receive such an Envoy is from the nature of the case unadvisable. The result may be that he will be hoodwinked, and such deceit appears tolerably easy, and when he has reported “all well” frequently enough to disarm suspicion, he

and his belongings can be conveniently massacred. It is not at all needful that the recipient monarch should connive at the tragedy. He may remain passive for a while till some less unpopular chief arrives who will provide for his retirement. No restraint on an excited people is found in the fact that they are ruled by a despotism; for a despotism is weak or strong as the despot himself is popular or unpopular. There appears to have been no real consulting of the popular opinion of the Afghans in the matter of the Envoy. A strong prince would probably have been able to offer us more resistance, perhaps to keep us away altogether, and thus entirely to exclude our interference; or he would have been persuaded without warfare to adopt our views, and we should have obtained a faithful ally and an insured Resident. We have overlooked the conditions of successful Residency, and as a consequence, we have lost our Afghan Resident.

So we have to recapture Kabul, and a similar outbreak at Herat implies that we have to provide for the tranquillity of the whole province. Whatever success may attend such an expedition, our security will have to be attained rather by the discretion of our politicians, than by the efficiency of our army. But what the politicians will do is, of course, as yet, not to be guessed. It seems hardly credible that the same arrangement as before will be made, and another representative appointed with no more security than was enjoyed by Cavagnari. We can scarcely suppose that a new and suddenly appointed chieftain will be able to control Afghans more effectively than the present puppet. Complete occupation and annexation appear to be the only way of securing our interests in the land, and for this task our officials seem unprepared. We shall learn how our troops fare just as the officials choose, since newspaper correspondents are bidden stay away; but it is to be hoped that the hint of the *Spectator* is unjustifiable, ("the motive of that order, we fear, is to conceal the severities which are too often perpetrated when an 'army of vengeance' is on the march")—yet, after all, we are reminded of the definition made by the bitter-mouthed Dean, that a soldier is "hired to kill in cold blood, as many of his own species who have never offended him, as possibly he can." Meanwhile a writer in the *Daily News*, who seems to be well informed on Indian affairs, openly declares that the "scientific frontier," at which Earl Beaconsfield is aiming, is the River Oxus. He says "the nation has been deceived at every step of the Viceroy's course towards the Afghan Prince, and if wise they will call the authors of the crime to a strict account."

PUNCH ON "THE YAHOO."

¶ The repulsive behaviour of the young snob, known to readers of *Punch* as "'Arry," is just now being laid open by Mr. *Punch* him-

self with a truthfulness and severity which promise in time to write the intolerable nuisance off the face of the land. We cannot find language to express our admiration of the clever and wholesome satires which from time to time appear in our chief comic paper in condemnation of this pest. We have just (September 12th) had a specimen photographed in one of the scenes where he flourishes—in the railway carriage. Hardly anyone has travelled much without meeting this intolerable beast, whose foul language and filthy manners render him the terror of all quiet passengers who may be unprepared to kick or smite him. “’Arry” well knows that his behaviour is not uninfluenced by a smack of cowardice, and *Punch* of the above-named date does not let him off without allusion to this peculiarity; a peculiarity which insures the annoyance of a timid or refined fellow-traveller, for such are his special victims. Nothing but firmly uttered censure will put the creature down for the present, and we may hope that advancing education will prevent a future birth from the union of vice and ignorance.

The nature of this animal is to mould its own character in accordance with only one principle—that is selfishness. A careful and persistent consideration of one’s own self, and an equally assiduous and protracted disregard of others, will produce a fine specimen of this repellant item of humanity. And since a nature of this description is essentially debased, it soon finds as much pleasure in annoying others as in gratifying self, until the two amusements become so closely connected that the second is impossible without the first. For this reason “’Arry” delights to smoke in railway carriages whenever he dares, *i.e.*, whenever there is no one present likely to complain or to assault; and if debarred from this luxury he is at any rate able to stare offensively at any modest females in the same conveyance. If he is alone with some of his own sort he is compelled to take refuge in mere noise, and even then can make himself tolerably unpleasant; although he prefers to reserve this recreation for the quiet of midnight, when he returns home through any street devoid of policemen. He is not enamoured of churches or chapels—perhaps because all religions advocate self-restraint and self-denial—and so on Sunday he has to find amusement in polluting some attainable rural suburb, or in hustling women off a pavement in the heart of London. This amusement is fascinating enough—we are only astonished that it is possible.

There is just one item of consolation in this phenomenon. These little amenities were once the solace of high spirits in higher circles of society. They have been cast off by former admirers, and assumed by a lower class. At the universities it is no longer in fashion to get drunk and annoy quieter men. A gentleman is now no longer recognised by his self-indulgence and offensive bearing; and we may hope to see brutality of manners expelled even from the class which it now possesses. We may also fervently hope that it will be effec-

tively banished without being relegated to any other strata of society. If *Punch* does this, as we hope and think it will, it will have deserved well of the country, and we wish it all success in its chivalrous crusade. We regret that we are unable to mention the skilful author of these verse satires, but perhaps some one better informed will reveal his name to the public, and some larger-circled praise than ours will deservedly fall to his lot.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS.

The harvest which is now being gathered is not only one of the latest in the memory of living men, but it is also considerably below the average of the annual cereal produce of this country. It is, moreover, one of a series of deficient harvests. The British farmer is not, however, only afflicted by the weather—his worst fears are probably those which are excited by the prospects of foreign food supplies, which seem to promise to take entire possession of our markets. One of the earliest inquiries made by the Agricultural Commissioners appointed at the close of the last session of Parliament has been directed to the object of ascertaining the probable yield of grain and meat from the United States during the next few years. Two of the Royal Commissioners are on a visit to America with a view to obtain information of this kind. Meanwhile, the Secretary of the British Legation at Washington, Mr. Victor Drummond, has published in the *Daily News* a letter which contains most valuable statistics on the food cost-and-supply question, and certainly quite as complete as the ordinary reader requires. From Mr. Drummond we learn that “the average price of red winter wheat per quarter landed at Liverpool is then as follows:—Landed from New York, 41s. 4d.; landed from Philadelphia, 39s. 8d.; landed from Baltimore, 42s.; landed from Boston, 40s. 4d. We here observe that wheat from Philadelphia is landed in England at a cheaper rate than from the other ports. The low freight from Philadelphia is the principal cause, and that progressive city is reaping a large share of the trade to Europe. From the 29th of July to the 4th of August over one million and a quarter bushels, or more than four times as much as during the same period last year, has been shipped. This steady increase in the grain trade requires a large fleet of ships, chiefly British, which are now flocking to the port of Philadelphia. From information which has reached me, I am led to believe that under certain conditions wheat can be delivered at Liverpool from Philadelphia, with a margin for profit, for 35s. a quarter. It is not probable that this will happen, but I mention it as remote possibility, although it would not be a lasting one.” Mr. Drummond says, with reference to the “Cattle Trade”:—“Dead

American meat is sold in London at 6½d. per lb. at a profit, and it is said that even if sold at 5½d. it would give a small profit. . . . Oxen are raised in the State of Colorado, and ready for market at a cost of 4 dols. (or 16s. 8d.) per head, and it is claimed that on a large scale it can be done for 3 dols. (or 12s. 6d.) per head. That the United States are destined to supply England with its main supplies of food I have no doubt, for, as one of my informants states, first, it is in the very nature of American enterprise to push a trade which affords a profit, and to resort to all manner of 'cheapening' processes and methods to make it more profitable; secondly, the extension of railroads and their facilities into Nebraska, South Missouri, and Texas all stimulate breeding, and increase and cheapen both cattle and their transport to the coast; thirdly, British shipowners will construct vessels with a special view to the rapid and improved conveyance of animals across the ocean, and, despite the check caused by the pleuropneumonia scare, the traffic will increase. Another gentleman writes from New York:—"The cattle dealers here are prepared to work at an even much smaller profit than the present, which they admit is paying handsomely. Even if freight goes up, which is a straw upon which our farmers in England are clinging, I do not believe that it will help them materially." Had Richard Cobden and John Bright never lived, without doubt high protective duties would now be imposed to shut out these copious stores of food—but it is too late—the people are too familiar with a cheap loaf to submit again to the old devices of restricting a nation's food to serve the interests of a class. The Prime Minister counsels patience, caricatures the Marquis of Hartington, denounces the use of the word "sham," glorifies the landlord class, and bids Buckinghamshire bucolics wait for the report of the Commission. It is apparent to all who watch the signs of the times that the food-producing classes are on the verge of a great revolution. Fruit, vegetables, and flowers still present the prospect of profitable culture, as Mr. Gladstone recently remarked; but only on exceptionally advantageous holdings can corn and cattle be raised remuneratively, in competition with the cheap labour of India and Eastern Europe and the vast acreage of the Western States.

THE SINS AND SUFFERINGS OF INDIA.

Mr. Evans, the honoured representative of the Baptist Missionary Society at Monghyr, has recently published in Calcutta a vigorous pamphlet under this title, which we should very gladly see bearing the imprint of a London publisher. After some prefatory remarks on the connection between sin and suffering, both in the experience of individuals and the history of nations, Mr. Evans devotes his first chapter to the Criminality of Idolatry, and then proceeds to consider

"the more aggravating sins of the State," under which heading he includes the studious ignoring of the name of the true God from all public actions and dealings with the heathen population of the land. He says :—"It is, I think, well worthy of notice here, that in the correspondence which took place between the Viceroy and Shere Ali, the late Ameer of Cabool, just before the declaration of the late war with Afghanistan, while the Mahomedan Prince, in each allusion to his Government, designated it 'this *God-granted* Government,' there was not a word in the dispatches of our Government about the authority of Him who is 'the Ruler of Princes.'" The expulsion of the Word of God from Government schools, and the use of vicious and idolatrous class-books in them, the desecration of the Sabbath, the wicked opium traffic, and the encouragement given to the use of strong drinks, are further instances of the un-Christian policy of the Government. With reference to the last clause of the indictment, Mr. Evans says :—"In this country, Government builds its own distilleries, has its own police to watch them, its own officers to superintend them ; and the *abkaree* officer who is able best to push on the trade is highly commended and rewarded by favours in high places." On account of such things, the writer believes the displeasure of the Most High is manifest in the sufferings which again and again visit the land.

REVIEWS

THE LIFE AND WORK OF ST. PAUL.

By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.,
Canon of Westminster. In two
vols. With coloured maps.
London :—Cassell, Petter, &
Galpin.

THERE is already in the English language more than one elaborate treatise on the Life of St. Paul. The well-known works of Mr. Lewin, and of Messrs. Conybeare & Howson, may be thought to cover the ground so entirely as to leave little scope for subsequent investigators. They are, indeed, in their own line, unapproachable, and have rendered to Biblical students services which cannot be too highly estimated. But they have not exhausted the subject, and for Canon Farrar's

volumes there was ample room. His chief object, he tells us, "has been to give a definite, accurate, and intelligent impression of St. Paul's teaching ; of the controversies in which he was engaged ; of the circumstances which educed his statements of doctrine and practice ; of the inmost heart of his theology in each of its phases ; of his Epistles as a whole, and of each Epistle in particular as complete and perfect in itself." This is exactly what students of St. Paul require, and what, on an adequate scale, they have not been able in any single work to find. An acute critic has called one of the works to which we have referred, "an illustrated guide-book to the Apostle's world of place

and time, rather than a personal introduction to himself," and considers it "so instructive that the greater part of its information would probably have been quite new to St. Paul himself." No such charge can be laid against Canon Farrar's work. He does, indeed, give a true and vivid idea of the Apostle's surroundings, of the existing conditions of religious thought, and of the framework of social and political life. But all this is of secondary moment, and it is Dr. Farrar's principal aim to understand the Apostle's heart and mind, to analyse his peculiar genius, to bring us into living contact with the man, rather than with the outward scenes and conditions of his career. If we wish to realize those scenes most vividly, we must still have recourse to Conybeare and Howson. They describe much more minutely than Dr. Farrar the scenery through which St. Paul passed, enter at greater length into the political history and relations of the age, and expound more comprehensively the various systems of heathen philosophy. But these were points in which the Apostle took comparatively little interest, and do not furnish us with any real means of approach to his character. Dr. Farrar has, in our estimation, displayed a truer artistic instinct, and observed more accurately the laws of intellectual harmony in keeping such matters in the background. He omits nothing of vital importance, but he never forgets that it is of ST. PAUL he is writing, and of all other matters only as they concern *him*. The consequence of this severe self-restraint is that there is not a single page of his work, from first to last, with which we could dispense.

Of the rich and varied learning of

these volumes it is, perhaps, superfluous to speak. With the classics of Greece and Rome, and with the patristic writers, Dr. Farrar is thoroughly at home, and draws from them innumerable illustrations. He has trodden with firm step "the wandering mazes" of the Talmud, and pressed into his service legends of *Hagadoth* and rules of *Halackoth*. Over the vast fields of modern literature he roams with kingly freedom, so that nothing of worth, either in history, science, or poetry, seems to have escaped him. Learning, so varied and extensive as his, is often detrimental to originality and vigour of thought, and its possessor is like a warrior clad in armour too ponderous for use. With Dr. Farrar it is not so. He retains, throughout, his freedom and grace of movement. He deftly wards off the attacks of adversaries, and strikes heavy and telling blows. His vast stores of knowledge do not encumber him. They are controlled by a sound and watchful judgment which never, for a moment, abandons its high prerogatives.

Dr. Farrar is the master of a brilliant style. He enters at will every domain of human thought; recalls, with bold and startling distinctness, the scene he wishes to describe, and makes the laws of the physical universe no less than the pages of history tributary to his design. His rhetoric, though powerful, is not gaudy. His sentences are extremely beautiful, and often flash like diamonds. Style is not, perhaps, of the first moment, but it is of more importance than we commonly imagine. Many writers, equally with Dr. Farrar, are able to "let in the light," but in his case the light is transmitted through windows of stained glass, such as we see in our great cathedrals.

Every ray as it passes glows as with celestial radiance, reveals to us some miracle of art, and entrances us with visions of ideal beauty.

Our author has spared no pains either in the collection, the arrangement or the elaboration of his materials. His learning is not more conspicuous than his fine spiritual insight. He has been inexorably conscientious, his candour is transparent, his judgment sober and impartial—free from every trace of exaggeration. Intense as is his admiration for the great Apostle, he is no blind hero-worshipper. He refuses to see in the quotation of current heathen proverbs proof of a wide acquaintance with heathen literature or the fruits of advanced Hellenic culture. He does not believe that Paul ever read Homer, *Æschylus*, or Sophocles, or that he was familiar with the dialectic of Aristotle. As little does he uphold all his actions as faultless. There were limitations in the noble nature he so sympathetically portrays. Paul, though an apostle, was also a man, and displayed on more than one occasion the infirmities of our race.

Dr. Farrar has given us a full-length portrait of this greatest of the Apostles—his early Hebraism, his crusade of persecution, his sudden conversion, and his subsequent development, in intellectual and spiritual force. Statements from the Epistles are skilfully interwoven into the narrative of the Acts, and new light is thereby thrown on both. The analysis of the Epistles, the *resumé* of their main points, the historical setting in which they are placed, the vindication of their genuineness and authenticity against the criticism of the rationalistic school show throughout the sympathy of a pure and generous humanity,

the masterful ease of the scholar and the charm of perfect literary art. The work is not a commentary, but it will answer the highest purposes of a commentary. Dr. Farrar has in these volumes done for the Pauline epistles what Dean Stanley, in his "*Lectures on the Jewish Church*," has done for the historical and prophetic books of the Old Testament. As a popular introduction to the life and writings of the Apostle of the Gentiles the work has no equal. The writer takes us over ground we have often traversed, points out at almost every step scenes of beauty we had not previously discerned, and invests even familiar objects with the attractions of novelty. He frequently summons us aside to the House of the Interpreter, explains things which have perplexed us and unveils stores of priceless wealth. We follow him with unfaltering step, the landscape on either side of our path stands out with reality and distinctness "apparelled in celestial light," and we are everywhere conscious not only of the presence of Paul, but of One without whom the Jewish persecutor had never become the Christian Apostle. Dr. Farrar has given us a valuable addition both to our apologetic and expository literature. He has, moreover, been greatly aided by his publishers. The volumes are handsomely printed and strongly bound. They ought to find their way into every library, and especially into every minister's library in the kingdom.

THOUGHT BLOSSOMS, GATHERED AT
RICHMOND. By J. Hunt Cooke.
London: Elliot Stock.

As the title indicates, these "blossoms" are the recorded results of

private thought. The meditations recorded are mostly generated from suggestions of the natural world and its phenomena, while the subject-matter of others is derived from contemplation of modern opinion or recollection of ancient Scripture story. The thoughts, as their author puts it, "rippled into rhyme," and are here presented in verses of considerable merit. As a rule, the lines flow evenly and naturally, and have a certain vigour and originality of expression which prevents the sensation of dulness which is usually associated with an amateur's verses. Whatever may be the judgment of expert critics upon the versification of these thoughts; there can be no two opinions about the honest, outspoken piety of them, which we appreciate and commend. The earnestness of the writer gives a life and dignity to the lines which make some of the more polished pieces to deserve the prouder title of poems. Those who like pious and sensible meditations suggested to them in an agreeable, readable form, will find in these much profit and pleasure, and to our thoughtful readers we commend Mr. Cooke's little volume.

THE STUDENT'S COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY BIBLE. Founded on the "Speaker's Commentary." Abridged and edited by J. M. Fuller, M.A. In six volumes. Vol. II. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1879.

MR. MURRAY'S series of students' manuals, both in classical and theological literature, are in constant use in the colleges and the higher schools of Great Britain. In private tuition they are indispensable, and by far the ablest and most useful

works of their class. "The Student's Commentary" will occupy in Biblical study a place similar to that which the well-known manuals edited by Dr. Smith have acquired in classical and historical studies. It is based upon "The Speaker's Commentary," the most scholarly popular commentary which has yet appeared in England. Mr. Fuller, who has undertaken the duties of editor, is himself a scholar of no mean weight, and in several of his works with which we are acquainted (his "Harmony of the Gospels" and his "Notes on Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers") he has displayed some of the finest powers of a critical and exegetical expositor. The task of abridgement is attended with considerable difficulty. To retain all that is really essential, to omit everything which is of merely secondary importance, to compress statements which are already succinct, is no light matter. The work demands close and patient attention, and can only be accomplished by one who has a perfect mastery of his subject. The authors of "The Speaker's Commentary" will, we believe, be fully satisfied with the manner in which Mr. Fuller has accomplished his aim. The books of Scripture explained in this volume begin with Joshua and end with Esther—that is, they are purely historical books. We have comparatively few good expositions of them, and this volume is on that account doubly welcome. In addition to the accurate scholarship and sound practical sense evident on every page, we see throughout a keen appreciation of critical and moral difficulties, and an attempt to meet them manfully and honestly. The Introductions to the several books are brief and pithy, giving the student in small compass a view of the present.

state of the question as regards authorship, date, composition, &c. The Notes are of great value—mis-translations are corrected, remote and obscure allusions are explained, difficulties are obviated, and everything is done to fulfil the promise implied in the title of the book. It will prove a real boon to English readers, to young students, and students who cannot command an extensive library.

THE COMMONITORIUM AGAINST HERESIES, of Vincentius Lerinensis (A.D. 434). Translated from the Latin, with Original Notes, Explanatory and Historical. By John Stock, LL.D., Huddersfield. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row. 1879.

THE "Commonitorium" of Vincentius is on all hands allowed to be a work of exceptional worth. Roman Catholic writers call it a *golden treatise*. This eulogy we are unable to endorse, for along with the gold, which may unquestionably be found in the book, there is a large admixture of "wood, hay, and stubble." To us the main value of the work lies in the extent to which it illustrates "the progress of religious thought in the Church to the year 434." In this view it demands a cordial welcome. Vincentius was a monk and presbyter in the Gallican Church, thoroughly orthodox as to his ecclesiasticism, but in doctrine a semi-Pelagian. He was a fervent upholder of the principle of authority. The views of the most gifted teacher were to be disregarded unless they possessed the marks of antiquity, universality, and general consent. Students of ecclesiastical history will be grateful to Dr. Stock for his spirited and faithful transla-

tion of this famous work. His notes are specially helpful, the result of vigorous and independent research, revealing a very close acquaintance with the writings of the Fathers, and the doctrines, heresies, and practices of the early Church. Roman Catholic theologians prize the "Commonitorium" because of the support it is supposed to give to their absurd and exaggerated claims. Dr. Stock, with keen powers of observation and resistless logic, takes this support from under their feet, and leaves them utterly discomfited. Our friend is an excellent translator, a wise theologian, a powerful and conclusive reasoner.

A SERMON PREACHED BEFORE THE HONOURABLE HOUSE OF COMMONS, at Westminster, March 31st, 1647. By Dr. Ralph Cudworth, Master of Clare Hall, Cambridge. Cambridge: H. W. Wallis, Sydney Street. 1879.

THE greatest of the Cambridge Platonists never spoke in strains of loftier thought than he did on that day of humiliation when he addressed the House of Commons on the knowledge of Christ and the keeping of His commandments. He spoke as one who came forth from "the secret place of the tabernacle of the Most High," as one who in very truth had seen God and could testify from his own experience of the life that is in Him. The hollow pretences which so often go by the name of Christianity are calmly and firmly exposed. The pretensions of knowledge, the boasts of professionalism, the presumptions of antinomianism are sternly censured, and we are made to feel that only a vital union with Christ—a participa-

tion of His spirit and power revealed in the life—can be of any avail. It is a noble discourse, and Mr. Wallis has done well to reprint it.

STUDIES ON THE BAPTISMAL QUESTION: Including a review of Dr. Dale's "Inquiry into the Usage of Baptizo." By Rev. David B. Ford. Boston: H. A. Young & Co.; New York: Ward & Drummond. 1879. Price 2dols. 25c.

SOME years ago we received for review a copy of Dr. Dale's "Classic Baptism," a work in which, with a degree of hardihood truly astounding, the writer seeks to prove that the act of baptism may be performed *without water*—that water is in no way essential to it! There is a good deal of clever, dexterous and we are sorry to add sophistical reasoning in the book, which secured for the redoubtable Doctor the most emphatic and exaggerated eulogies from his Pædobaptist friends. Thus, *e.g.*, he assured us that "Thirty Colleges, Universities, Theological Seminaries, say, 'the Baptist theory is overthrown.'" The controversy, we are told, was ended. But though this announcement was made several years ago the Baptist Churches are not yet extinguished; their principles flourish and gain every year an increasing number of adherents.

Not only so, Dr. Dale has been shown that he mistook fancy for fact, substituted imagination for argument, and attributed to the vague, unsubstantial ideas of his own mind greater weight than he allowed to the intelligent and well grounded convictions of his opponents.

Mr. Ford's "Studies," most of which originally appeared in the *Watchman*, must have awakened Dr. Dale from his dreams. We have read his work with intense satisfaction. His refutation of the Pædobaptist dogmas, in all their varieties of form, seems to us complete. He has gone over the entire ground with fearless courage and honesty, with the impartiality and thoroughness of a man who cares only to be on the side of truth. His views are of course ours, and we may be thought prejudiced in their favour. But let it be remembered that the foremost scholars of all denominations agree with us as to the *Scripturalness* of our principles. No man of any authority denies that baptism is immersion—*immersion in water*—and that the rite was administered in apostolic times only to believers. Mr. Ford's treatise is thoroughly abreast of the times—scholarly, candid, generous, and we trust it will gain as large a circulation in England as it cannot fail to have in America.

EXTRACT.

THE TRULY GREAT NEVER ENVIOUS.

WHEN Joshua saw Eldad and Medad prophesying in the camp, he thought it was a grievous irregularity. But Moses knew that God's Spirit could make no mistakes, and that if these men were under His influence, they were really on his side: so he would not have them silenced, but said "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets." Now, here is a lesson for us all, and especially for ministers of the Gospel. How hard it is to rejoice in the excellence

of another, especially if he be in the same line with ourselves? And yet the disparagement of the gifts of another is really an indication of our consciousness of the weakness of our own. It is a pitiful thing to hear ministers of all others depreciating each other; and when an earnest man is publishing the Gospel, though he follows not with us, it is a paltry thing to think of forbidding him, even if, in a country like our own, it were possible to do anything of the kind. When Paul heard that the Corinthians were quarrelling over the men who had preached to them, he let them know that he regarded their conduct as very reprehensible, and he showed them that every true minister belongs to all Christ's people alike, for he said, 'All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas;' and if we had his spirit, we would rejoice in all the good which every preacher, no matter whether he be ordained or not, is enabled to accomplish. Even when men thought to spite the Apostle by preaching, his only remark was, "What of it? nevertheless, Christ is preached, and therein do I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice." O for more of this spirit among us all, that we may be all for the Lord Jesus, and none of us for ourselves! But, alas! this is the loftiest attainment of Christian excellence; for the highest and the hardest cliff to climb on the mountain of holiness is humility.—*Moses the Lawgiver*, by DR. W. TAYLOR.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPEL OPENED.

Milford Haven, Sept 10.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Hadler, Rev. E. S. (Metropolitan Tabernacle College), Thorpe-le-Soken.

Harris, Rev. W. F. (Metropolitan Tabernacle College), Chesterfield.

Johnston, Rev. F. (Pontypool College), St. Helier's, Jersey.

Taylor, Rev. J. (Metropolitan Tabernacle College), Campden, Gloucestershire.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Birmingham, Rev. J. Hulme, September 15.

Kegworth, Rev. W. A. Davies, August 18.

Lymington, Hants, Rev. J. Collins, September 2.

Northampton, Rev. G. J. Moore, August 31.

RESIGNATIONS.

May, Rev. J., Saltash.

Sutton, Rev. W., Oakham.

DEATHS.

Aitchison, Rev. R., Weston-super-Mare, September 4, aged 84.

George, Rev. D., Milford Haven, August 24, aged 41.

THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

FREEDOM AND STEADFASTNESS.

THE GLASGOW ADDRESSES.*

THERE are many respects in which a session of the Baptist Union differs very widely from the assemblies of the Presbyterian churches. The churches which constitute the Union have joined it by their own deliberate act. The association is in the strictest sense voluntary; voluntary in its origin and no less voluntary in its continuance. The Union possesses and can therefore exercise no legislative power. It neither makes nor enforces laws for the government of the churches. It is not a tribunal to which the churches appeal for authoritative guidance, or for the confirmation of any sentence which they have themselves passed. It does not sit in judgment upon the faith of its members, or attempt to draw the lines between orthodoxy and heterodoxy. It is simply a deliberative assembly, whose members, agreeing indeed in their general beliefs, take counsel one of another, that they may be enabled to act in concert for the furtherance of Christ's kingdom, and strengthen the organizations which receive their common support. But the decisions at which they arrive are in no respect binding upon the churches represented in the Union. They doubtless carry great weight as expressing the judgment of the wisest and most cultured minds; as stamped with the approval of men who are universally regarded as leaders. Yet have they no other sanction than this moral sanction. After they have been pronounced they are enforced by no pains and penalties, but are left free to commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

* "The Use and Disuse of Confessions of Faith by Christian Churches." By Rev. George Gould, President of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland.

"Our Attitude in Relation to the Prevalent Unsettlement of Religious Opinion and Belief." By Rev. William Medley, M.A., Classical Tutor of Rawdon College.

There are of course many features which are common to a session of the Baptist Union and a Presbyterian Assembly, and every year the points of resemblance are becoming, if not more numerous, at least more apparent. They, like ourselves, have a Moderator's or President's Address. They receive "Reports" from their various organizations, all of which, however, are in their case under the direct control of the Assembly, and are so many departments of one central power. And latterly the Presbyterian assemblies have passed resolutions, which while steering clear of the purely political aspects of religious life venture boldly into the politico-ecclesiastical sphere, and point in the direction of the complete separation of Church and State.

The Address delivered from the chair of the Baptist Union, at its Autumnal Session in Glasgow, would, so far as its literary form and its fine Christian tone are concerned, have been listened to with respect and admiration in the most august of the ecclesiastical parliaments of the North. Mr. Gould would have done no discredit to the "Moderator's hat and gown." We are not the less proud of him because he could appear before us with no such insignia of office. His words were wise, appropriate and helpful, exactly such as needed to be spoken amid the Presbyterian associations, by which the Union was at the time surrounded. They offered a courteous and manly explanation of one of our fundamental divergences from the practice of the Presbyterian churches. They defended that divergence in a logical, temperate, and conclusive manner, and proved by facts that, as our methods are simpler and more scriptural, they are in practice also more excellent.

There exists a closer affinity between the Baptist and the Presbyterian Churches than there can possibly be between the Baptists and the Episcopalian Sect. It was as an expression of our thoroughgoing Baptist radicalism that our fathers demanded not toleration, such as Presbyterians and Congregationalists would have accepted, but perfect equality in civil and religious privileges, both for themselves and their fellow-subjects. Our churches do not require either their ministers or members to subscribe to creeds, or confessions of faith. They carry out fully and consistently the essential principle of the Reformation: *The Bible, and the Bible only, the religion of Protestants.* True we are smaller than some sections of the Christian Church. Our growth has not been so rapid as the validity of our principles might have led us to expect; but we are every year gaining, not only in numerical strength, but in moral and spiritual power, in evident and acknowledged usefulness in Christ's kingdom. Mr. Gould ably pointed out some of the causes which have checked our growth, in some of which, as springing from the very grandeur of our principles, we glory; of others of which, as arising from a misapprehension of our principles, from human weakness and imperfection, we should be heartily ashamed. With us, as Baptists, the basis of church membership is a personal faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is, perhaps, too absolute an assertion to say that "there is no other denomination of

Christians which thus makes a personal faith in the Lord Jesus Christ the condition of enrolment among its constituent members ;” for our Congregational brethren advance the same claim, and in the words of their Declaration of Faith assert that “no persons should be received as members of Christian churches but such as make a credible profession of Christianity,” &c. They do not consider baptized children constituent members of the church. They apply a Christian rite to an unconscious child, and then most illogically refuse to admit that child into the church. Their practice on one point condemns their practice on another. They are grossly inconsistent with themselves, still we must allow them whatever advantage the inconsistency gives them. So far as we understand their church order they will admit to the Lord’s Supper only such as profess a personal faith in Christ, demanding for it the fulfilment of a condition which is no less obligatory in regard to baptism.

As Baptists we maintain the ordinances of Christ as He appointed them. “The scholarship of all countries declares with consentient voice the true meaning of Baptism as enjoined in the Scriptures,” and we dare not alter the commandment of our God. In the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Dean Stanley claims the liberty to alter “the very meaning of the word” baptism ; to set aside the larger part of the language of the Apostles regarding it, and to regulate obedience by our tastes and feelings, by common sense and convenience ! Well may we pause before committing ourselves to so disloyal and dangerous a position, a position that opens the door to the wildest excesses of self-will, and is utterly subversive of the authority of Him, to the obedience of Whom we are to bring into captivity every thought. And yet we do not see how, in view of sound scholarship, infant baptism can be defended on any other ground. Our principles, from their very accordance with Scripture, hinder our numerical growth ; but we cannot purchase increase at the cost of fidelity.

There are, however, as Mr. Gould has reminded us, other hindrances to our progress than those which arise from the severe simplicity of our principles. Dissensions in our churches, a spirit of insubordination, an excessive clamouring for our rights rather than an anxiety to fulfil our duties, are on every ground to be deplored. The isolation of our churches—which is happily becoming every year less marked—has also been a source of extensive weakness. Fidelity to Christ, no less than self-interest, demands that we shall note these drawbacks, and do our utmost to remove them.

The Baptist churches do not require either from their ministers or members subscription to any written creed or Confession of Faith. Do they not, in consequence of this apparent laxity, run the gravest risks ? What guarantee have they that the evangelical and orthodox faith will be maintained among them ? Are they not encouraging vagueness, unsettledness, caprice ? Is it possible, under such circum-

stances, to preserve intellectual and moral harmony, to hold fast the form of sound words, to hand on from one generation to another the truth which has been delivered unto us in unalloyed purity, in undiminished strength? Our reply is that "the law of liberty" has secured to our churches a firm and tenacious hold of every evangelical principle, and a general coincidence of belief. We have unquestionably in our communities the note of orthodoxy; and, strange as it may seem, there are among us fewer departures from the evangelical creed, fewer heresies and discords, than there are among the subscribing churches. Articles of religion, catechisms, and confessions do not secure either orthodoxy or unanimity. The spectacle presented by the Anglican Church is notorious. Hundreds of the clergy utterly disregard the articles to which they have given an unfeigned assent and consent, place upon them a non-natural interpretation, and preach doctrines which flatly contradict them. The Church is a house divided against itself. It consists of at least three great parties, which desire each other's expulsion, and are kept together simply by "the strong arm of the law." The Dean of Westminster has fully conceded this point. To quote his own words:—"That it would be extremely difficult for the Church of England to maintain its cohesion, with such divergent elements in its midst, were its present legal constitution to be materially altered, is indeed more than probable. If it were to cease to exist as a national institution, it would almost certainly cease to exist altogether. The centrifugal forces would then become as strong as are now the centripetal, and the different fragments would have no closer connection with each other than the other English religious communities." We need not, therefore, look to the Established Church in England for an illustration of doctrinal uniformity or an exemplification of brotherly love.

Nor are matters much better in Scotland. The whole of the Presbyterian Churches have adopted as their doctrinal standard the Westminster Confession of Faith. And yet their unity has not been preserved. The Established Church of a former generation had its Moderates and Evangelicals, as now it has its Broad Church party and its Evangelicals. The Free Church has every few years trials for heresy, and, as a rule, the heretics are able to maintain the *prestige* and emoluments of their office. The United Presbyterian Church presents a similar spectacle, and equally with its sister communities proves that subscription to the same formularies is no guarantee for unanimity. Lest it should be imagined that we are unduly biassed in favour of our own system, and too ready to echo the utterances of our President, we will corroborate our position by the testimony of one who cannot be open to such a suspicion. In a volume of essays entitled "Recess Studies," edited, in 1870, by Sir Alexander Grant, Principal of the Edinburgh University, there is a contribution on "Church Tendencies in Scotland," by Dr. Robert Wallace, formerly minister of the Old Greyfriars' Church, and now

editor of the *Scotsman*. Dr. Wallace, in describing the direction which religious thought has recently taken in Scotland, says, "Viewed in the most general manner, it may be said to be moving away from external authority towards self-reliance—from an objective towards a subjective standard of truth. Here, as elsewhere throughout the world, the empire of private judgment is steadily pressing forward its boundaries. This exhibits itself in a very wide-spread loosening of opinion, and the growth of a questioning and doubting spirit with respect to many things once received as almost axiomatic and sources of authority to which it was customary that implicit deference should be paid. The decrees of the Church, the definitions of the Standards and Articles, the infallibility of the letter of Scripture itself are not where they were."

In Scotland "there is throughout all ranks of Society . . . much sympathy with what is called the modern or liberal school of theology." The most intelligent classes of the community "believe Scriptural statements not simply because they find them in the Bible, but inasmuch as for themselves they perceive them to be true. They do not so much believe certain things to be true because they are in the Bible, as they believe in the Bible because they find in it things that are true. Many things in the Scriptures they hold fast because they recognize their force and rightness; other things they are uncertain about, but treat with provisional respect for the sake of the reverence due on other grounds to the Book; other things they look upon as belonging to the categories of inaccurate history, crude science, or imperfectly developed morality." "Another proof of the loosening of the religious thought of the nation from time-honoured holdfasts is to be found in the equanimity with which attacks on the standards and contradictions of their doctrines are listened to by the Church, and the leniency with which cases of what is undoubted heresy in the eye of the law are dealt with by all the churches as compared with the severity that was exhibited in similar circumstances thirty years ago."

And after this Dr. Wallace enumerates various points in which the authority of the Confession is practically set at nought—the Mosaic account of the Creation, the Fatherhood of God, the extent of the Atonement, the observance of the Sabbath, the relation of the Old Testament and the New, to which list we may now add the doctrine of Future Punishments. It is indeed abundantly evident that the freedom of Congregational Churches from the restraints of human creeds has in no way proved detrimental to their soundness in the faith, while it has, as Mr. Gould conclusively urges, secured to them many advantages which subscribing churches do not and cannot possess. Very heartily do we commend our President's seasonable vindication of our methods to the attention of all who are anxiously watching the signs of the times, and are sometimes disposed to fear lest in the progress of education, in the growth of liberality, and

amid the imperious claims of science, "the old landmarks" should be overthrown. So long as our churches require personal faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as a condition of membership, we need have no apprehensions as to their maintaining in unbroken continuity the truths most surely believed among us.

Of that continuity we had an admirable instance in this latest session of the Union. Mr. Medley, of Rawdon, who read the only paper for which the Committee of the Union made provision, may be regarded as a representative of our younger ministers. The subject assigned to him was, "Our Attitude in Relation to the Prevalent Unsettlement of Religious Opinion and Belief"—a subject which, as he says, was no doubt suggested by a sense of its fitness to the needs of the day. It would be absurd to imagine that the members of our churches—especially the younger members and the better educated—can escape contact with the influences which are now so widely at work, unsettling old beliefs and tending to the overthrow of all that we hold dear. The rapid progress of physical science, the investigations of historians, the researches of Biblical critics, especially of the destructive school, have rendered it exceedingly difficult for thoughtful men to "hold fast that which they have." We are indeed bound to welcome fresh light, from whatever quarter it may come, to do homage to truth in whatever sphere she may accost us, and to be ever on the outlook for new revelations of her power. But to do this we assuredly need, as Mr. Medley insists, a conviction of God's sympathy with us, of His readiness to help and guide us. "And the second great prerequisite is trust in one another—a frank and unsuspecting sympathy with one another—the banishment of all espionage of one another's positions, intentions, motives, and a large tolerance for the varieties of our points of view." Beyond this and more specifically—"If we inquire how shall we, in safety, pass through this period of change and disruption?—nay, further, how shall we so encounter its distracted speculations and inquiries that we may achieve God's merciful purpose of growth?—it may be answered that for our safe equipment there will be required, first and chiefly, a certain moral and spiritual temper—a fulness of life in the soul maintained by communion with Christ our Saviour; while, on the other hand, there is needed the acknowledgment of certain principles of an intellectual kind that should guide and govern our thinking."

The essential function in intellect is discrimination. We need, therefore, *a corrected discrimination*, particularly in determining the relation of theology to religion, the relation of science to religion, and in the province of Biblical criticism. Mr. Medley's illustration of the limits within the which scientific methods should be restricted, and of their utter worthlessness outside their proper sphere, is at once so cogent and beautiful that we must here transcribe it.

"We can understand how an entire absorption of mind in one class of pursuits—the continual exercise of one set of faculties ever using the same

instruments—the same methods of inquiry and verification may issue in the gradual starving and dwarfing of quite other and different faculties which may nevertheless hold higher rank as a part of human endowment, and that so, by-and-bye, may arise the sincere belief that physical realities are the only realities, and that all else is the veriest delusion. Very much as though we were to suppose a certain blind man, who had attained to a rare skill in the use of carpenter's tools, which had won for him a deserved admiration, but upon whom, unfortunately, his acknowledged skill and consequent repute had had the effect of inducing the belief that wood and wire, the things that answered to his assortment of admirable tools, were the only real existences. So that when this skilful artificer was brought into contact with an isolated lightbeam threading the dusky atmosphere of his workshop with its line of glory, and he was bidden examine and report upon it, after in vain applying his most delicate tools, and being sensible of no contact, he straightway proceeded stoutly and emphatically to deny that the alleged ray of light had any existence whatever. Were not his tools of finest and keenest make? was not his skill in the use of them a matter of universal note and admiration? Impossible that they should fail him here, if what was said to be before him had a substantial existence; it can only be a vain delusion on the part of those people who, talk as they may of their eyes, are such poor hands with chisel and saw. The illustration may serve us here, absurd as it is. The lightbeam makes no response to the most skilful handling of his tools. Ah! but there does exist, close at hand, the instrument that can apprehend and wonderfully interpret it. The sensitive retina of a living eye can quite well lay hold of the non-existence—yes, and can interpret it into beautiful reality. And who, in his senses, can maintain that the wood and wire of our friend the carpenter have a claim to an actuality of existence that belongs not to the ray of light? Ah, no! There is no question here of the quality of the carpenter's tools or of his skill in their use; it is a question of adaptation of the instrument to the substance with which it has to deal. Things visible require living eyes; things spiritual require quickened spirits, or they shall remain for ever unapprehended."

Very properly does Mr. Medley contend that without fulness of spiritual life the highest intellectual equipment will be of no avail. We must have within us a sufficiency of vital force to sustain the necessary disintegration which precedes the reconstruction of our beliefs. We must be humble and reverent, penetrated by a sense of His presence who is Himself the Truth, or our intellectual acumen, our profound investigations, our elaborate reasonings, our growth in knowledge will fail to bring us into nearer contact with the prize we desire to win. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned."

Mr. Medley would not make the pulpit an arena of controversy. It is not the place for discussion. Preachers are heralds, whose work it is to proclaim the redemption which is in Christ Jesus. They must speak neither as apologists, nor as independent thinkers who have been able to "solve the problem of the universe," but as witnesses for Christ, testifying of the things they have seen and heard in Him. But while this is emphatically the mission of the pulpit, our ministers must nevertheless be prepared to meet the altered conditions of our intellectual life, and in order to meet those conditions effectively they will do well to take heed to the counsels which Mr. Medley so wisely, so beautifully, so modestly, and yet so impressively advanced in his paper at Glasgow. The students at Rawdon are happy in

having a tutor whose own character is the best exemplification of his words, whose intellectual equipment reveals in him a fulness of knowledge, and a breadth of culture such as few minds possess, and who in the sweetness and gentleness of his spirit bears "all that weight of learning lightly as a flower." If in any measure we may regard Mr. Medley as a representative of the intellectual and spiritual power of our younger ministers, there is assuredly a bright and prosperous future for our churches, and amid all the fluctuations of human opinion they will find it no impossible task to "*hold the truth in love.*"

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPHY.

IN these go-ahead days, when one scientific discovery is followed so closely by another, we lose sight of any great practical result almost as soon as it is accomplished.

When we take up the morning paper at the breakfast table, and read of what took place a few hours ago at the other end of the world, we do so quite as a matter of course, and as if we had always been able thus to annihilate time and space. Yet the history of this marvellous achievement, which far surpasses the wildest dreams of the old necromancers, does not date back much more than twenty-five years. The telegraph itself had been in use many years previously. The dangers and difficulties of submarine telegraphy are so singular and so great, that it must always take rank as a separate achievement.

The Atlantic cable was successfully laid in 1866, and since then communication has been opened up with almost every known part of the globe; the total length of cable now at work being about 65,000 miles, representing a capital of some twenty-five millions of money. More than nine-tenths of this is due to English enterprise, a result of which we may justly be proud.

In this paper we wish to give our non-technical readers some idea of the manner in which the subtle fluid electricity has been controlled to do our bidding, to run from continent to continent, and carry our messages with lightning rapidity from one end of the world to the other.

The method of working a cable is very different from that in use on land lines. A cable requires to be very carefully used, for should its electrical condition be in any way impaired, it is a matter of considerable difficulty to set it right again. The electrical conditions in the two cases are also very different, and it is found impossible on a long cable to use any of the instruments which are generally employed on land lines.

The first consideration in a line of telegraph wire is that it should be well "insulated," that is, that it shall be so protected that none of the current of electricity which passes through it shall escape to the earth. It so happens that the air itself is one of the best of insulating materials, so that on a land line it is only necessary to protect the wire where it is attached to the poles. A cable, however, must be protected along its entire length, for the water through which it passes is not an insulator. Gutta-percha is generally employed for this purpose, and the successful working of a cable depends entirely upon the condition of this material. The smallest pin-hole will serve as an outlet for the current, and when a "fault" does occur, it is very liable to increase in size, until at last communication is entirely stopped. The cable must then be picked up, from the bottom of the ocean, and the faulty part repaired.

Exceedingly delicate tests are applied to a cable during its manufacture, and any part about which doubts are entertained is immediately rejected. A small hole made in the gutta-percha with the finest needle would be immediately detected.

It is necessary to put some protective covering over the gutta-percha, and this generally consists of a layer of jute, and on the outside of all are a number of iron wires to give strength to the cable. Fig. 1 is a full-sized sketch of one of the Atlantic cables. The conducting wires (A) are seven in number, and are made of pure copper; over these is the layer of gutta-percha (B), then a layer of jute (C), and lastly ten iron wires (D) covered with tarred hemp.

FIG. 1.

When a fault occurs in a cable, it is necessary to find its position, so that the ship may be sent to the proper place to pick it up for repairs. This is called "locating" a fault, and is often a matter of great difficulty. We cannot inspect the cable as we can a land line, and the position of the fault must be found by testing from one of the extremities. It is quite possible, however, to locate a fault, such as a small pin-hole, within a very few yards even in a great length of cable.

To understand how this is done requires considerable electrical knowledge, but the following general principle will be easily understood.

All wires offer a certain amount of "resistance" to the passage of a current of electricity, and this resistance can be very accurately measured. The resistance varies directly as the length, that is, if we double the length we also double the resistance. If, then, we know the resistance per mile, we can calculate the length of the cable by measuring its resistance. When a fault occurs the resistance is measured from one end to the fault by insulating the other end, so that the current can only escape at the fault, which thus practically becomes the end of the cable. This is exceedingly simple in theory, but very difficult in practice, because, unless the fault is a very large one, it will have a considerable amount of resistance itself, and this will be continually varying, owing to the decomposing action of the current on the salt water. A positive current will seal up the fault, and increase its resistance, while a negative current has an exactly opposite effect.

In order to pay a dividend on the capital employed in laying a cable, we must get a certain amount of work out of it, and this will be represented by the number of words which can be signalled through it per day, or per minute. If only two or three words can be sent per minute, a very high rate must be charged for each word, while the cheaper the rate the greater will be the number of messages. On a land line we can easily, by means of automatic apparatus, send considerably over one hundred words per minute, but on a cable we have an enemy to contend with which does not trouble our land lines. This is what is called "induction," and its effect is to considerably reduce the speed of signalling, so that twenty to twenty-five words per minute is considered very good work for a long cable.

The retarding effect of induction is due to the presence of an induced charge of electricity on the outside of the cable. When we set in action a galvanic battery, such as is generally used for telegraphic purposes, we separate the two kinds of electricity, "positive" and "negative," and whatever we do with one of them the other will be found as near to it as it can possibly get, and at the earliest opportunity the two will unite again. When, therefore, we send one kind through the cable, the nearest place which the other can reach is the outside of the cable, and its presence there retards the current, retaining it as a charge instead of allowing it to pass freely through. On a land line the nearest point at which induction can take place is the surface of the ground, but this is so far removed from the wire that its influence is not perceptible. If we could surround the cable with an insulating material several feet thick, we should reduce the effect of induction, but there is a limit at which economy steps in.

When a current is sent into a long cable for a small fraction of a second, varying with the size of the cable, there is no indication of it whatever at the distant end; then comes a slight indication, which gradually grows in magnitude, till after a few seconds the current at the far end is nearly the same as that at the sending station. If we

require the full strength of the current to work the receiving instrument, we shall have to wait several seconds for each signal, and the speed will be limited to two or three words per minute. It was at first thought that the current could be sent through faster by forcing it in at a very high pressure, and on the first Atlantic cable very powerful batteries, and even induction coils, were used. This, however, was soon found to be worse than useless, for the insulation, which was not very perfect at the commencement, soon gave way under such high pressure, and it became impossible to transmit any signals whatever through the cable.

The necessity of working with a very weak current led to the adoption of Sir William Thomson's "mirror" as a receiving instrument. This instrument, which is one of the most delicate and beautiful of the many now used for telegraphic purposes, is so sensitive that signals, transmitted through the Atlantic cable from a battery consisting of a copper gun-cap and a piece of zinc, can be read with perfect ease.

The principle of this instrument is the same as that of the ordinary "single-needle," the signals consisting of right and left movements of an indicator. A magnetised needle is suspended inside a coil of insulated wire, and to this needle is attached a pointer, which works on the dial of the instrument. When a current of one kind of electricity passes through the coil, it causes the needle to move to one side, while a current of the opposite kind causes a reverse action. The letters of the alphabet are formed by a combination of these movements. Thus the letter A is one to the left followed by one to the right; B is one to the right followed by three to the left, and so on, the letters which are most used having the fewest elements. The single-needle instrument requires a considerable current to work it, owing to the weight of the moving parts, and their friction on the pivots, and is therefore quite unsuitable for use on long cables. In the mirror instrument however, the weight of the moving parts is reduced to a few grains; there is no friction whatever, while the indicator is absolutely without weight, for it consists of a ray of light.

Fig. 2 is a sketch of this instrument as it is used for the transmission of messages. A is a lamp, in the chimney of which is a small slit, which allows a ray of light to pass to a lens (c) by means of which it is focussed on the mirror (d) and is then reflected to the screen, S. The mirror itself consists of a piece of very thin glass (such as is used for covering microscopic objects) rather smaller than a three-penny piece. One side of this is silvered, and to this side is also attached a small piece of magnetised steel, the whole weighing about two grains. The mirror is suspended by means of a single fibre of unspun silk inside a coil (e), which consists of several thousand turns of very fine insulated copper wire.

The current coming from the cable is made to pass through this coil, and in doing so it acts upon the magnet on the back of the

mirror, causing it to turn to the right or left. Any movement of the mirror produces a corresponding movement of the light which is reflected from it, and we thus obtain right and left movements of the spot of light on the scale; f is a number of strong magnets, which by exerting their influence on the mirror bring it quickly back to zero after it has been deflected; otherwise, with such a delicate suspension it would vibrate several times before returning to its normal position.

The ray of light reflected from the mirror to the screen forms a very long pointer without weight, and the further the screen is placed from the mirror the larger will be the indications. The movements of the mirror are so slight that it is impossible to detect them by looking at the mirror itself, and an unpractised eye will scarcely detect any movement of the spot of light. A very convenient distance of the screen from the mirror is four feet, and at this distance the lateral movement of the spot of light will be about a quarter of an inch, which represents a lateral movement of the edge of the mirror of one sixteen-hundredth part of an inch.

The vibrations of the spot of light are exceedingly difficult to



FIG. 2.

follow with the eye, and great skill is required on the part of the instrument clerk. Each vibration or lateral movement of light occupies about one-tenth of a second, and if a single vibration is missed, one letter is mistaken for another. Thus the letter *h* consists of four vibrations to the left, but if the clerk has an irresistible tendency to wink just at that moment, and only sees three vibrations, he will read *s* instead of *h*.

The mirror is a wonderfully simple instrument; there is no complicated mechanism to get out of order, yet it responds to the slightest throb in the great nerve which connects it with the distant continent. Not a sound is heard, save the voice of the clerk dictating the message, which is traced out for him in a line of light. Looking at the mysterious movements of this little ray of light the silence becomes oppressive; we experience a feeling akin to awe, as if we had passed the limits of human agency, and were standing in the shadowy land of spirits. A fraction of a second ago that movement of the light was an intelligent thought in the mind of the operator

2,000 miles away, it has flashed along the bottom of the unfathomable ocean, and reappearing again above ground, it delivers its silent message, then vanishes for ever.

We must leave our readers to ask themselves where the triumph of mind over matter, and we might add, over time and space, will end? Having accomplished so much, what is there still left to do? Ardent spirits there will always be, who in the laboratory, the workshop, or the observatory, will wrest from nature her strongest secrets, but to our limited intelligences nature is unbounded, and high as we seem to have mounted, the infinite is ever before us.

“ Here is all fulness,
Ye brave to reward you ;
Work, and despair not.”

W. KINGSLAND.

SCENES FROM CHURCH HISTORY.

IX.

OTHO IN POMERANIA.

WHEN Vladimir, after his conversion to Christianity, invested his religion with the sanction of his government and rendered its adoption by his subjects a civil duty, he acted in thorough accordance with the spirit of the times. It seems to us a strange thing that he should have sought to extend his new faith by the use of weapons so manifestly carnal, that he should have called to his aid the strong arm of the civil law and made the rejection of Christianity an act of rebellion against himself. But it would be unfair to try him by our own standards, or to judge him as if the tenth century had been equal in enlightenment to the nineteenth. His conceptions of the spirituality of religion were grossly defective: his methods for extending it were incongruous with its nature and aims. But he did a necessary and a noble work, and had he, instead of accepting the religion of Christ, remained addicted to the Slavonic heathenism of his ancestors, the civilization, not only of Russia but of the whole of Europe, would have been seriously impeded.

In Poland the Slavonic superstitions held their ground more tenaciously than in Russia. The labours of Christian missionaries were for many years ineffectual, and would perhaps have continued to be so but for the marriage of Duke Miecslav with Dambrowka, the daughter of the Bohemian Prince Boleslav by whom he was induced to be baptized. Miecslav was tyrannical and cruel, and had no scruple in coercing his subjects to adopt the course which on political even more than on religious grounds he deemed advisable. Polish Christianity

was from the first of a low and superstitious type—little more in fact than a species of statecraft. When the dukes of Poland endeavoured to accomplish the subjugation of the Pomeranians, who dwelt on their borders, they also sought as a matter of course to impose on them their religious faith, to make them outwardly and nominally Christians. These efforts were sternly resisted. The Pomeranians were restless and rebellious, but the Poles as the stronger power inflicted on them severe punishments and compelled them to submit to baptism as a condition of escaping further inflictions. Can we wonder that Christianity, presented to them in such merciless fashion and at the point of the sword, should have been regarded as a hated religion and that the symbol of initiation into it should have been loathed as a means of degradation and dishonour?

In the early part of the twelfth century—about A.D. 1121, Boleslav III. extended the Polish dominion in Pomerania, bringing the western parts also into subjection. He exacted from the inhabitants an oath that they would acknowledge his supremacy, and adopt his faith. The observance of this oath he enforced by deeds of utter barbarity. Villages and towns were ruthlessly sacked; life was freely slaughtered; the conquerors left in their train the most terrible havoc and desolation, and of those who were spared, on the condition that they should submit to baptism, 8,000 were removed from their homes to a district of Poland, where they might learn to forget their ancestral customs, their love of freedom, their manly independence, and be made better Christians! Such were the evangelistic methods of this royal missionary!

Fire and sword are no fit instruments for the servants of Christ, and, as might have been foreseen, Boleslav egregiously failed. His tortures and massacres won for him no spiritual triumphs, and at length, wearied with the miserable inhumanity of the work, he gave it up in despair. He then applied to the Polish bishops for their aid, but they shrank from a task which would, under any circumstances, have been difficult, but which Boleslav had made odious. The only class of men who at this period had the requisite courage and hardihood for such a work were the monks. Among them, in these palmiest days of monasticism, might be found volunteers for any service in which the interests of the church and the eternal welfare of men could be promoted. Opportunely, for Boleslav's design, a Spanish priest Bernard, who had originally been a monk, but had recently been elevated to the episcopal rank, presented himself at court, and sought the royal sanction to his consecration to this very work. Boleslav's experience had taught him that the task was involved in almost unsurmountable difficulties. The Pomeranians were, as he well knew, firmly attached to their native superstitions—stubborn and unyielding, while Christianity had been associated in their minds with the hateful idea of foreign conquest, and with every species of cruelty. Bernard was, however, nothing daunted. Had

his discretion been equal to his zeal, he might have accomplished something worthy, but it unfortunately stood to it in an inverse ratio. The Pomeranians were "a merry, well-conditioned, life-enjoying race," furnished by nature with abundant means of subsistence, and having among them no poor men or beggars. Their priests were surrounded by every mark of wealth, honour, and splendour, and deemed in every way the greatest of the land. Bernard was essentially an ascetic, and had adopted, on principle, the garb of poverty. He set out on his mission in the mean attire of a mendicant—was poorly clad and barefooted, and when he appealed to the Pomeranians as the messenger of heaven, his words were greeted with a storm of contempt. He was told that the great Lord of the world, who was rich and glorious, would never send as his envoy, a man so miserably clothed. If He had desired their conversion to Christianity, He would have sent a worthier and more honourable messenger, similar to their own well-robed priests. All that Bernard wanted was relief for himself. Still "the mendicant" persisted. He even proposed that they should test his claims by casting him into a blazing fire, from which, as he asserted, he would come forth unscathed. But the proposal was received with derision, and created the belief that Bernard was mad. He might have been tolerated, however, and in time have effected some measure of good had he not, in a moment of uncontrolled anger, or perhaps of "a fanatical longing for martyrdom," struck down a native idol in Julin. The Pomeranians were thereby enraged, and drove Bernard from amongst them. No attempt, indeed, was made on his life, but he was put on board a ship, forbidden to return, and told that if he wished to preach, he might preach to the birds and fishes.

Bernard found his way to Bamberg, and there met Bishop Otho, a man of exceptional strength and energy, full of missionary zeal, and fettered by no such limitations as those from which Bernard suffered. Otho was wise, far-seeing, and practical—well able to discern between the spirit and the forms of the Christian life, and to respect the opinions and prejudices even of the heathen. Bernard saw at once that Otho was admirably fitted for the work in which he had so deplorably failed, and therefore urged him to undertake it. The entreaties of Bernard were enforced by a letter which at this juncture reached the bishop from Prince Boleslav, who had known him in the Court of Wartislav, his father, and appealed to him on the ground of their ancient friendship. Boleslav, who by this time had become a wiser man, and wished to repair the errors of his past policy, offered to defray all the expenses of the mission, to provide an escort, interpreters, assistant priests, and whatever else Otho might deem necessary for its successful issue. To these entreaties Otho at length yielded, and the design having been made known at Rome, he was clothed by Calixtus II. with the dignity of papal legate.

Bernard could not have rendered to the Christian Church a more useful service. This one act is sufficient to vindicate his life from

the charge of failure. We may say with the old preacher, that if God can do without our knowledge, still less does He need our ignorance. As a rule He works by suitable instruments, by men whose character, talents, acquirements, and graces fit them for the task they have in hand. He honours, even in the spiritual kingdom, the laws of His own appointment, and for every ministry has made certain qualifications requisite. Otho could accomplish what was altogether beyond the power of the well-meaning but incompetent Spanish monk.

He was descended from a Suabian family of noble rank. His education had been received at the University of Paris, at which he would have remained for the further prosecution of his scientific studies had he not been compelled to gain a livelihood by teaching, for his family, though high born, was not wealthy. After leaving Paris he became a schoolmaster in Poland, and soon acquired a high reputation. Children of distinguished families were placed under his care; he was brought into contact with the foremost men of the land, was employed in important services, and after a time gained the royal favour and became chaplain to the Duke Wartislav. In 1088 he went as a commissioner from Wartislav, to obtain for him in marriage the hand of Sophia, sister of Henry IV., Emperor of Germany. Henry was so charmed with Otho's manly and Christian bearing, both on this and on subsequent embassies, that he at last conferred upon him a chaplaincy in his own court, and employed him as his secretary. Otho steadily rose in the Emperor's favour, and in the year 1102 was made Bishop of Bamberg.

As a bishop he was zealous and self-denying. He laboured diligently for the religious instruction of the people, and had great delight in preaching. His methods of life were simple and frugal. The greater part of his vast revenues he devoted to the service of the Church. He erected at his own expense many costly edifices, founded monasteries, and considered nothing of that which he received as his own. He gave freely to the poor, visited them in their homes, and kept by him a list of all the sick, that he might make a suitable provision for their need. A well-known and characteristic incident in his life we may here narrate. Once, during the season of Lent, when fish was very dear, a large one was placed on his table. To his attendant he said, "God forbid that I, the poor unworthy Otho, should alone swallow such riches. Take this costly fish to my Christ, who should be dearer to me than myself. Take it away to him, wherever thou canst find one lying on the sick-bed. For me, a healthy man, my bread is enough." In his ecclesiastical relations he pursued an honest, upright, and independent course. He never fawned upon the Emperor, to whom he was indebted for his elevation. For years he was an effective mediator between him and the Pope, "though at a later period," to quote the words of Neander, "he allowed himself to become so entangled in the hierarchical interest

as to be betrayed into ingratitude and disloyalty towards his prince and old benefactor."

When Otho set out for Pomerania, on April 24th, 1124, he avoided the mistakes into which Bernard had fallen. He laid aside his preference for asceticism, and appeared in the full splendour of his episcopal office. He was accompanied by his favourite chaplain, by seven ecclesiastics and a retinue of attendants. He also purchased costly presents, by which he hoped to win the favour of the chiefs, and took with him all necessary church utensils, to prove to the people that he came among them to give and not to receive. Passing through Bohemia, he made a short stay at Breslau and Posen, and thence proceeded to Gnesen, where he received a courteous and stately reception from his patron Boleslav. The Duke spent some days in consultation with the bishop as to the course to be pursued in this hazardous undertaking, and finally dismissed him with a great number of waggons laden with baggage and provisions, with a considerable sum of money, with three additional chaplains, a train of servants who could act as interpreters, and an armed escort under the command of Paulitzky, or Paulicius, a devoted Christian.

Their way lay through the vast forest, which, at that time, separated Poland from Pomerania. It took them six days to penetrate it. On the banks of the River Netze they were met by Duke Wartislav with a band of five hundred soldiers. Otho, Wartislav, and Paulicius retired some distance from the encampment for a conference on the conduct of the mission. The ecclesiastics were thrown into a state of terror by the wrathful looks and angry words of the Pomeranian soldiers, who pointed at them their swords, threatened to flay them alive, and to bury them to their shoulders in the earth. Such threats, uttered in the gloom of night, and on the confines of that terrible forest, might have filled the bravest hearts with terror; but in this case there was no intention of fulfilling them. The Duke, on his return next morning to the camp, greeted the ecclesiastics in a friendly manner, and the soldiers averred that they also welcomed the mission, and had only wished, by their assumed hostility, to put the courage of the missionaries to the test.

They then wended their way towards Pyritz. The whole district had been fearfully devastated in the recent struggles with Poland, and out of its many flourishing villages not more than thirty inhabitants remained. The bishop had little difficulty in persuading this small remnant—who were over-awed by the presence of the armed escort—to accept baptism; and from the fact that their number was exactly thirty—on grounds which will appear to us childish—he augured well for his ultimate success. This number was regarded as a sacred and mystical number, for was it not the multiplicand of ten—the number of the Commandments of the Decalogue, and three, the number of the Trinity?

When they reached Pyritz it was late at night, and they saw that

the town was in a state of excitement in consequence of the observance of a pagan festival. The people were indulging in eating and drinking, in revelry and song. Otho wisely determined not to enter the town until the turmoil had ceased, and the night was therefore passed outside the walls. Next morning Paulicians, with the other ducal envoys, summoned the principal inhabitants to a council, reminded them that they were under an oath to accept Christianity, and that they would incur the displeasure of Boleslav if they did not fulfil the oath. The bishop was allowed to enter in full state. The people saw that he was no mendicant and no frenzied enthusiast as their brethren at Julin had deemed Bernard, and they, therefore, listened to him with respect. He was clad in his priestly robes, displayed rather than concealed his wealth, and assured the people that he sought only their good. How far he would have succeeded by his powers of persuasion alone we cannot tell. But there can be no doubt that the patronage of Boleslav was outwardly, at least, effectual. In little more than a fortnight upwards of seven thousand were baptized. The bishop did the most that could be done in so short a time to instruct the people as to the nature of the Gospel, which he required them to receive; he explained to them the obligations under which their baptismal vows laid them, and exhorted them with simplicity and fervour to be steadfast in their new course. But the whole proceeding was conducted with imprudent haste and with a view to the effect it might produce in other towns, rather than to the spiritual good of the converts. Otho wished to be preceded by the fame of his wonderful success, and so to create a prejudice in his favour. The policy was certainly mistaken and injurious—mistaken in the pressure it brought to bear upon the people, and no less so in leaving them so imperfectly instructed, and making their Christianity so largely an outward and mechanical rather than an inward and spiritual compliance with the requirements of Christ. Far better would it have been for him to have waited patiently for the results of his teaching than to have pressed on with such eager haste and with his work but half accomplished. This is a sphere in which quality is ever of more moment than quantity. Life itself is more essential than the semblance of life. And in connection with a kingdom which cometh not with observation, it is a higher, nobler thing to do our work quietly, thoroughly, and effectively, than it is to loom large and grand in the vulgar eye.

From Pyritz the mission party advanced to Kammin. Their success here also was easily ensured. For there resided at Kammin that wife of Duke Wartislav whom he regarded as his lawful wife and whom he loved above all the rest. She had been favourably impressed by what she had previously heard of Christianity, and on the arrival of Otho lent him all the assistance in her power. During the forty days he remained here, vast multitudes were baptized, and a circumstance occurred of still deeper significance. The duke himself arrived at

Kammin, and gave in his adhesion to the Christian faith. The bishop explained to him that in obedience to the Christian law of marriage, he must cleave to his lawful wife alone and dismiss all others. He at once bound himself to do so. Four and twenty concubines were released from their degradation, polygamy was condemned, and the example of the duke had a healthy effect on the subsequent morals of the people. Before leaving Kammin, Otho built there the first Pomeranian Church.

It was at Julin, in the island of Wollin, that the real difficulties of the conflict with heathenism began. The people there were more inveterate in their idolatry, more warlike in their character, more determined and wrathful in their resistance to every innovation. All who knew the country were afraid of them. Otho was advised by some of his recent converts to anchor at some distance from the town and creep into it under the shelter of night. It was suggested that they should seek refuge in a strongly built castle belonging to the duke and intended as a place of sanctuary for such as were pursued by their enemies. There they would be able to conceal themselves until there should occur a favourable moment for their appearance before the people. They would at any rate have a sure protection and be able to abide in peace until they could get the populace to understand the pacific and benevolent aim of their mission. The suggestion was generally approved and acted upon, with results, however, very different from those which had been anticipated. The apparent cowardice of the movement—the stealthy entrance—aroused suspicions. When on the morrow the presence of the mission-party was discovered, the people were enraged beyond measure. Their fury knew no bounds and was recklessly let loose. A tumult prevailed, and even the authority of Paulicius was for the time disregarded. He endeavoured to silence the clamours, to calm the excited passions of the surging multitude, but his words were in vain. All his assurances of the goodwill of the embassy were disbelieved. The name of Boleslav, terrible as were its associations, had for the time lost its power and the tumult continued.

The courage of Otho rose with the danger. Driven forth from the place where all men could claim the right of sanctuary, he confronted the hostile crowd with undaunted fearlessness. They threatened him with death, but for death he was fully prepared: the crown of martyrdom he would gladly have welcomed. The companions of the bishop were naturally less brave than he, but his heroism lifted them to a higher level, and inspired them with similar courage. As he passed through the crowd he received several heavy blows, and was at length knocked down. It was only by the timely and disinterested help of Paulicius that he was enabled to regain his feet, and with the rest of his band escape with his life. Fortunately they reached their boats in safety, and passed beyond the power of their pursuers. They did not, however, forthwith depart from the neighbourhood, but waited for the greater part of a week in the hope that on reflection

the citizens would feel ashamed of their riotous proceedings, and be awed into submission. Nor were their expectations without foundation. In the course of this week it transpired that there were in Julin many citizens in sympathy with the mission—unavowed Christians; and that the more respectable and influential inhabitants were ready to offer an ample apology for a tumult which they had been powerless to prevent. They waited on Otho to assure him of this. But a man of intense and overpowering enthusiasm, whose foremost aim was to extend the empire of the Church, was not likely to be satisfied with an apology. He had come to ensure their conversion, and their conversion alone would content him. He ought, of course, to have known that it could only be effected by spiritual means. The bitterness which former coercion had aroused should have been a warning to him, and he should have welcomed even the smallest concession to his demands, assured that by slow degrees he would gain all. Instead of acting, as the principles of the Gospel would have suggested, he again brought in the name of the hated Boleslav, used it as a means of inspiring terror in the hearts of the people who approached him, aroused their fears of the great Duke's wrath if they continued their resistance, and told them that they had gone to the utmost limits by having insulted the envoys. There was but one condition on which they could appease the Duke's anger and escape the penalty which their crime deserved, and that was the immediate abandonment of their superstitions and the adoption of the Christianity which Otho, at the Duke's command, had come to preach to them. Persuasions and threats were alike of no effect. An assembly of the chief citizens was called, and after a long consultation it was determined that they should give no reply to Otho until they knew what course would be taken by Stettin, the capital of the district, and to it they urged him to appeal.

As the people of Julin were firm in their determination to await the opinion of their neighbours, and would even have run the risk of an open rupture with Boleslav rather than yield to demands which they deemed unreasonable and cruel, there was no other course open to the bishop than to follow their advice. To Stettin he therefore repaired. How he succeeded there we hope to narrate in our next paper.

THE CHILDHOOD OF TIMOTHY:

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SAVIOUR FOR CHILDREN."

"And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith, which is in Christ Jesus."—2 TIM. iii. 15.

I SHALL not use any hard words to-day if I can help it, for this verse of the Bible is, as you may see, about "a child." I should like you not only to read it, but to think of what it says. You know the name of the child who is spoken of here. If your school-fellow does not know it, you can tell him. It is Timothy.

Young Timothy is a beautiful example which you would do well to copy. There is one thing that he could do when he was a little boy—he could read. And he read the best of books—"The Holy Scriptures." But who taught him?—for however clever a child may be he must have somebody to teach him to read. Well, he had a good mother, and a good grandmother, too, who may have taught him to read his Bible. You can fancy the boy Timothy sitting at his mother's knee, or by his grandmother's side, reading the Word of God. What he was taught as a child, by his parents at home, helped to make him a wise and godly youth. When a young man he was beloved by all the good people who knew him for his enlightened piety; and he soon became the chosen companion of the great Apostle.

You have read of Paul and Timothy, and I think you would like to hear something more about them. You must not suppose that they belonged to the same town, that they went to the same school, that they grew up together, or that they knew one another as boys playing in the same streets. For Tarsus, where Paul was born, and Lystra, where Timothy lived, although both in Asia Minor, were miles apart. Besides, Paul was "a man" when Timothy was but "a child." If I knew where they met, or when they began to know and love one another, I would tell you. We learn from the Bible that the Apostle went about preaching the Gospel; and it so happened one day that he visited Lystra. No sooner had he entered the town than he began to preach to the people, and a crowd of earnest listeners gathered round him. I am fancying that young Timothy was among them, and that it was there and then that he saw and heard Paul for the first time. Perhaps the Apostle did not notice him, for he was looking very much at a man who, instead of standing to hear him as others did, was sitting upon the ground. Why did he not stand up like the rest? Poor fellow! he could not; he was a cripple; he had never walked. He, however, listened to the preacher. Paul saw it, and knew that he had faith to be healed, and speaking to him "with a loud voice" said, "Stand upright on thy feet. And he leaped and walked." Was not that very wonderful? If Barnabas and Paul had been asked about it, I daresay they would have answered very much as Peter and John did in Jerusalem, when a poor lame beggar was healed at the beautiful gate of the Temple: "Why marvel ye at this? or why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk? God . . . hath glorified His Son Jesus . . . and His name, through faith in His name, hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know: yea, the faith which is by him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all."

The Lystrians, however, did not wait to hear such words; but when they saw what had been done they made a great uproar. What they shouted could hardly be understood at first: "The gods are come

down to us in the likeness of men." "And they were calling Paul by the name of one of their gods, and they thought to worship him; and his companion, too, Barnabas, whom they called after another of their idols" (Acts xiv. 12, 13). But the servants of Jesus Christ did all they could to keep them from doing such a wicked thing, "And ran in among the people, crying out, and saying, Sirs, why do ye these things? . . . Ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God, which made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein."

If young Timothy saw and heard all this, as I suppose he did, he would never forget it.

There is yet the strangest part of the story to be told. These people soon changed their minds, and, instead of wanting to worship, they tried to kill Paul. Urged on by violent men from other towns they stoned him; and, supposing him to be dead, they dragged him, bruised and bleeding as he was, along the streets, and flung him out of the city. Was not that very cruel?

Notwithstanding their violence, Paul still lived. For, "As the disciples stood round about him, he rose up, and came into the city," where he stayed until the next day. Perhaps some of the good people of the place would be all the more ready to receive him since he had been so ill-used in their streets.

If Eunice and Lois, the mother and grandmother of Timothy, helped to shelter the persecuted Apostle, their son, whose heart would be deeply touched by Paul's sufferings, had an opportunity of listening, as a bright-eyed lad would be sure to listen, to what was said about the Saviour. Thus early may his mind have been impressed with the truths of the Gospel. For, in a little while, when the Apostle visited Lystra again, Timothy was already a Christian disciple (Acts. xvi. 1). You are beginning to understand why Paul loved Timothy and called him "my own son in the faith;" and how it was that, while so young, Timothy became his faithful helper in the work and service of Christ.

In the Bible we have St. Paul's letters to Timothy. Perhaps you have read them both. In the second he reminds him of his mother, and of his grandmother, from whom he had received his first lessons in sacred things. And then there is this beautiful picture of his early days: "And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

There are four things here which I should like you to think of. When possessed by young people, they add grace to the charm of childhood and youth. What are they?—Knowledge, Wisdom, Faith, and Salvation.

I. There is Knowledge.

"And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures." When Timothy was no older than some of you, he had a knowledge

of God's Word. And you need it. For, as bread is food for the body, and supports it, so this is food for the mind, and strengthens it. "A man of knowledge increaseth strength." "Also, that the soul be without knowledge it is not good." If a child cannot get food to eat, he will die. And there are people who "are destroyed for lack of knowledge." It is sometimes asked, where may we buy good wholesome bread? A question of yet greater importance is: Where may we obtain the most excellent knowledge? Turn to the Bible. There is no food for the mind to be compared with that which is supplied here. It is pure. There is nothing in it to destroy the soul's health. Jesus said to the Jews, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." (John v. 39.)

Now you can do this. A little child may know, as Timothy did, "the Holy Scriptures."

Perhaps you are asking, "was Timothy's Bible just like mine?" No; instead of being printed upon paper, as yours is, it was written upon parchment. Hence called "the Scriptures," that is, "the Writings." Then it was not bound together as yours is, but every part had a roller at each end. And so, instead of turning over the leaves as we do when reading, people had to roll the parchment off one roller to the other. Jesus went into the synagogue of Nazareth one Sabbath-day and thus opened or unrolled a part of Timothy's bible, the book of the prophet Esaias, and read it to the people.

I must tell you that, to the Scriptures, as thus read by Jesus, and as known to Timothy when he was a child, the New Testament, with its charming story of the Saviour's life and love has been added for us, so that there is a great deal more in the Bible now. And yet printed, and bound together as it is, a child may hold it in one hand, and, turning over the leaves with the other, read as much of it in an hour as young Timothy could have read of the Sacred Writings in a day. Those writings, as you know, were called "Holy." I need not tell you that God's Word "in print" is quite as "Holy" as it was "in writing." In the Holy Bible we may read what was "given by inspiration of God" when "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." This book teaches us to be holy. In it we read: "Sin not," "Be ye holy." It teaches us, too, how we may become holy, by the Spirit of God, and through the precious blood of His dear Son. O that in childhood and youth you may know, as Timothy did, the Word of God!

Possessing such knowledge, what may you become? Look again at St. Paul's words, and you will find

II. There is Wisdom.

"And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise." Do you ask, What is it to be wise? The Bible says, "The wise useth knowledge aright." Wisdom, then, is the art of rightly using what we know. Some have know-

ledge, but very little wisdom. They are like those who, though they have a great deal of money, are always poor, because they do not make a right use of it. A boy who has plenty of knowledge often behaves as foolishly as he could have done if he had never known any better. He knows the difference between right and wrong, and yet he does wrong instead of doing right. We would direct his attention to what is said in the Holy Scriptures: "Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom." If he had this he would try to do right, and he would be afraid of doing wrong. How may he get it? It is not to be bought. "Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom?" (Proverbs xvii. 16). "It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it: and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold. No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies" (Job xxviii. 15-18).

That, however, which cannot be bought, because the price of it is so great, God gives to those who ask for it. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him" (James i. 5). He gave Joseph wisdom (Acts vii. 10). He gave Solomon wisdom (1 Kings iv. 29). He, too, gave Daniel wisdom. Did you ever read Daniel's song? It is very beautiful. It was sung by him one night when he was quite young. Listen: "Blessed be the name of God for ever and ever: for wisdom and might are His. . . . He giveth wisdom unto the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding: He revealeth the deep and secret things: He knoweth what is in the darkness, and the light dwelleth with Him. I thank Thee, and praise Thee, O Thou God of my fathers, who hast given me wisdom" (Daniel ii. 20-23).

How did God make these young people, Joseph, Solomon, and Daniel, so wise? By His Holy Word. "The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple." Some books are not worth reading. They are not able to make you wise. But the Bible is. Perhaps you say, "I *do* like a story book." So do I. And in the Scriptures we may find the most wonderful stories. Or, you say, "I like a picture book." Then save your money until you have enough to buy a Bible with pictures in it. I have heard of a little boy, who often looked at his grandmother's Family Bible, with plenty of engravings; and he was very fond of her copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim, in which there were some strange-looking pictures. One day, in order to increase their attractions, he decorated all the engravings with the blue his grandmother employed in her washing operations, using a feather for a brush. Nor did his dear old friend scold him for what he did. Let me tell you, too, that this little boy, although deaf and dumb, became a learned man, and then he prepared "The Pictorial Bible," in which there are so many things to interest the young.*

* *Memoirs of John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A., by J. E. Ryland, M.A.*

What now made the poor child, John Kitto, a wise man? "The Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise." O that all the children may read and try to understand this blessed book! If it is asked, "Where shall wisdom be found? The depth saith, it is not in me: and the sea saith, it is not in me." But in the Bible it is written, "Here is wisdom."

You may read, however, from the beginning to the end of this book and not be made "wise." What more is needed? If you refer again to St. Paul's words, you will notice

III. There is Faith.

"And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise . . . through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

We cannot know "the Holy Scriptures" as we should, nor can we make a right use of what we know of them, unless we have faith. What is faith? A boy says, "I have heard of so many things that it is, and of so many more that it is not, that I do not know what answer to give." Another says, "I would rather ask than answer questions about faith." Suppose, then, you stand here and I sit where you do. "O, no, that will never do!" Very well, stay where you are. But now for the questions. "Isn't faith, sir, the gift of God?" Yes. And so is that beautiful little flower in Charlie Smith's button-hole. So, too, is the rock on which Charlie Smith's father is building his house. Do you know what faith is now? "No."

A little girl says, "I know what it is; 'tis a precious grace,' for it says so in my hymn book." So is patience, and gentleness, and love. Do you know what faith is now? "No."

Why is that boy turning over the leaves of his Bible while I am talking? "I am trying," he says, "to find an answer to the question, What is faith? I have looked at Romans and Corinthians, and was just turning to the book of Revelation; but I cannot find it." Read Hebrews xi. 1. And let us all listen. "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Do you know, does that boy who has been reading for us, know what faith is now? "I think I should," he says, "if I could understand these two words, 'substance' and 'evidence.'" Let me try to help you. What is "substance"? It is not like a shadow which cannot be touched, but it is like a rock that can be built on. Faith is felt to be as real as that solid rock. It is not the fancy of things hoped for, but the "substance" or "foundation on which the hope of them is built. If a house has a solid foundation we are quite sure it will stand. Nothing can shake our confidence. You may use that word "confidence" instead of "substance" if you like. Faith is the "confidence" which we have of things hoped for. There is a little word which you may use instead of faith or confidence if you like it better—"trust." You know what it is to "trust." If your father promises you a birthday present or a holiday, these are "things hoped for." If

your school-fellow says, "Perhaps your father won't do as he has promised," what is your reply? "Trust him!" That now is faith; and it is the "confidence" which you have, the "foundation," the "substance of things hoped for." You know what God has promised to them that love Him. I want you to "Trust in Him at all times."

Then, what is "evidence"? It is like light, making things which are not otherwise seen perfectly clear to us. So faith, scattering the darkness of ignorance or of doubt, convinces us "of things not seen." Hence it is the proof or evidence of them.

I suppose you are quite sure that your father and mother are living in the old house at home, although you have not seen them for a long while. I suppose, too, you are quite certain that they love you, and that they think of you and talk of you almost every day. Something makes this evident to you. Though you do not see and hear it, you are convinced it is all true. Faith does this. It is "the evidence of things not seen."

God is in heaven. You do not see Him; but he is your Father. Jesus, too, is there. You have not seen Him; but He is your Saviour. He loves you, and thinks of you every day. What is it that makes all this so clear to you, and real, that you do not doubt it? Faith—"the evidence of things not seen." It is, too, the "faith which is in Christ Jesus."

If I ask, What is faith in Jesus Christ? a little girl replies: "It is to believe what the Bible says about Him." Yes; but it is more than that. It is so to believe what we read in "the Holy Scriptures" about the Saviour as to "trust" in Him. I hope to be forgiven, you hope to be saved, we all hope to be for ever happy in heaven. Now, "faith" or "trust," "which is in Christ Jesus," is the "substance" or "foundation" of all this. It is the confidence which we have of "things hoped for."

Are you thinking of the Saviour, of His love to children, of His kindness to poor folk, of His beautiful life, of His wonderful death, of His glorious resurrection? All this, though you do not see it, is so manifest that you do not doubt it. For faith, which is "the 'substance' of things hoped for," is also "the 'evidence' of things not seen."

Do you believe in Jesus? Can you sing: "Only trust Him"? Then, like the child Timothy, "thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise . . . through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

But, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" Perhaps you will begin to feel the importance of this question if we now take the word which has been left to the last.

IV. There is Salvation.

We have told you that the best knowledge is to be found in the Bible; that the right use of knowledge is wisdom; that the highest wisdom can only be had "through faith which is in Christ Jesus";

and now, let me tell you that the end of such faith is "salvation." Hence you may read in the Holy Scriptures of "Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls" (1 Peter i. 9). What a blessing for children to receive! It is Christ's free gift to all who trust in Him. "But," you say, "may not a child do something to save himself?" Suppose you fancy one who has lost his way, and is in the dark, and all through disobedience. He is a poor lost child. He is very miserable. What can he do? Sit down and cry. But will that restore him to his home? No. Cannot somebody be found to seek and save him? For that is what is wanted.

Well, all have disobeyed God. Every child has missed his way. Sin is so much darkness and misery; the poor wanderer may sit down in the midst of it all and cry: "What must I do to be saved?" The reply is: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Jesus is "the Son of Man" who is come "to seek and to save that which was lost." He is here "to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death." Trust Him. Follow Him. He will "guide our feet into the way of peace." He will save you, and restore you to the beautiful home which has been provided for all who are "the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus."

You are beginning to understand what salvation is. It is knowledge to the ignorant, wisdom to the foolish, and pardon to the guilty. It is holiness instead of sin, light instead of darkness, and life and happiness for ever more.

Jesus Christ now offers this great blessing to you, and to every sinful, sorrowful child in the world. Will you receive it? Will you not receive Him? He is the only Saviour. The sweetest song to sing is: "The Lord is my light and my salvation."

Perhaps you are only a little boy sitting at your grandmother's knee, learning to read. But you have heard about Timothy, and you know that he was an intelligent child. We want you to be like him, and to read, as he did, "the Holy Scriptures." Then, he was a wise child. He made a good use of what he knew. And you may learn to do the same. He was, too, a believing child, and had "faith which is in Christ Jesus." May you have "like precious faith." All who believe in Jesus are saved. O that, like Timothy, you may become wise unto salvation through trusting in the Saviour.

And now I want you to pray with me this short prayer:—"O Lord, who has given us the Holy Scriptures, teach us in our childhood and youth by Thy Word and Spirit; and be pleased to give to each of us knowledge, wisdom, faith, and salvation: for Jesus Christ's sake."

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARIES OF REV. WILLIAM WARD, OF SERAMPORE.

IX.

MON., JAN. 5TH, 1807.—This morning Mr. Lindeman and Bro. Chater took the passage of our brethren to Rangoon—200 rupees. This morning, also, Bro. Biss and family left Mr. Lindeman's and went on board ship. Melancholy job ! going back. I look upon it as a very great misfortune to Bro. Biss. May God make him useful in some other sphere. After seeing them off, I and Bro. Chater rode up to Serampore.

FRI., JAN. 23RD.—Bro. Carey is confirmed in his appointment in the College. Mr. Brown and Mr. Buchannan's places of Provost and Vice-Provost are abolished. Bro. Carey is to have 1,000 rupees a month instead of 500.

LORD'S DAY, JAN. 25TH.—Yesterday morning Breth. Mardon and Chater left Calcutta for Rangoon. Oh ! that this new attempt may be crowned with the Divine blessing.

TUES., FEB. 24TH.—Bro. — has addressed a letter to the brethren threatening to leave the Mission. He is very touchy, and his temper has been rather unpleasant lately in several respects. I suppose he will be in the ashes in a day or two. He is discouraged, I suppose, about not getting the language sooner. He and Sister — have been taken notice of by Mr. Smith, of America, Mr. Myers, of Calcutta, and Mr. Brown, and Sister — has had many rich things given her. This receiving presents got to such a pitch lately, that a law has been made against it. Another law has been made that each person shall ask leave to quit his station before he goes. It appears that junior brethren at Serampore, for want of the language, are sometimes discouraged at not having a line of work. This day I got a letter from Dr. Taylor, at Bombay, where he is learning the languages, but things are quite discouraging there. The Madras Government have published a proclamation forbidding natives to become Christians. Dr. Taylor has no hopes at present of beginning a Mission at Surat.

LORD'S DAY, MAR. 8TH.—Bro. Carey, rather Dr. Carey—thanks to the Brown University—and Bro. Marshman (whose turn comes next), preached in English at home.

SAT., MAR. 14TH.—Letters from Rangoon. Our brethren safe and well. It does not seem likely that any opposition will be made to their settling.

MON., MAR. 16TH.—Mr. Buchannan is arrived from his journey. Mr. Blacquiere, one of the Superintendents of Police, has spoken to Mr. Rolt about the new chapel, signifying that, as it is a public edifice, it is necessary to ask

leave of Government to erect it, which leave, he doubts not, will be granted. We had thoughts of complying with this, but have been persuaded not to do it, as it is not likely that Government would grant leave, and it is hoped they will not forcibly prevent our building a place of worship.

MON., MAR. 23RD.—Government have refused to insert Mr. Buchannan's account of his late journey in the newspapers.

FRI., MAR. 27TH.—Blacquiere has again sent for Mr. Rolt, and asked him why he does not try to get leave of Government to build the chapel, and threatens to make report of it unless we get leave. Mr. Rolt has promised.

MON., AP. 13TH.—This day Bro. Rowe brought up letters for Bro. (rather Dr.) Carey, from America. One from Mr. Ralston, gives us the afflictive news of the death of Capt. Wickes's eldest son, by poison, also an account of 2,000 dollars arrived for translations.

FRI., AP. 17TH.—Blacquiere has been again interrogating Mr. Rolt why the building of the chapel goes on before the consent of Government is obtained.

LORD'S DAY, AP. 19TH.—After English worship I called on Mr. Rolt, and he put in my hand a letter containing the Governor-General's consent to the building of the chapel. My heart leaped for joy. Mr. Rolt had replied to Mr. Blacquiere, telling him that he had sent in the petition to Government. B. replied that he was satisfied, since the application had been made, and that there was no need to stop the workmen, he had no doubt but the application would be successful. So it proved. "His mercy endureth for ever."

MON., AP. 20TH.—This evening the Jessore Church was formed, and Ram Mohun and Ra—— [*illegible*] were chosen deacons, and appointed by the laying on of hands.

FRI., MAY 1ST.—Mr. Brown has sent in 500 rupees towards the chapel. Remarkable deliverance in crossing the river.

SAT., MAY 2ND.—This afternoon, at the church meeting, Mr. and Mrs., and Amelia and Maria Derozio, were received into the church. This Mr. Derozio is a writer, or clerk, at Calcutta, and has 400 or 500 rupees a month salary. He keeps a carriage and a one-horse chair. His father, &c., were Papists. He renounced the Popish communion from conviction of the sinfulness of worshipping images, by reading the Ten Commandments in English. The priest forbade him to read the English Bible. The old woman attributed her conversion to Mr. Brown's preaching, and the two daughters have been blessed under our preaching. The younger was greatly awakened by an affliction.

The following is what the Mission owed individuals at the end of last year :—
W. Carey, 2,722 rupees 8 annas 3 pice ; J. Marshman, 1,085 rupees 7 annas 3 pice ; W. Ward, 483 rupees 5 pice ; J. Chamberlain, 33 rupees 10 annas 4 pice ; W. Robinson, 16 rupees 5 annas 4 pice. These individuals are in debt to the

Mission as under, at the close of the last year :—R. Mardon, 303 rupees 4 annas 8 pice ; J. Biss, 148 rupees 2 annas 9 pice ; W. Moore, 110 rupees 8 annas 6 pice ; J. Chater, 63 rupees 15 annas 11 pice ; J. Rowe, 46 rupees 6 annas 8 pice ; F. Carey, 72 rupees 4 annas 9 pice. Ditto from the Fund for Lending without Interest, 50 rupees. W. Carey, jun., 11 rupees 5 annas 6 pice ; ditto without interest, 50 rupees.

We have lately adopted the rule that instead of each brother having liberty to get from the sirkar what he likes, that each brother shall receive his allowance monthly, and lay out his money as he chooses without being able to get more from the sirkar.

LORD'S DAY, MAY 3RD.—This was one of the most interesting days at the Mission House we have almost ever had. It was the 7th anniversary of our union as a church. We met between six and seven. Bro. Marshman gave us an exhortation, and two or three prayed. Bro. Carey preached at eleven. After dinner a Sergeant Oakey, from Fort William, came before the church, and gave in his experience. It was a most affecting account. He wept and sobbed, and almost all the family joined him. He is the son of a Baptist—a prodigal.

TUES., MAY 5TH.—This day a letter arrived from Mr. Brown, enclosing a plan from Dr. Buchannan for forming a college, to be called the British Propaganda. This college was to be under the superintendence of a clergyman ; to be protected by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and His Danish Majesty. The business of translations was to be placed in this college. Our press was to be called the Propaganda Press. No alterations were to be made in the Mission premises at present. Bro. Marshman was to sign our consent to this plan directly. We were alarmed and shocked. Breth. Carey and Marshman called on Mr. Brown, and a dreadful collision took place.

TUES., MAY 12TH.—The Propaganda is given up. Dr. Buchannan and Mr. Brown will not be enemies, I fancy, but they will no doubt remember our non-conformity.

WED., MAY 20TH.—Mr. Brown has sent 500 rupees towards the Calcutta chapel.

SAT., MAY 23.—While we were sitting in consultation, who should jump in but Breth. Mardon and Chater, from Rangoon.

" I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home."

All things seem to say that we shall have a mission at Rangoon.

TUES., MAY 28TH.—Last night we had an experience meeting for the keeping up of vital religion in our own families. We hope to continue this. Sister Marshman met our native sisters, and held an experience meeting with them.

This is what I have long urged and longed for. I cannot bear that our sisters should be mere house-wives. Breth. Chater and Mardon went to the Police-office at Calcutta yesterday, and passed as current coin. It was hinted to Bro. Chater that he had been there before, they believed. The latter smiled.

THURS., MAY 27TH.—A note to Bro. Marshman from Mr. B. this day, says, "You will be glad to hear that the Hindoo Malyalim Pundit has been converted while employed in the translations of the Gospels from the Tamil, at Cochin. He is a man of great erudition, and of high family. The words, Matt. xvi. 26, "What is a man profited?" &c., fastened on his mind, and the words Luke xiv. 26. He gives up considerable possessions, which he willingly resigns, and only requests Dr. Buchannan to be his godfather, which he supposes will be some sort of protection from the persecution of his family.

LORD'S DAY, MAY 31ST.—Ram Mohun was set apart to the ministry by the laying on of hands.

MOND., JUNE 1ST.—Bro. M. brought me up a letter from Calcutta, enclosing a note for 100 rupees, a present to me from Mr. Derozio. He is giving us a silver plate for the Lord's Supper. My first volume is finished at press. I now see that it will make three volumes, quarto. Mr. Martyn has sent down a translation of the Parables into Hindostanee. I have been examining their contents for the information of Mr. Brown. Martyn is very clever. Foolscap paper is now so scarce at Calcutta that it sells for forty rupees a ream. Dr. Buchannan was here a few days ago to inquire into the Chinese translations. The whole of Matthew is translated, which Dr. Buchannan is going to send to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

TUES. JUNE 2.—Mr. Brown says he has heard from Dr. Kerr that Lord William Bentinck has expressed his approbation of the Serampore Mission, and his wish to have such persons employed under his government. [Don't tell the Directors this.] Dr. Kerr informed Lord W. Bentinck of us. Mr. Brown wishes us to give him the names of several places under the Madras Government where we would wish to plant a mission, and Dr. Kerr will mention it to the Governor.

LORD'S DAY, JUNE 14TH.—This morning Balükram was buried. He came from Jessore; he I hope is gone to heaven. We helped the native brethren to carry him to the grave. In future we think of helping to dig the graves, in order to bring our native folks into the practice of self-denying duties. At present some of them object to dig a grave, lest people should abuse them or refuse to speak to them. Something like losing caste. For my part, I am persuaded it was Christ's intention to leave the example of washing His disciples' feet as a custom among believers, to try their mutual love, to keep down pride, and to habituate Christians to do the meanest offices for one another. If the native brother had not dug this grave, we must have given a native Portuguese

Christian five shillings to have done it. In order to set the example as Balükram's grave was a little too short, I jumped into the grave before them all and finished it. We sang on the road. We have lost six servants lately by death.

THURS., JUNE 18TH.—A young man, named Pritchett, the son of a clergyman and whose brother is a clergyman at or near Bristol, is now on a visit at our house. I hope he has been truly wrought upon. He has been at sea, but is now going to live at Mr. Rolt's as an assistant. Mr. Buchanan has withdrawn 300 rupees a-month, which we used to receive to assist in the translations. It belonged to the fund raised in our names in this country.

FRI., JULY 3RD.—Letters by Mr. Robinson's son. Thank you, Bro. Fuller, your sledge-hammer is a harmless thing at this distance. Samson, too, is sometimes as weak as other men. Never mind, only write, Bro. F.; you cannot do wrong if you write often enough.

TUES., JULY 21ST.—We have been spending this morning in fixing upon a successor to Bro. Mardon in the Rangoon Mission. Bro. Chater wished that Felix should go, and Bro. Marshman was very strong for it. Bro. Carey and I were against it. Long arguments were maintained on both sides; but Felix himself appeared to be inclined to go, and the lot fell on him. The other brethren did not propose themselves. Bro. Chater did not choose to take William. My reasons against Felix going I shall send in substance. This day Bro. and Sister Mardon set off to Cutwa to see and help Bro. Chamberlain, who, we have heard, is ill.

SAT., JULY 25TH.—This evening Mr. Pritchett formally offered himself to be baptized, join the Church, and become a missionary.

LORD'S DAY, AUG 2ND.—After sermon, I baptized John Axell, a soldier in the Artillery in the fort. His father's name was William Axell, of Tadley, near Basingstoke. This was the first baptizing at Calcutta.

MON., AUG. 10TH.—I think myself greatly honoured in that it has fallen to my lot to open two places of worship at Calcutta—the thatched place in Lal Bazar and the place at Chitpore—and to baptize the first person baptized at Calcutta among real Christians. One or two of our friends from the Armenian Church have lately wished to join us, and sit down to the Lord's Supper with us. They were immersed in their infancy. Say—are they to be immersed again?

WED., AUG. 12TH.—Mr. Brown is anxious to put the Hindostanee translations into the hands of Mr. Martyn.

SAT., AUG. 15TH.—We had a conference last night instead of our meeting for business—Bro. Carey staying down to go and see Dr. Roxbury at the Botanic Gardens, who has just returned from England. Bro. C. has also been dining with Lord Minto this week.

WED., SEPT. 2ND.—This evening Mr. Krefting, our Governor, sent for our perusal an official letter, signed by Lord Minto, Sir George Barlow, and Mr. Lumsden, complaining of one of our Persian pamphlets as very inflammatory, and calculated to inflame the Mussulmans. We promised to wait on the Governor in the morning.

THURS., SEPT. 3RD.—This morning Bro. Carey sent us up the following note by a special messenger :—

“MY DEAR BRETHREN,—Soon after I had got to college this morning, I received a note from the chief secretary to attend immediately at the Government House. I went, when Mr. Brown inquired whether I knew anything of a publication in the Persian language at our press which was calculated to inflame the minds of the Mussulmans. I did not know of anything being published in that language, but said it was possible that a pamphlet might have been published without my knowledge. He then showed me a pamphlet printed at Serampore, with a translation, giving a history of the life of Mahomet, and contrasting the mild genius of the Gospel with his impostures. In it Mahomet is repeatedly called by the name of ‘tyrant’ and the Koran ‘an imposture.’ This is thought sufficient to excite rebellion among the Mussulmans. I promised to furnish Government with the history of this pamphlet, and to what extent it had been circulated. You will, therefore, greatly oblige me by sending immediately to me an account of how many were printed, whether it has gone through more editions than one, and, if so, how many? Whether any have been sent to places at a distance from Serampore, and where? and how many? You had better not let any more of it be distributed till you see me. I hope none have been sent to Martyn and Corrie, as Government seems to be particularly suspicious of them. I was asked whether we were engaged in any places with any clergymen to carry on our schemes. I could say no, and, for their sakes, I am glad I could. I think irritating epithets should be expunged from all our pamphlets. We lie open to animadversions here. I had a good deal of talk with them on the subject of the Mission, which, not being of much importance, in an official sense, I shall relate when I see you. Pray send the particulars of the pamphlets drawn out in as fair words as possible as soon as you can. I see that some more, high in power, are not friendly to our undertakings. I have no apprehensions; let us commit the affair to God.

“Affectionately yours,

“W. CAREY.”

Bro. Marshman and I waited on the Governor, who expressed a good deal of alarm on the subject of the letter from the Governor-General and Council at Calcutta. We had a long conversation, in which he was very kind, but he declared his inability to protect us if we pushed things to extremities, as what could he do with 50 sepoys? We apologised for the irritating expressions in the pamphlet, declared our sorrow, and gave him the most solemn assurances of

our desire to please him, and utter aversion to doing anything to offend him. After our return, I wrote to Bro. Carey in answer to his.

FRI., SEPT. 4TH.—Bro. Carey related to us the conversation at the Government House betwixt him and Mr. Lumsden, the Secretary to Government. It seems that some friend at Calcutta had put this Persian tract into the hands of Mr. Lumsden's Persian moonshee, and challenged him to write an answer to it.

TUES., SEPT. 8TH.—This day we sent to Mr. Krefting the following answer to his official letter :—

“ To His Excellency Jacob Krefting, Esq., Governor of Serampore.

HON. SIR,—We have been favoured with your Excellency's communication of the 5th inst., stating that you have received a letter from the Right Hon. the British Governor-General and Council at Fort William, dated the 1st inst., which noticed a Persian pamphlet, lately circulated under our direction, as containing expressions likely to irritate the minds of the class of Mussulmans to whom it was addressed, expressing your sorrow at such a circumstance having occurred, prohibiting the further distribution of the said pamphlet, and requiring us to deliver up the remaining copies now in our hands, as well as to give you every degree of information relative to the actual distribution of the pamphlet in question.

“2nd. On carefully examining this pamphlet, we feel it our duty to declare our sincere regret that any expression tending to irritate, rather than convince, the mind, should thus have issued from our press, and we feel that justice to our own characters requires us to state to your Excellency the circumstances under which it happened.

“About three months ago we delivered to a moonshee, formerly a Mussulman, but who had for some time professed attachment to the Christian religion, a short abstract, in the Bengalee language, of the life of Mahomet, taken almost verbatim from Sale's preliminary discourse prefixed to his translation of the Koran, desiring him to translate it into Persian. The confidence we had in this man, together with the hurry of business, occasioned our re-putting the translation to press without a previous revisal, and we now find, to our regret, that he has departed from his original, not only by indulging in epithets which were not in the copy, but by making a number of alterations in ideas themselves. We do not mention this for the sake of excusing ourselves from blame—we are aware that such an act of neglect does not prevent it being our act—but merely as a fact in the history of the pamphlet. Should your Excellency wish it, we will send you either the original itself, which, after much search, we have found, or an English translation of it, that your Excellency may satisfy yourself of the truth of the fact.

“3rd. We are happy to find that of 2,000 printed of this pamphlet 700 remain in our hands ; the other 1,300, as far as we can ascertain, have been distributed either at Serampore, Chinsurah, Calcutta, or the neighbouring villages. We suppose that none of them have gone to a greater distance. We hope, and indeed have reason to believe, that no apprehension need be entertained from those distributed,

as, from the indifference and disregard manifested by natives in general to things of this nature, it is more than probable that by far the greater part of them are thrown away or destroyed.

“4th. We cheerfully send your Excellency the remaining copies, and pledge ourselves that it shall no more issue from our press in any form whatever. Relative to the similar papers in any future time, we beg leave to assure your Excellency that our lively sense of the favour and countenance we have so long experienced from the Danish Government, both in Europe and India, and particularly from your Excellency, would alone prevent us from doing anything which might, in the remotest degree, give your Excellency pain. But it cannot be unknown to your Excellency that we need no inducement of this kind to urge us to a conduct conducive to the public tranquillity. We are thoroughly convinced that the Christian religion, so far from requiring the aid, either of coercion, or of irritating and opprobrious epithets, expressly disallows them, and we feel certain that no one was ever made a sincere convert to Christianity by means like these.

“5th. Indeed, were we in the course of our missionary labours here to pursue a different line of conduct, we should not only violate those feelings of attachment and respect to the British Government, and the members who compose it, which none in India possess in a higher degree than ourselves, but act as contrary to the dictates of common sense as those of Christianity. If, as your Excellency justly observes, the safety of every European settlement be connected with the preservation of order and tranquillity in the British dominions in India, how much more deeply must our personal safety, and the safety of our families, be involved therein, since our very existence in this, a heathen country, is suspended on the prosperity of the British Empire in India.

“6th. As a proof, however, of the real tenor of our conduct, we are happy in being able to appeal to evidence stronger than mere assertion. To your Excellency's personal knowledge nearly eight years have elapsed since we first had the honour of enjoying the patronage and countenance of the Danish Government in India. We feel, therefore, peculiar satisfaction in appealing to your Excellency whether our conduct, both as individuals and as a missionary body, hath not been agreeable to the sentiments we have just expressed ; and we beg leave to assure your Excellency that every view of the nature of Christianity confirms us in persevering, in the conviction of its being our duty to persevere, in these the mildest and most inoffensive methods, conscious that by these alone we can impress them with an idea of the true nature of Christianity, and we feel high pleasure in the thought that, while thus obeying the dictates of our own consciences, we have the happiness of perfectly coinciding with the wishes of your Excellency, and of the Right Hon. the Governor-General of the British dominions.

“We have the honour to be, &c., &c.

“Serampore, Sept. 8th, 1807.”

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

DEAN STANLEY ON BAPTISM.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for October has an article on Baptism, by the genial Dean of Westminster, which we cordially recommend to the perusal of our readers. They will find herein stated the doctrine of Baptism as held by moderate Churchmen, and stated with that fairness which so eminently characterises the Dean. Immersion is recognised as the original form of administering the ordinance of Baptism, and the modernised simplification of sprinkling is justified as a liberation from an old attachment to a particular form. We are reminded that we have thrown overboard many of the stricter creeds once admitted,—for instance, the belief in the damnation of unbaptised infants. Convenience, we so often hear, requires us also to give up as unsuitable and obsolete a form of ordinance which was once the only admitted form. The sentiment which persuades us to retain the old way, we are told, is out of date, and was never more than a sentiment, to which it does not behove us to attach ourselves so tenaciously.

This is the point where we cannot agree with so many talented and enlightened men of the Establishment. They say that the matter is not essential—that the ceremony is desirable as a memorial, but void of any “magical charm” whatever, and in a matter so immaterial it is a pity we do not adhere to that form which is more convenient. We are satisfied with considerations which appear from Dean Stanley’s own argument. “Whatever else the Christian was to be, baptism—the use of water—showed that he was to be clean and pure, in body, soul, and spirit.” . . . “It seemed to them” (the apostles) “like a burial of the old former self and a rising up again of the new self.” These quotations from the essay show enough for our purpose the original symbolic force of the rite. The modernised form may be the most convenient to use, but our system, we maintain, keeps up more vividly these important teachings of baptism as an emblem. Perhaps we, as a sect, require the type more plainly before us than our fellow-Christians, but at any rate, whatever may be the reason that moves us (and all Baptists are not so through the same arguments), we find the ordinance, as we administer it, more readily illustrative than the skeleton rite of the Pædobaptist churches. We admit that the temperate tone of the Dean justifies to our mind his Church as we never heard it justified yet; but we cannot help thinking that this clear and lively typifying of great spiritual change, as we now typify that change by baptism, is worth our earnest retention. We cannot consent to admit that the convenience would outweigh the loss. To

us these teachings are valued reminders of the purity of the ideal Christian life, and the mighty resurrection which awaits us hereafter. Without pretending to sum up in this note all our reasons for being Baptists, we can merely state that we find enough justification for our ceremony in the Dean's own teaching. And we end as we began, by hoping that our readers will try to get his essay and read it carefully through.

RECENT NAVAL WARFARE.

The squabble between Chili and the Perus has been enlivened by an important episode. News has come that the *Huascar* has been captured by the Chilian fleet. No details are given, but from the phrase "fleet" it would seem that the *Huascar* was captured as the Charlies of old used to capture the nightly reveller—by the process then known as "bundling up." We are rather curious to know how the prize was won—was she urged upon a sandbank or rock, or was she surrounded with torpedoes, or riddled with shot? She could hardly have been boarded, for she carries unpleasant apparatus for ejecting hot water over her own decks, and a cannonade has not much of the *Huascar* to aim at, so low does she swim in the water. When some years ago she had a battle with the *Shah*, that vessel's shot did not pierce the ironclad; and if the Peruvian monitor was torpedoed, it could hardly have been described as "captured." So we wait for further details.

If she has been taken by an ironclad like herself, then one of the canons of South American warfare has been violated. These rules are to be studied from the revolutionary wars described in a chapter of Mr. Max Adeler's "Random Shots." In pursuance of these regulations, it is perfectly fair for an ironclad to bombard an unfortified town, or attack a wooden vessel, which cannot hurt, or even a transport. Once a transport was captured with a regiment of cavalry on board, which induced incredulous and irreverent readers to talk about "horse marines," and the cavalry were not very accountable. But for an ironclad to attack an ironclad is dangerous and contrary to the rules of civilised warfare in these parts. Consequently, we hear that "such and such a monitor went out in search of this or the other monitor, but returned without being able to bring on an action"; or, "our fleet chased by superior force, but evaded a contest"; or, "we pursued the enemy's flagship, but were outsailed." These telegrams show the real rights of maritime war, and apparently one of the laws has been broken, for an ironclad has been taken. Can it be that a naval engagement has now become such an awful thing that men's courage no longer will endure the combat? Gunpowder shortened battles, and torpedoes may abolish sea fights. If they are not to be abolished and we ever have to try our naval strength it is to be hoped

our seamen will not play at "hide and seek" as that game has recently been played in the Pacific. Probably not.

PRESS PROSECUTIONS.

It is cause for congratulation that the London magistrates have shown a vigorous determination to exterminate the impure literary rubbish which has for a long time been openly vended in the great thoroughfares of the city, but it is equally cause for humiliation that the trade in this garbage is sufficiently lucrative to tempt unprincipled persons to experiment on the vigilance of the guardians of public morals. "The Society for the Suppression of Vice" is, we believe, the only central authority from which such prosecutions emanate. While the public at large is placed under obligation to any voluntary association for its laborious endeavours in this direction, it would certainly seem to be more in accordance with our notions of propriety that this duty should be discharged by the officers of the State. We are, all things considered, perhaps doing better with the unofficial agency than would be the case if we had a Public Censor of Morals, who might imperiously decide that it was immoral to call a man "a jingo," or to charge a Prime Minister with "imperialism." A most unedifying spectacle of too frequent occurrence recently, is that presented by the civil processes for libel in which the conductors of some of the "Society journals," as they are called, have been involved. It is a comfort to think that this evil will speedily cure itself: not so comfortable the thought that the love of innuendo and scandal on which these journals exist has filtered down from the clubs and the precincts of Pall Mall to the shop boys and the purlieus of Shoreditch.

SETTLING DOWN.

We really do think that we may at length report a more pacific look-out in our foreign relations. Sir Garnet Wolseley has sent home the troops engaged in the Zulu campaign. Some of the heroes have been publicly fêted and honoured with invitations to receive the royal approval at Balmoral, others have more quietly returned to their own homes. The Zulu heptarchy is set up, and His Majesty Mr. Dunn has issued proclamation that no missionaries will be allowed to reside in his royal dominions—a decree which will perhaps not prove so intractable as those of the Medo-Persian empire. Cetewayo and his harem will probably find the castle at the Cape quite as comfortable as the kraal at Ulundi. Let us hope they will take kindly to such encumbrances of civilisation as the use of a little more clothing than has been their usual wont, and that the quality and quantity of the diet with which the royal table is supplied will be regulated by a strict regard to the health of the captives. We are not quite sure that even unlimited skilly would not be prejudicial to the poor savages

—free quarter amidst the fare usually assigned to State prisoners would be equivalent to capital punishment.

The rapidity with which General Roberts has recaptured Cabul is an achievement which has called forth the admiration of all military critics. The abdication of the Ameer imposes upon the British Government the difficult task of providing for the government of the entire province. Unfeignedly we hope the closing year may find the gates of the temple of Janus fast closed.

REVIEWS.

YOUNG'S ANALYTICAL CONCORDANCE TO THE BIBLE. Quarto, 1,100 pp. Price 36s. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

THIS invaluable homiletical treasury is constructed on a plan entirely differing from that adopted in any other Concordance with which we are acquainted. Each Bible word is arranged in its proper alphabetical order, accompanied by its own Hebrew or Greek original, in all the diversities of meaning in which the word is found in the Sacred Scriptures, the reference being in each instance classified under its exact meaning in the place quoted. The comprehensiveness of the work will be manifest when we state that it contains three hundred and eleven thousand references, that is, nearly as much again as Cruden. Proper names are incorporated in the text in their alphabetical order, but each is accompanied by an historic notice of the individual or locality in question. Various readings in the Greek Testament are marked, to the extent of thirty thousand in number, and the latest information on Biblical geography and the results of Palestine exploration are supplied. The service that Dr. Young has rendered the Biblical student by his gigantic

labour is inestimable in its worth. We hope that our churches will give this book to every minister as a Christmas present.

THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. Third Edition. Strahan & Co., Limited, 54, Paternoster Row, London. 1879.

To review this work would be superfluous; to eulogise it is almost equally so. Dr. Geikie is one of the most thorough, painstaking, and successful of living writers. Thoroughness is in fact his great characteristic. He is at home in every subject with which he deals, says the least that can be said about it, and says it in the pleasantest and most memorable manner. Life in the backwoods of Canada has numberless attractions for those who, in common phrase, are prepared to rough it. It is full of risk and adventure, and presents a strange contrast to our quiet and orderly English fashions. The scope offered to emigrants is certainly very great, but not a few of those who have left their mother country have found that the reality was not so romantic as the dream. Intending emigrants should certainly

read Dr. Geikie's book. With the young folks it will be a universal favourite. There is scarcely a subject, social, mercantile, agricultural, scientific, or religious, on which it does not give full and accurate information.

REMINISCENCES OF COLLEGE LIFE IN BRISTOL during the Ministry of Rev. Robert Hall, A.M. By Fred. Trestrail, F.R.G.S., late Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society. London: E. Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey, E.C.

THE "religious periodical" for which Mr. Trestrail's charming reminiscences were originally written, although unnamed in his preface, is, as our readers are aware, the BAPTIST MAGAZINE. We highly appreciated them at the time of their appearance in our pages and gladly welcome them in their new form. Their main value arises from the substantial additions they have made to our knowledge of the greatest of English preachers. Mr. Trestrail in his college days was admitted to the closest intimacy with Robert Hall, and saw him "in undress." He has given us exquisite glimpses of his domestic and social life, and furnished us with materials for forming a far more complete and accurate judgment of his real character than has hitherto been possible to those who had not the privilege of knowing him. We have also glimpses of Foster, Anderson, Chalmers, and other men of equal note—in fact, Mr. Trestrail has conveyed to his readers a singularly graphic idea of the whole religious and social life of the earlier part of the nineteenth century. It is well that these reminiscences should be preserved. Apart from such a book as this, few would now have been able to recall them, and to have

lost them would have been a misfortune. A more companionable volume we could not desire.

THE CAMBRIDGE BIBLE FOR SCHOOLS.
The Book of Joshua. By the Rev. G. F. Maclear, D.D. *Jonah.* By the Ven. T. T. Perowne, B.D. *The Gospel according to St. Matthew.* By the Rev. A. Carr, M.A. *The Gospel according to St. Mark.* By the Rev. G. F. Maclear, D.D. *The Acts of the Apostles (i.-xiv.).* By J. Rawson Lumby, B.D. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press. London: Cambridge Bible Warehouse, 17, Paternoster Row.

IN these days of intellectual progress, the goal of the fathers is in some respects the starting-point of their children, and the results of the soundest and ripest scholarship must be made universally accessible. The elder lads in our schools should be able to study the Bible with as great a facility and thoroughness as they can study the classics. It would be fatal to the highest interests of religion to defer the systematic study of Scripture until manhood. Biblical criticism, with all its one-sidedness, has secured for us results of priceless worth. Geographers, archæologists, and linguists have thrown a flood of light on matters which were at one time obscure, and invested the old and familiar words with the freshness of novelty. We cannot have a healthier intellectual exercise than an impartial examination of the structure and contents of Scripture, and there are no books more likely to aid such an examination than the Manuals issued by the Syndics of the University Press. Works of more solid worth have not been published. The text adopted throughout is that of Scrivener's

Cambridge Paragraph Bible. Each part contains a careful and scholarly introduction on the authorship, the date, the sources, &c., of the book. The notes are terse and suggestive, giving in few words the gist of elaborate researches. They abound in fine textual criticism, no less than in valuable doctrinal and ethical comments. Dr. Maclear is thoroughly at home in such an historical book as *Joshua*. He draws illustrations from all quarters, especially from our old English literature, and writes in a style of great elegance. The volume on *Jonah* is a literary gem, both on apologetic and hermeneutical grounds. In Mr. Carr's *Matthew* there is, in addition to keen verbal criticism and archæological research, a determined effort to trace the course of thought in the inspired text, to point out the *nexus* between the various sections and verses of the Gospel.

Mr. Carr has all the qualifications which vigorous and refined scholarship can give, and possesses what is of far higher value, clear spiritual insight. Mr. Lumby's manner of work is known to most of our readers from his papers in the *Expositor*. His notes on the *Acts* will certainly enhance his reputation, and form a valuable commentary on one of the most important books of the New Testament. Mr. Lumby has enriched his pages with illustrations of singular appropriateness from the Talmud. He is evidently familiar with this "great sea" of Jewish literature, and draws from it for the elucidation of his text treasures of no ordinary worth. All these books are, in fact, a valuable addition to our Biblical expositions, original contributions to a subject of transcendent importance; and, while they cannot fail to be valued

by those for whom they are expressly designed, we have a shrewd suspicion that they will be still more highly appreciated by minds of a riper order. The maps which most of the manuals contain are beautifully executed, and will be a great aid to the intelligent study of the Scriptures. Canon Perowne, to whom the general editorship of the series has been entrusted, may be congratulated on the success which the scheme has so far achieved. "The Cambridge Bible for Schools" is one of the most popular and useful literary enterprises of the nineteenth century.

BAPTISM. Second Edition, revised.
AN ANTIDOTE. Being a Refutation of the Dogma that Water-Baptism ought to have ended at Pentecost. By John Gadsby. London: Gadsby, 18, Bouverie Street, E.C.

MR. GADSBY'S two small works on Baptism cover well-nigh the whole ground of the subject. He has expended considerable care on their production, and made good his position in a manner which the upholders of infant sprinkling will not in the least relish. His statements are clear and candid, his arguments sound, and his conclusions logically irresistible, as is abundantly evident from the catena of quotations from opponents. The "Antidote" is mainly an answer to two pamphlets, "Is Water-Baptism Ended?" As a refutation of an idea which appears to us as much lacking in common sense as it is opposed to the plain teachings of Scripture, Mr. Gadsby's essay is complete.

MIRACLE NO MYSTERY; or, the Old Testament Miracles considered in their Evidential Character. By An English Presbyter. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1879.

THE title of this work makes an assertion which believers and unbelievers alike will look upon with some surprise. Everything, however, depends on the sense in which the words miracle and mystery are used. A miracle is here defined as "an occurrence involving natural phenomena, but distinguishable from them as a manifest deviation from the ordinary and regular course of nature—witnessed by at least two human beings at once—wrought for some good object, either the glory of God or the good of man, or to attest the Divine mission of the messenger through whom it was performed, and generally, though not necessarily, predicted by that messenger, and being also in harmony with previous revelations of the Divine attributes." The Old Testament miracles are examined with the view of showing that they were evidential of the Divine presence; that they manifested rather than (as mysteries) concealed God. The work will be appreciated by Christian readers as a valuable confirmation of their faith, and will lead to a better understanding of the design of the miraculous element in Scripture. Rationalists must of course be met on other grounds.

YOUTHFUL NOBILITY: The Early Life - History of Gotthilf and Frederika, their Childhood, Youth, Marriage, and Maturity. Translated from the German. London: John Kempster & Co., St. Bride's Avenue, Fleet Street, E.C.

ALEXANDER VINET once said of

children's books, "A child's book may be a great or beautiful work, and deserve a place of honour in our libraries. Good books for children are the best among the books for men." The saying has been called to mind by our perusal of "Youthful Nobility," and we need not, therefore, say how highly we esteem it. The life of Gotthilf is full of interest. It abounds in touching incidents; it exemplifies the power of Christian home influences, and shows, in a striking form, the value of high moral principle, not less for this world than for the world to come. The tone of the book is as healthy as the story is fascinating, and it will, we imagine, become as general a favourite in England as it has long been in Germany.

NEW BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

As usual, the enterprising officials of this Society are in the front with their books for the season, and the sight of them produces a feeling of wonder that, while other industries have been so crippled, the busy brains and pens of those who labour for the press have not in the smallest degree succumbed to the bad times of which we hear so much, nor has the limitation of sunshine which has told so severely on our gardens diminished one whit the brilliancy of colour in which floral beauties and printed sweetness are hereby presented to us. DR. GREEN'S PICTURES FROM BIBLE LANDS (price eight shillings) is the Society's annual. Its magnificent engravings—chiefly taken from photographs, and including such subjects as Damascus and Lebanon, the Hauran and the

land beyond Jordan, Northern Syria, Cyprus, and Asia Minor, Ararat, Babylon, and Nineveh, and the Isles of the Gentiles—are worthily accompanied by the letterpress of the accomplished editor. No present could be more acceptable in a Christian household than this volume. **THE BOYS' OWN ANNUAL**, the first volume of **THE BOYS' OWN PAPER** (price six shillings). Dr. Macaulay has placed all British boydom, and the rank and file of parents, guardians, tutors, teachers, which is commanded by British boydom, under deep and lasting obligations by the production of this periodical. It is full of sport and fun, natural history, stirring adventure, scientific wonders, mechanical lessons, as any boy could wish it to be, and all is savoured with the true salt. The *consensus* of all the schools, in their own phraseology, declares it to be “stunning.” **WORTHIES OF SCIENCE**, by Dr. Stoughton (price four shillings), is a collection of biographical sketches of eminent scientists who have been also eminent Christians. These sketches are prepared with the vigorous and elegant accuracy which mark all the learned author's writings. If any of the seventeen memoirs are special favourites with us we think those of Isaac Barrow and Michael Faraday bear the palm, but all are in the highest degree good, and we thank Dr. Stoughton for an ingenious idea most successfully and seasonably elaborated. **WAS I RIGHT?** by Mrs. O. F. Walton (three shillings and sixpence), is a story in this lady's best style, and a very telling style it is, as our recollections of the “Peep Behind the Scenes” testify. This is a book for young ladies, and most suitable for either a prize or a present. **LEOFWINE THE MONK**: a

Tale of a Saxon Family, by the author of “*Glaucia, the Greek Slave*” (three shillings and sixpence), a story of the Reformers before the Reformation, in which the author's well-known skill in harmonising the contemporary events and accessory circumstances of the subject, is happily illustrated. **DOUBTS AND CERTAINTIES**: a Story of To-day (two shillings and sixpence), as its title indicates, deals with the sceptical tendencies of the present day, and will be found useful in the case of young people who are exposed to such influences. **HOME WORKERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS** (eighteenpence), by Miss E. J. Whately, records the difficulties and disappointments of those who pursue the self-denying task of collecting for Missionary operations, and it also contains some very valuable advice both to contributors and collectors. **THE TRACT MAGAZINE**, 1879 (eighteenpence). More than fifty years have passed since we first delighted in **THE TRACT MAGAZINE**, and it is quite as grateful to us in our old age as it was in boyhood; it has some charming contents for humble souls. **BOYS WILL BE BOYS** (half-a-crown) is one of Mr. Sargent's salient stories in which he wisely deals with the trials and temptations of boy-life. **THE EPISTLE OF PAUL TO PHILEMON** (half-a-crown) is a scholarly exposition by Rev. A. H. Drysdale, of Rochdale, and will be highly valued by the numerous preachers and scholars who are directing their studies to the Pauline works. **THINGS TOUCHING THE KING** (sixteenpence) is a daily text-book, all the contents of which are concerning the Lord Jesus Christ. **THE OLDEST FISHERMAN IN THE WORLD**; **WASTE NOT, WANT NOT**; **THE LIGHT ON THE WALL**, by Mrs. Prosser; **MY**

FIRST PLACE, are shilling books for working people, in large type, excellent in substance and elegant in appearance. A THORNY PATH, a new book by Hesba Stretton, has all the pathos and the Christian teaching which are the implements of the author of "Jessica's First Prayer." THE GOLDEN SERIES OF REWARD BOOKS (fourpence each) contain ninety-six pages of letterpress in a golden cover. THE CHILD'S COMPANION, 1879, and THE COTTAGER, 1879 (eighteenpence each), are brilliant as usual, and ingeniously adapted to the classes they respectively address, while the coloured floral and natural history illustrations surpass all that we have hitherto seen of illuminated typography. HEART MELODY, containing four handsome designs for half-a-crown, and MORNING JOY AND EVENING BLESSING (four in each packet for a shilling) are fit for any drawing-room in the land. Mr. Harrison Weir, with his ideal kittens and chickens, puts in an appearance in FRANK AND HIS PETS and HAPPY FAMILIES. BIBLE PICTURE STORIES, Packets E and F, each contain for sixpence seven Bible stories, with brightly coloured pictures. BIRDS AND BLOSSOMS, from paintings by Henry Bright, are a shilling each packet containing six pictures, each of which is a work of art. The Christmas and New-Year's Cards published by the Society are of rare beauty, and we strongly advise all our readers on the look-out for presents for the season to consult the copious and varied catalogues recently issued at 56, Paternoster Row.

Messrs. GRIFFITH & FARRAN

Have sent us from their copious catalogue WAYS AND TRICKS OF

ANIMALS, by Miss Mary Hooper, with illustrations by Harrison Weir, and BUNCHY; or, the Children of Scarsbrook Farm, by Miss E. C. Phillips, half-a-crown each; AMONG THE BRIGANDS, AND OTHER TALES OF ADVENTURE, by C. E. Bowen; WRECKED, NOT LOST, by the Hon. Mrs. Dundas; CHRISTIAN ELLIOT, by L. N. Comyn (fourth thousand); and beautiful reprints of Mrs. Holland's SON OF A GENIUS and DAUGHTER OF A GENIUS, all of them a shilling each. The famous house at the west corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, London, has never in its long history presented greater treasures for the young than at the present time.

Messrs. HODDER & STOUGHTON

Have just issued the seventh thousand of Mr. Charlesworth's ROWLAND HILL: his Life, Anecdotes, and Pulpit Sayings (price three shillings and sixpence); the great popularity of this charming book is no matter of surprise to us. HENDRIKS, THE HUNTER: a Tale of Zululand, by W. H. G. Kingston (price five shillings), is one of those stories which only Mr. Kingston can write, in which heroic endurance, stirring adventure, and natural history are delightfully blended. The Shilling Series of Messrs. H. & S. contains some admirable tales by Mrs. H. H. B. Paul; such are ALICE BROOKFIELD'S TRIAL, LEVELSIE MANOR, MARY HAZELDINE'S DESK, and HARRY FOSTER'S RULES. THE MINISTER'S DIARY AND VISITING BOOK, 1880 (two shillings), is by far the most complete, cheapest, and handiest publication of its kind.

BEN OWEN : a Lancashire Story, by Jennie Perrett, Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, is equal to any of the numerous books for juveniles we have noticed in this number of the *MAGAZINE*.

BIBLICAL THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN. Second Series. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A VERY large and varied collection of material, culled from all kinds of sources, illustrative of sacred Scripture. Each paragraph is numbered, so that the margin of a study Bible can easily contain, against each text illustrated, the reference to these pages, which will often explain an obscure allusion, and serve greatly to enrich both public discourse and private reading.

THE VOICE AND PUBLIC SPEAKING, by J. P. Sandlands, M.A., Vicar of Brystock, London: Hodder & Stoughton, price 3s. 6d., contains some sound practical suggestions on the subject of which it treats.

UNCLE JOHN VASSAR. London: R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon Street.

A VERY real book about a very real man, who, as a colporteur and missionary to the soldiers of the Northern army in the late American war, in almost all periods of his life and all places whither he went, was charged with a self-consuming love to souls and their Saviour.

CONGREGATIONAL PSALMIST. Fourth Edition. Children's Worship. Compressed Score. Price 2s. 6d.

Hodder & Stoughton, Paternoster Row.

A COLLECTION, from the best composers, of tunes, melodious and simple, yet bright and joyous also; adapted for the special hymns of the young in congregations, schools, and families.

RAYS FROM THE REALMS OF NATURE; or, Parables of Plant Life. By Rev. James Neil, M.A. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

EVERY lover of the vegetable world will be delighted with this book, in which flowers, fruits, and trees are invested with a thousand thoughts, and most instructive analogies are instituted on their endless diversities and particular qualities.

THE WORLD OF PRAYER; or, Prayer in Relation to Personal Religion. By Dr. D. G. Monrad, Bishop of Lolland, Denmark. Translated from the Fourth German Edition by Rev. J. S. Banks. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street. 1879.

WE have not hitherto met with the name of Bishop Monrad, but the fact that the German translation of his work has rapidly reached its fourth edition is no slight testimony to its worth. The expectations which this fact awakened in us have by our perusal of his book been amply fulfilled. It is the work of a devout, scholarly, and accomplished man, who can clearly discriminate the respective limits of science and of faith, can allow the validity of the scientific method in its own sphere, and accept gratefully its well-established results, but who at the same time will not suffer it to intrude into a sphere in which it is

powerless, or to usurp functions it cannot possibly discharge. He firmly establishes the reasonableness of prayer as a spiritual exercise, and its necessity for the development of the life of faith. Rarely have we seen a more beautiful or impressive illustration of its true spirit as exemplified in the life first of our Lord and then of His Apostles. The whole book, in fact, is in harmony with Coleridge's well-known saying that prayer with the whole soul is the highest energy of which the human heart is capable. The hindrances, the contents, and the conditions of prayer are vividly presented, and, much as we have read on this transcendently important subject before, there is a freshness and a charm in this volume which has greatly profited and delighted us. It is suffused with a finely devotional spirit, and is very evidently the outcome of the author's own experience. Such a book can never be unseasonable, nor is it possible to prize it too highly. Mr. Banks has given us a capital translation of the work, and deserves our heartiest thanks for the pains he has bestowed upon it.

THE EARLY YEARS OF CHRISTIANITY.

A Comprehensive History of the first three centuries of the Christian Church. By E. de Pressensé, D.D. In four volumes. Vol. III. *Heresy and Christian Doctrine*. Vol. IV. *Life and Practice in the Early Church*. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1879.

THE re-issue of this instructive and brilliant work is now complete. In our notice of the first and second volumes, we so fully expressed our sense of its worth, that we need do little more here than say that our interest in it has been sustained to

the end, and that the concluding volumes are in no sense inferior to their predecessors. The various schools of the Gnostics, the errors of Manichæism, the Judaising heresy of the second and third centuries, and the system of Montanism are portrayed in graphic and life-like lines. The chapters on the theology of the Alexandrine School, especially the discussion of the system of Origen, are without doubt the ablest as well as the most charmingly written which have yet been presented to English readers. The School of Carthage, of whom Tertullian was the first and most illustrious representative, is treated with less fulness, but this, in view of Neander's exhaustive researches, is of small moment. Dr. de Pressensé has, however, so thoroughly unveiled to us the heart of the systems of which he writes, he discusses them with such profound insight, such fine discrimination, such sobriety and soundness of judgment, that we cannot refrain from expressing our hope that he will extend his inquiries, and submit to a similar examination the works of a still greater theologian, the foremost of all the Fathers of the Church, St. Augustine.

The volume of "Life and Practice in the Early Church" would at any time possess great interest for Christian students, but in view of the ecclesiastical controversies of our own day, with the Ultramontanes, the Sacerdotalists, and Sacramentarians, its appearance is peculiarly opportune. The method of admission into the Church, the circumstances under which sprinkling gradually took the form of immersion, the simplicity of the primitive idea of ecclesiastical offices, and the steps by which that simplicity was obscured, the beginning and the growth of the hierarchical

spirit, and the evils which it immediately brought in its train—these and all cognate points are discussed with a breadth, a thoroughness, and an accuracy which will be as perplexing to Romanists and Anglicans as they are gratifying to those who are hampered by no preconceived theories, and who bow implicitly before the authority of Christ, and Christ alone. Our author very truly remarks, “Cardinal Manning showed his wit and his prudence when he exclaimed that he hoped the Council would deliver us from history. I can well believe that history is a terribly embarrassing thing to his school, but it is not possible to silence this many-tongued witness.” Hierarchical pretensions were of slow and stealthy growth—the result of a selfish, grasping, and worldly ambition, and only when the Church had lost its original purity and fervour, when, in fact, its spirituality had deteriorated and the personal convictions of many of its members had given way to mere professionalism, could these pretensions be maintained. We have been greatly delighted with our author’s irrefragable demonstration of the fact that the persecution of Origen

arose, not from his divergence in doctrine from the orthodox party, but from his opposition to the hierarchical claims of Demetrius. This illustrious catechist dared to preach without episcopal authorisation, and the offence was unpardonable! The representations of the worship of the Early Church, of the home life of the Christians, of their relation to the State, to society, and to art, are as vivid and picturesque as they are sympathetic. We have read many volumes of Church History, and are especially indebted to Neander, Milman, and Robertson. But in Pressensé’s “Early Years of Christianity” we see a combination of good qualities such as no other writer presents. In special points, one or other of the authors we have named may surpass him. In the broad general excellence of his work he is unrivalled. He has a powerful imagination, which enables him to reproduce the forms and colours of the past, a pleasant and effective style, a calm strong judgment, and undeniable candour. By no readers should his works be more heartily appreciated than by the Baptists of England.

E X T R A C T.

IMPORTANCE OF CHARACTER IN MEN IN AUTHORITY.

NOTHING could be finer than Jethro’s enumeration, alike in the characteristics which he names, and in the order in which he mentions them. He urges that the judges to be appointed shall be distinguished for ability, piety, truthfulness, and disinterested integrity. It may seem strange, at first sight, that he puts ability before piety; but we have only to think a moment or two to be convinced that the old sheik was right. The man who has piety and nothing else may fill an humble niche in private life with great honour; but in a place of responsibility, his piety will not

make up for the lack of ability. Therefore, ability stands first; but, inasmuch as a man's bearing toward God determines also the direction of his ability among his fellow-men, after the ability comes the piety. The one is the engine of the steamship, the other is the compass; and both alike are necessary, though the engine is first in the order of erection. Richard Cobden used to say that "you have no security for a man who has no religious principle;" and even they who have no great regard for the Lord Jesus themselves, are glad to get a good Christian into their service; for, like Laban, they can say, "We have learned by experience that the Lord hath blessed us for your sake." It is true, indeed, that in recent times among ourselves some who seemed to be God-fearing men have proved dreadfully unfaithful to the trust that was committed to them; but that must not bring the value of real piety to a discount among us, for the very outcry that has been raised is a proof of the comparative rarity of such occurrences, while the worth of the genuine thing furnished the temptation to counterfeit it. Perhaps old Samuel Johnson was as rash as he was rude when, hearing a man at table make a blatant profession of his atheism, he turned to his hostess and said, "Pray, madam, have you counted your spoons?" Yet there is a connection of the closest kind between a man's creed and his life; and, other things being equal, the God-fearing man ought, for every place that involves responsibility, to be preferred.—*Moses the Law-giver*, by DR. W. TAYLOR.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPEL OPENED.

North Finchley, London, September 30.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Cooker, Rev. M. G. (Manchester College), Bramley.

Dalton, Rev. J. J. (Bradford, Yorkshire), Frome.

Harris, Rev. W. H. (Liverpool), Preston.

Reeves, Rev. T. (Lydbrook), Bassaleg, Monmouthshire.

Smith, Rev. T. H. (Sheffield), Haddenham.

Timmis, Rev. F. (Rugby), Spaldwick.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Aberdeen, Rev. W. S. Chedburn, October 2.

Avening, Gloucestershire, Rev. W. Frost, September 16.

Mirfield, Yorkshire, Rev. J. P. Cushing, September 30.

Romford, Rev. J. M. Steven, September 18.

DEATHS.

Goadby, Rev. F. W., Watford, October 15, aged 34.

James, Rev. H. A., Stratford-on-Avon, September 29, aged 37.

THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1879.

PROGRAMME FOR 1880.

THE Proprietors of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE are enabled to announce with much satisfaction that, in prospect of the New Year, they have made arrangements for several improvements affecting both the contents and the appearance of the Magazine.

From some of the well-known writers whose names are appended to this programme, an original article under each of the departments—DEVOTIONAL, LITERARY, and SCIENTIFIC—together with an extension of the topics discussed under the title of PRESENT DAY SUBJECTS, will be found in each month's issue.

The BAPTIST MAGAZINE has long been known for its cordial support of Evangelical Missions. It is an interesting fact that the important work of the China Inland Mission had its origin in the communications made to our pages by the Rev. James Hudson Taylor in 1861.

In order that our readers may be put in possession of the prominent facts connected with the history and progress of Evangelical Work throughout the world, a digest of the intelligence received by the various Societies will be given every month.

The MISSIONARY HERALD, the monthly periodical of the Baptist Missionary Society, which has hitherto been limited to sixteen pages of the Magazine, will, in future, be published *in extenso*, so that each

purchaser of the Magazine will be put in possession of the whole of the HERALD, excepting only the announcements of pecuniary contributions.

Outlines of Sermons and Addresses, for Village Preachers and Sunday School Teachers, will also form a new feature in the Magazine.

The following Gentlemen have enrolled their names on the list of contributors during 1880 :—

Rev. Dr. ANGUS, Regent's Park College.

Rev. Dr. CULROSS.

Rev. G. GOULD, President of Baptist Union.

Rev. R. GLOVER, of Bristol, will contribute a series of Papers on
"The Lord's Prayer."

Rev. T. M. MORRIS, a series of Sketches and Expositions.

W. KINGSLAND, Esq.

M. L. LEWIS, Esq.

J. MILNER MACMASTER, Esq.

Rev. W. MEDLEY, M.A., Rawdon College.

Rev. G. MCMICHAEL, B.A.

J. M. NICOLLE, Esq.

Rev. Dr. STANFORD.

Rev. JAMES STUART.

THE AUTHOR OF "A SAVIOUR FOR CHILDREN."

THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES FROM CHURCH HISTORY."

We are happy, also, to announce that the appearance of the Magazine will be improved.

As these alterations will entail additional pecuniary expense to the Proprietors, they confidently trust to be reimbursed by an increasing circulation. Will not every reader of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE help us by obtaining another subscriber?

The Publishers will be glad to supply any number of Prospectuses on application.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

SAMSON AGONISTES is not a popular poem. It is singularly devoid of ornament, and it is intense, too intense to please the many. It is, moreover, cast in a form alien to our national genius, it stands alone in our literature as a remarkable example of the classical drama. Critics generally assert that the poem shows some falling off in Milton's powers, and their verdict cannot be challenged. But to examine the drama from a literary standpoint is not our purpose; such an examination could be interesting only to the students of classical literature. The majority of readers care little or nothing, whether a poet ignores or observes the laws of Aristotle, if he has great or beautiful thoughts to express. If "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" reveal Milton in his youth, still more fully does "Samson Agonistes" reveal him in his old age. Shakespeare's works tell us little of the man; he himself never speaks in an utterance, too sublime or too generous, for the character to whom it is attributed; Milton, on the other hand, displayed himself in almost every pregnant line he wrote.

That Milton should have chosen Samson as the hero of his latest poem, is a mystery to those who have not studied the history of the Commonwealth. The choice illustrates the character and the sympathies of the man. Samson is perhaps the least attractive of the men who occupy a prominent place in Jewish history. The story of his life may be an eminently instructive one; but his character is unrelieved by any generous or noble trait. Unrestrained lust and unexampled weakness, are the two marked features of his moral being. There is no trace of any great ambition, no indication that he made any strenuous effort to free his countrymen; his attacks on the Philistines were spasmodic, and prompted by personal feeling rather than by patriotism or religious zeal. The circumstances of his marriage with the woman of Timnath are very perplexing. His people were oppressed, he had been announced as their deliverer; yet instead of making a bold attempt to rally them, he marries a woman of the Philistines, that he may find a pretext for attacking her countrymen. But as we read of the woman, "she pleased Samson well." During his marriage feast, he attempts to overreach his guests, and, deceived by them, perpetrates a massacre consummated by theft. His visit to Gaza is a blot, or rather would have been a blot, on his character, had it possessed either beauty or purity which any single sin could mar. His connection with Delilah stands almost alone as an example of moral weakness. Probably Mark Antony would be quoted now, as he was by Bacon, as the most infatuated of the men who have played any great part on the world's stage. But Antony's

infatuation pales before that of Samson. Antony had enervated himself by luxurious self-indulgence from his youth; he could retain his power only by strenuous effort, and he had reason to suppose that Cleopatra loved him. He preferred ignoble ease and unworthy love to glory. Samson knew that Delilah despised and was ready to betray him. Even the prayer he utters immediately before his death, breathes only the spirit of revenge. He craves strength, not that he may free his country or vindicate the glory of his God, but that he may avenge the loss of his eyes. Josephus presents a similar picture of Samson, save that he adds the charge of drunkenness to that of sensuality. We should be tempted to credit Josephus in this matter; but his conjecture is unsupported by Scripture, and involves the violation of the consecration to a Nazarite life, which is nowhere stated.

That the life of such a man should have attracted the attention of the ascetic student, who had conquered not only his passions but his ambition, is at first sight astounding. Had Samson been a hero, checked in his glorious career by an unexpected display of weakness, the choice would have been natural. But for the Puritan poet the story possessed a powerful fascination. He saw in Samson not the mere victim of unworthy passion; but the man whose birth an angel had announced, the ordained servant of God, endowed with superhuman strength. Apparently the Divine purpose had been frustrated: for when the man whose birth an angel heralded died, his countrymen were still bondsmen, and his foes triumphant. To Milton the question he puts into the lips of Samson was a momentous one:—

“ Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed,
As of a person separate to God,
Designed for great exploits; if I must die
Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this Heaven-gifted strength ? ”

Reason pronounced the life a failure. For Milton the study of such a problem as Samson's career suggests possessed a fascination, which it certainly does not possess for the poet of to-day.

A somewhat similar story of failure was written in the rise and fall of Milton's own party. Great men had appeared on the world's stage, victory in some respects unique in the world's history had crowned their efforts, the Divine sanction had been assumed by all the faithful. False teachers had been swept aside, superstition had been overthrown, licence checked. The truth had been proclaimed, the Bible had been placed in men's hands, its language had been on their lips. But hardly was the victory won, when the Puritans themselves were overthrown in turn. The bodies of heroic men were snatched from their graves and exposed to public contumely. The England of 1671—in which year Milton wrote his poem—was baser than the England of 1641. The torrent of scepticism, profanity, and licentiousness, which he and his fellows had attempted to

stem, had burst its barriers and was flooding the land. Sensuous as had been the poems of Carew, Suckling, and the earlier Stuart poets, their indelicacy was slight as compared with the unblushing impurity which marks the productions of the later period. The clergy were bent only on suppressing their rivals, and those rivals, the Puritan preachers, were subject to ever-varying forms of persecution. Statesman and priest, wit and citizen, were apparently at one in rejoicing over their regained liberty, and in their determination to carry it to the furthest limit. The great work of national reform, to which lives of unceasing toil had been devoted, to accomplish which thousands had fallen on the battle-field, and which had been consecrated by many prayers, had proved a failure. True, the fall of the Puritans was not due to the web of Delilah, but it had been accelerated if not produced by petty jealousies and miserable weakness.

All who have the slightest acquaintance with Puritan literature, know that the Old Testament possessed a singular fascination for the men of the Commonwealth. The doings of the Hebrew judges, and the treatment to which the Israelites subjected the Canaanites, were perpetually quoted by them. They were never weary of drawing parallels between England and Palestine, between God's people and the Israelites, His enemies and the Philistines. The same tendency is displayed by Milton in "*Samson Agonistes*." The poet was thinking of England rather than of Palestine when he penned the lines:—

“ But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty ;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour raised
As their deliverer? If he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds? ”

No words could more appropriately describe the action of his own countrymen, as seen by Milton. The corruption was undoubted, and the choice of bondage rather than strenuous liberty had been deliberate and emphatic. The liberty which had been offered to Englishmen was not the liberty they sought; it was freedom to accept a lofty but unwelcome ideal of life, by no means to do what seemed good in their own eyes. And had they not despised, envied, and suspected Cromwell and the men who stood about him? To Samson and the Jews the passage is far less applicable. Samson had displayed no administrative ability, had formed no great design for the liberation of his countrymen. And though his erratic onslaughts seemed to have alarmed rather than to have stimulated his own people, they recognised his physical superiority, and appreciated it fully enough to give him honourable burial. To multiply examples of passages full of meaning when interpreted as treating of Cromwell and of England, which are by no means appropriate if applied to

Samson and the Jews, is needless. They force themselves on the reader's notice again and again.*

It is not surprising to find that the Samson of Milton's drama is not the Samson of history. Milton's genius was not dramatic. The form of the work before us may recall the productions of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; in solemn grandeur it may stand alone; but it is essentially subjective. The thoughts which Samson expresses in Milton's verse are the poet's own thoughts, and are utterances which would have bewildered the Hebrew judge to whom they are attributed. The Samson Agonistes, or Samson the wrestler, as depicted by the poet, is engaged in a conflict utterly unlike that of Ramath-lehi. The man torn by passionate remorse, regretting the shame he has brought on God's cause rather than his own misfortune, anxious only to assert the freedom of his people and to vindicate the glory of Jehovah, is not Delilah's victim. The Samson of the drama is a man of unwavering faith, a profound thinker, a subtle reasoner. Such a man might have failed to free his countrymen, but he would not have left the task without an heroic effort. Again and again, feeling produced by his own suffering inspires Milton's pen. It is his own blindness which animates the pathetic wail:—

“ Oh, dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day ! ”

It is of his own physical misfortunes the poet thinks, in writing of God's dealings with his servants:—

“ With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases, and deformed,
In crude old age;
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering,
The punishment of dissolute days: in fine,
Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.”

Applied to the sufferings of Samson the word causeless would be absurd; whatever suffering he experienced was merited, the natural outcome of weakness and self-indulgence. It may be doubted whether Milton himself had not ignored the laws of nature when a student; and nature punishes remorselessly the man who opposes her, whether he does so from love of knowledge or from love of pleasure.

To Delilah, Milton is somewhat unjust. He aggravates her guilt by assuming that she was Samson's wife, a supposition unsupported by Scripture, and against which the testimony of Josephus is distinct. Delilah simply acted as women of her unfortunate class always have acted. Indeed, her crime was simply that she betrayed the too confiding man, who was the enemy of her nation, and that at the instigation of the rulers of her country. Though Delilah may be contemptible, we can sympathise with her declaration, that in her own land she would be “ sung at solemn festivals.” It is Milton's own domestic

* See especially lines 667 to 709.

experience which animates the part of the poem dealing with Delilah. The tone in which the poet speaks of women is a blot on the production. Milton's conception of their character and position is obviously false; he demands of them the subservience of the slave with the virtue of the free. It must be remembered, however, that the theory of government in the State and the family has been revolutionised since Milton wrote. Then kings, husbands, parents, demanded implicit obedience; now their authority is limited within the narrowest bounds, compatible with the preservation of the State and the family. Milton had been unhappy in his conjugal experiences, as was not unnatural. It is not often given to so outstanding a man to find domestic peace. His genius implies solitude; the domestic life of great poets is a gloomy page in history. Dante had suffered before Milton, and with perhaps a single exception every great English poet from Milton's time to our own has shared their fate. Of course the remark does not apply to living poets; their contemporaries cannot estimate their greatness, and would shrink from any criticism of their private doings. The absence of the dramatic element is very apparent in the interview between Samson and Delilah. It is Milton, whose attitude had been one of resistance, who speaks; Milton, whose lofty aspirations had not been shared, who had been tempted in vain to cringe for paltry favours of the State.

In his old age, Milton was dealing with another phase of the problem which had exercised him in his youth. He had written "Lycidas" in memory of his friend, "dead ere his prime;" for it had seemed strange that one so pure, so strong, should die, his work undone. Then, the poet, seeing how poor a thing is earthly ambition, had urged men to seek the approval of God alone. Now, it seemed strange that men should live to labour and to suffer, and then die without seeing the result of their endeavour. Now, as it had done then, his faith triumphed. Haply God had ends above his reach to know, ends which his suffering and failure might further. There is in Milton's dealing with the great problems of life, that intense trust in God which has often been associated with Calvinism. That, as Milton hints, the catastrophe with which the life of Samson ends, affords any solution of the difficulties suggested by his career, we do not think. Life and death are alike inexplicable; but we may accept Milton's declaration:—

"All is best, though oft we doubt,
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns—"

We may accept the declaration not the less because we reach it in another fashion.

His party defeated, his hopes frustrated, Milton might have yielded to that "loathed melancholy" which he had condemned; or he might

have watched the progress of events with stoical indifference. He spurned the temptation, and made it his task to justify the ways of God to man. His faith was tried, but not overwhelmed :—

“ Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men ;
Unless there be who think not God at all :
If any be, they walk obscure ;
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself.”

Milton faced the mysteries which perplexed him boldly, and sought solution of them. He learned and he teaches perhaps the most difficult lesson an earnest man full of love to God and his fellows can be called upon to learn or to teach. He saw what seemed to be a waste of power, of goodness, and of suffering. Only the mistakes of his companions appeared to be bearing fruit ; the mistakes had been many, and the harvest was abundant. The good they had done seemed to have perished with them. Milton had to realize man's insignificance, to realize it without losing sight of his greatness. For good cannot die ; Ichabod can be written on the record of no life spent in God's service. The reform a man labours to effect may not be accomplished ; the abuse he strives to remove may live long ; but in a way of which he never thought, his effort produces its result, and the evil is precursor of greater good. It is the fool alone who argues God at fault, because he himself is perplexed.

Milton's faith has been justified, the era of Puritanism has produced a great result. Men of all schools now admit the debt of gratitude we owe to the band of earnest men who opposed Laud and Charles. Their influence is perceptible in our national character, it lives and will continue to live in our literature. Much of the mystery has passed ; to us the fall of Puritanism appears natural, nay, inevitable. Force will never produce the acceptance of an uncongenial ideal of life by a nation. Persecution or the power of the State may serve dogma, it may affect men's profession, by preventing controversy, it may preserve sincere belief in falsehood, but it cannot render men pure in heart or devoted to their God. We know now that much which the Puritans hoped to accomplish in a generation, must be the work of many ages. We know that national morality develops slowly, and must do so whilst man is free. And if in the events of our own days we find cause for perplexity, nowhere shall we find a grander example of unwavering faith than in Milton's "Samson Agonistes."

J. MILNER MACMASTER.

SCENES FROM CHURCH HISTORY.

X.

OTHO IN POMERANIA (*Concluded*).

REPULSED at Julin, Otho and his party proceeded to Stettin, to secure, if possible, the acceptance of Christianity in the most influential town of the district. Upon the decision of its inhabitants the future course of the mission would largely depend. The prospects before him were far from encouraging, but Otho was a man of strong faith and indomitable perseverance. He had apparently no such difficulty in gaining an entrance as he had experienced at Julin. He was allowed an ample opportunity of explaining the objects of his mission, and of exerting his powers of persuasion. But his explanations and appeals were alike in vain. The citizens could not be induced to abandon their ancestral religion and become Christians. Christianity was not in fact entirely unknown to them. They had come in contact with people who professed it, had closely observed their character, and listened eagerly to their reports of the moral and social condition of the nations in which it was established. The impressions they had received were the reverse of favourable, and they now resisted Otho's appeals by arguments which have always proved far more hurtful than the most polished weapons of intellectual scepticism. The Pomeranians were a free and open-hearted people, happy in their possession of a genial climate and a fruitful soil, with no temptations to theft and able to display a generous hospitality. So little fraud and dishonesty was there at Stettin that the use of locks and keys was unknown. They had heard, so they told Otho, that among the Christians were liars, thieves, and pirates; that though they professed to be of one religion, they hated and destroyed one another, and that crime was so constant that it was no uncommon thing for men to lose their hands, their feet, or their eyes in the way of punishment. Such things, they proudly asserted, were unknown among them, and they therefore preferred to remain as they were.

It could have been no easy task to rebut the force of such an argument; but Otho bravely laboured on, spending more than two months in endeavouring to remove the prejudices of the people and to show them that the things of which they complained were contrary to the Spirit of Christ. It would have been well if he had extended his patience over a much longer period, but he apparently lost heart and resolved without further delay to report his failure to Boleslav and ask his advice. This, as he well knew, could only come in one form. Messengers were accordingly despatched, not, however, as he had intended, secretly and unobserved. The citizens of Stettin heard of the embassy, and, in dread lest Boleslav should at once punish

them for their obstinacy, sent an ambassador of their own to promise submission if he would grant them a solid and permanent peace and diminish the heavy tribute he had hitherto exacted from them.

The ambassadors would necessarily be absent for some weeks, and Otho had no reason to apprehend serious opposition to his work. The people were not less but if anything more disposed to listen to his preaching. On the market-days, which occurred twice in the week, he stood in the market-place, arrayed in his episcopal robes, and endeavoured to convince the people that for them as for all others the Gospel was indeed good news. He demonstrated to them, by the purity, the generosity, and the fortitude of his own life, that Christianity was a nobler, more humane, and more beneficent religion than they had judged it to be. There were heathen slaves and captives whom he redeemed at his own cost and sent to their homes. There were sufferers whom he gladly helped, and, in the presence of such virtue as he displayed, even the hardy prejudice of the Stettiners began to yield.

His first signal success was in the conversion of two young men, sons of one of the foremost families. They were frequently among the bishop's hearers in the market-place, and were so deeply interested in his teaching that they sought from him private instruction also. At length they were won over to the faith and duly baptized. For eight days after their baptism they resided with the bishop, but before the time had expired their mother sent a message requesting to see them. Otho gladly acceded to the request. He received her in a manner which was well calculated to impress the observers. He was seated in the open air on a bank of turf, his clergy around him, and the young men, clad in their white baptismal robes, at his feet. As she approached, they hastened to meet her. The sight of those so dear to her in their baptismal robes, completely overcame her feelings, so that she sank on the ground and wept. The spectators were surprised when they learned the reason of her delight. She had experienced an overwhelming joy in their conversion. "I thank Thee, Lord Jesus Christ," were her first words, "Thou source of all hope and consolation, that I behold my sons initiated into Thy Sacraments, enlightened by their faith in Thy Divine truth." Then embracing her sons, she added, "For Thou knowest, my Lord Jesus Christ, that for many years I have not ceased in the secret recesses of my heart to commend these youths to Thy compassion, beseeching Thee to do in them even that which Thou now hast done." And last of all, turning to the bishop, she encouraged him thus: "Blessed be the day of your coming to this city, for if you will but persevere a great church shall here be gathered to the Lord. Do not allow yourself to grow impatient by delay. Behold, I myself who stand here before you, do, by the aid of Almighty God, encouraged by your presence, and by the help of these my children, declare myself a Christian, though until now I dare not openly acknowledge it."

This woman, having avowed herself a Christian, became forthwith a preacher of the Gospel. Through her influence, her servants and many also of her neighbours boldly confessed Christ. Her husband was at the time from home, and news of what had occurred having reached him he was greatly incensed. The woman perseveringly prayed for his conversion, and sought to win him by wise and gentle words. His opposition gradually gave way, and before long he also was baptized. Successes such as these, effected by purely spiritual weapons, are the highest that can be achieved, and we cannot but regret that Otho should so soon have grown impatient and have called to his aid other powers than those by which this signal triumph was won.

Meanwhile, the messengers returned with letters from Boleslav. The Duke expressed in the strongest terms his indignation at the events which had called for his interference. The treatment to which his friend the legate had been subjected was intolerable and deserved the severest punishment. This punishment Boleslav was not indeed unwilling to inflict, but the legate himself had pleaded for the transgressors, and, from respect to him, the Duke had consented to proclaim a general amnesty provided the people would abjure their paganism and become Christians, on the conditions proposed by their ambassador. Otherwise there would be for them no mercy.

This communication speedily produced a change in the attitude of the citizens. Otho now received the submission which had hitherto been denied. To complete his success, however, he knew that it was necessary for the people to cast adrift their old moorings and to destroy the marks of the ascendancy of the heathen gods. He therefore insisted on the destruction of the idols and their temples. The proposal in itself was reasonable and right, but the people shrank from its acceptance with indescribable terror. They were seized with alarm, and firmly declined to take so bold a step, lest they should bring destruction not upon the idols only but upon themselves. The bishop respected their scruples and offered to run the risks which they dreaded. He and his chaplains were willing to strike the decisive blow, as they dreaded not the vengeance of the gods. Armed with hatchets and pickaxes they went forth to demolish every monument of the ancient faith. Temple after temple fell to the ground, image after image was hewn to pieces, and still there was no voice nor any that answered. The gods were evidently no gods and could defend neither themselves nor their worshippers.

The temple of Triglav—the triple-headed god of war—was the richest, not only in its architectural decoration but in its treasures. The tenth part of the spoils of war was devoted to its service, and costly gifts of every description were to be found among its votive offerings. These were handed over to the bishop, but, with equal generosity and prudence, he declined to receive them. They were at his suggestion distributed among the people. All that he reserved

to himself was the triple head of Triglav, and this he subsequently sent to the Pope as a trophy of his success over heathenism.

The news of these events speedily reached the citizens of Julin, and Otho had at this stage no further difficulty with them. On his return, after five months had been spent in Stettin, he found them eager to welcome him, and for seven or eight weeks he and his clergy were busily engaged in preaching and in baptizing the converts. In both these cities, Otho arranged for the erection of churches, and Julin was subsequently made the seat of the first bishopric in Pomerania. After visiting Clonoda, Colberg, and Belgrade, in all of which places he was greatly encouraged by the result of his labours, he deemed it incumbent on him to return to his own diocese, and reached Bamberg in the spring of A.D. 1125 after an absence of nearly eleven months.

Here he remained in the prosecution of his episcopal work for three years. Then he resolved on another mission to Pomerania, where his presence was urgently demanded. This time he defrayed the entire cost of the mission from his own purse, and, in addition to such things as were necessary for the comfort of himself and his associates, he took with him a number of valuable presents. At Demmin he met his old friend Duke Wartislav returning from a successful war which he had just waged with the Leuticians. Otho was pained to see among the trophies of the war a band of captives who were to be divided with the rest of the spoil. He manfully expostulated with the Duke and secured their release. It was further arranged between them that a diet should be held at Usedom with the view of inducing the deputies of the various states to consent to the introduction and spread of Christianity. The assembly met at Whitsuntide, under the presidency of Duke Wartislav, who commended Otho as one of the highest dignitaries of the German Empire. The bishop, as they knew, had relinquished a life of honour and of ease, and had devoted to this mission his vast stores of wealth, that he might communicate to the states the treasure which he deemed of highest worth. Then Otho himself addressed the chiefs, expounding to them the great doctrines of the grace of God, the forgiveness of sins, and the gift of the Holy Ghost. A decree was passed, permitting, throughout the whole of the states, the preaching of the Gospel, and at once Otho sent forth his companions, two and two, into all the towns and villages of the country.

The strongest opposition to his work came, as might be expected, from the heathen priests. A curious story is told of the devices to which they occasionally had recourse. At Wolgast two of Otho's evangelists—Ulric and Albin—found themselves in great danger. They had been hospitably received, after the fashion of the country, by the wife of the burgomaster; but when she discovered who they were, she was struck with consternation and declared that their lives were in the utmost peril. There was at that time in Wolgast a passionate hatred of Christianity and a stern determination to retard

its progress. One of the local priests, enraged by the decree of the Diet of Usedom, had made a bold effort to accomplish by fraud what he had failed to accomplish by persuasion. Knowing well the superstitious credulity of the people, he turned it by means of a clumsy artifice to his own account. He repaired one night to a neighbouring forest, dressed in his white sacerdotal robes, and concealed himself in the midst of a thicket. Early next morning, in the dim twilight, a peasant passing through the wood on his way to the city, heard a loud voice commanding him to stop and listen. The terror produced by this voice in a place so lonely, and at an hour so unwonted, was deepened by the appearance of a figure clad in white. The priest represented himself as the highest of the national gods, the god who clothed the fields with grass, and gave the cattle their increase. Estranged and insulted by the apostasy of the people, he had come to warn them that they must no longer neglect his worship, nor allow to live those base men who proclaimed a strange God. The terrified and credulous peasant fled to the city and narrated what he had seen. A crowd speedily gathered round him. After some time had elapsed, the priest who had played the trick, slipped into the crowd, and, assuming the air of a sceptic, drew out of the ignorant man account after account of what he had seen with the view of working on the fears of the people, and at last he so roused and affrighted them that they determined to put to death the Christian evangelists, and to punish the citizens who gave them shelter. Ulric and Albin barely escaped with their lives, and even Otho, who shortly joined them, incurred perils which could not have been averted apart from the authority of the chiefs who accompanied him.

At Gützkow there had recently been erected a large and magnificent temple, of which the citizens were not unnaturally proud. It was at once a proof of their profound devotion to the service of their god and a triumph of art. After their conversion to Christianity they pleaded with Otho to spare this renowned and venerated building, and suggested that it should be used for Christian worship. But fearing the power of their heathen associations and the possibility of a reaction, he turned a deaf ear to their appeals, and ruthlessly razed it to the ground. In its stead, however, he erected a more beautiful and stately structure than the building he had destroyed, and at its dedication appointed a festival more grand and imposing than the pagan celebrations. At the close of the ceremonial, he preached a sermon which proved him to be in many ways in advance of his age on the necessity of self-dedication to God. He explained the futility of all external offerings, however costly, unless they were accompanied by the fruits of the life. Outward signs were worthless, apart from an inner and spiritual substance. The true temple of God was in a believer's soul; Christ dwells in our hearts by faith, and unless He has His dwelling there, we can have no real communion with Him. The bishop made a personal appeal to Mizlav, the

governor of the district, in this wise : "Thou art the true house of God, my son. Thou shalt this day be consecrated and dedicated ; consecrated to God thy Almighty Maker, so that, separated from every foreign master, thou mayest be exclusively His dwelling and His possession : therefore, my beloved son, do not hinder this consecration, for little avails it to have consecrated the house thou seest before thee if a like consecration be not made in thy own soul." This direct and forcible appeal was not in vain. Mizlav felt its power and asked the bishop what was needed in order to such a consecration. He was told that he must adorn his faith by works of piety ; that he must abandon all deeds of violence, oppression, fraud, and shedding of blood ; that he must carry out our Lord's golden rule, and begin by setting at liberty the prisoners he had confined for debt. The sacrifice was, he said, great ; the duty was hard ; for these prisoners were owing him large sums. The bishop replied that Mizlav must remember the petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." "Well, then," said Mizlav with a sigh, "I do here, in the name of the Lord Jesus, give them all their liberty, that so according to your words my sins may be forgiven, and that the consecration of which you spoke may be fulfilled in me." And most faithfully did he redeem his promise, and set to his fellow-citizens an example which excited general admiration and joy.

Otho was anxious to preach the Gospel in Rügen, the last stronghold of heathen bigotry and fanaticism, but his comrades sought to dissuade him from the attempt. Ulric, whose name we have mentioned before, did not join in their protests, but thrice made a resolute effort to effect a landing ; each time he was beaten back by the severity of the storm, and Otho saw in these unpropitious events an indication of the Divine will.

His attendants were despatched on a second missionary tour, while he in the meantime payed a second visit to Stettin, where there had arisen a strong reaction in favour of paganism. This reaction was largely caused by a pestilence which had wrought sad havoc in the homes of the people. The pagan priests, whose conversion to Christianity had in most cases been purely nominal, attributed the disaster to the anger of the national gods, who could only be propitiated by a return to the old paths. The ignorant multitudes were easily excited, and an attempt was made to destroy one of the churches which Otho, on his first visit, had built.

When he reached the town he found himself in the midst of a violent commotion. He sought refuge in one of the churches, but was followed by an angry and vindictive crowd, who threatened him and his comrades with instant death. It was a critical moment. The safety of Otho and his party depended on his present bearing. Had he given way to fear, or shown the slightest symptom of alarm, the excited mob would have rushed him with their swords. But he was calm and self-possessed.

His courage did not even in that trying moment fail. Having commended himself to God in prayer, he ordered the church door to be opened, walked forth in his episcopal robes, bearing the uplifted cross and chanting psalms and hymns. The armed mob was awe-struck. Not a weapon was lifted against him. The fine courage of the bishop acted like a spell, and so great was the admiration felt for his intrepid manliness that the assailants were one by one dispersed, and the priests again baffled.

This event occurred on the Friday. The Saturday was spent by the bishop and his friends in prayer and fasting. He was greatly encouraged by the fidelity and zeal of a chief named Witstack, who had been, as he believed, delivered from captivity by Otho's intervention. He urged him to continue the contest, and assured him of complete and speedy victory. On the following Sunday, Otho, in company with this chief, repaired to the market-place, and there preached. For a time he was heard with respectful silence, and the people seemed to be deeply impressed. But again his life was placed in jeopardy. A tall and gorgeously arrayed heathen priest, of imposing presence, and great bodily strength, pressed forward and adjured the citizens to destroy this enemy of their gods. So effectual was his adjuration that spears were actually poised, and it seemed as if at length the end had come. But God had ordained it otherwise. Again He stood by His servant and gave him invincible courage. His demeanour was so calm and majestic that his enemies were affrighted. The spears were not, could not, be launched. Otho knew that God had caused him to triumph. He walked fearlessly forth with his attendants to a church which the pagan party had recently desecrated, threw down the altar they had erected to one of their gods, and commenced to repair the injuries it had received.

We cannot be surprised that, before a presence so rare and so god-like as this, every obstacle should vanish. The man who wielded such power was born to command. After all that they had seen of his heroism and self-sacrifice, the very pagans revered him. The enthusiasm which had been aroused in favour of the old superstitions was now turned into new channels. Opposition to Christianity was no longer possible, and a decree was passed on the following day that no further attempt should be made to resist its progress.

Otho's influence was steadily exerted on behalf of the Pomeranians. Their temporal not less than their spiritual welfare he sought to promote. He interceded on more than one occasion with Duke Boleslav, and saved them from the horrors of a desolating war. They twice attempted to throw off the yoke of the Polish rule, and twice did Boleslav collect an army to crush the rebellion. The Pomeranians knew that they could not withstand his power, and wisely submitted. Had it not been for the friendly offices of their apostle they would have been visited with terrible punishment. The stern prince listened

to the pleadings of the loving ambassador of Christ, who in these and all other matters showed himself the true friend of the people.

He returned again to his diocese towards the close of A.D. 1128, and was reluctantly compelled to forego further missionary labours. But his interest in them never diminished; and during the eleven years which intervened between this time and his death, in 1139, he maintained a loving remembrance of the Pomeranians, and generously aided those who laboured among them. One of the latest acts of his life furnished a touching illustration of his spirit. A number of Pomeranian Christians had been carried captive by pagan hordes, and Otho determined to procure their release. He procured from Halle a large quantity of valuable cloth, and sent it to Pomerania with instructions that part of it was to be presented to the heathen chiefs with the view of securing their goodwill, and the rest converted into ransom-money for the release of the captives. Such was the saintly and self-denying Otho—a man of rare wisdom and courage, gentle and sympathetic, yet brave as a hero, zealous to a point which might easily be mistaken for fanaticism, yet cool, self-possessed and prudent—a man full of faith and power, and who, because of his apostolic works, is assuredly

“On Fame’s eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed.”

PATIENCE AND PRIDE.

IN the words “The patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit,” there is very much of the tone of the Sermon on the Mount. The character and dispositions there commended, what are they but the same that are approved, in germ, here? If the sentence were inserted in the chapter that contains the beatitudes it would stand fairly owned as having an appropriate place among them.

Very different is the excellency extolled to that which has been chiefly honoured by men. In the pictures old poets give us of the heroes of antiquity, high spirit, ambition, violence, revenge, are the leading features. The applause of the multitude, the laurel wreath of distinction was given to such. Mildness and moderation were condemned. They were esteemed qualities of cowardice. Both philosophers and historians deemed them contemptible, and the sterner and more showy characteristics were praised.

It is one proof of the necessity of Divine teaching that this was required to bring into prominence the superior nobility of the gentle and the meek. The hard self-will of the stoic was a very different thing. Light from heaven needed to shine to show the beauty and attractiveness of these. A power was wanted

“To raise from earth the latent gem,
To glisten in the diadem.”

Both the sage of old and the Saviour of mankind, speaking under the influence of the one Holy Spirit, set forth in pre-eminence humility and forbearance, and exalt patience as more honourable than pride.

Doubtless we have all found it one of the most difficult things in life to be patient. Amid daily causes of irritation, various and changeful moods in others, it has been no easy effort. In business life, amid disappointments, crosses, difficulties; in private life, amid annoyances, afflictions, thwartings, we have proved it hard to maintain a spirit of equanimity. We have felt worried by men, we have not repressed murmuring in regard to God. Self-control seems at times almost impossible, and to be patient towards all, and under all circumstances, a well-nigh inconceivable attainment. But yet, it is urged, this is the spirit of the Gospel. Patience has the mark of heaven's heraldry and the witness of the commendation of God. It is better than pride; and to cherish and let her have her perfect work should exercise a care and diligence that we may approve ourselves the "children of our Father who is in heaven."

Let us sketch some of the characteristics and contrasts concerning patience and pride. Now, patience is distinguished by endurance and forbearance; it is not easily ruffled, nor hastily excited. Pride is prone to resentment and irritation; it is soon offended, readily aroused. Patience is marked by calmness and quietness; pride pushes forward in self-assertion and clamour. Patience is evidenced by firmness yet gentleness, pride by obstinacy and rashness. Patience withholds judgment, and hears reasons; pride rushes to conclusions, and flings forth anger and contempt. Patience often feels the appropriateness of yielding and forgiving, but pride remembers an offence and meditates retaliation. Patience thinks much of others, pride more of itself. Patience desires the good of others, pride seeks its own importance and gratification. Patience thinks much of duties and obligations; pride, of rights and claims. Patience uses persuasion to compass its ends, pride employs command and force. Patience seeks for excuses in others, pride imputes motive and aggravates offences. Patience is clothed with humility, pride stands upon its dignity. Patience waits before God, pride questions His procedure and demands reasons from the Almighty. Patience can abide the issue of an event, pride wants to anticipate and control it. Patience believes and hopes, but pride demands some sign from heaven. Patience leans calmly on the Divine assurance, but pride wrestles against Providence and complains under its appointments. Pride is Pharaoh seated upon his throne, smitten again and again yet refusing to let the people go; patience is Moses remonstrating and reasoning, still listening to vain promises and awaiting the good pleasure of the Lord. Pride is Saul, unduly lifted up, disdainingly submitting to the Divine requirements and persecuting his rival; patience is David trusting in the faithfulness of Providence, not grasping at the throne, nor unduly taking advantage of his enemy, but persuaded that in well

doing the appointment would be confirmed, and magnanimously and repeatedly sparing his foe. Pride is Satan, discontented and rebellious, pointing to Job and saying, "Touch all that he hath and he will curse thee to thy face." Patience is Job saying, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord"; and under his deepest affliction exclaiming, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him"; "He knoweth the way that I take, and when He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold."

In such and many other contrasts these two dispositions may be pictured and described. They show themselves in all the scenes of life. They are present in all the changes of experience. They underlie and colour the events of every day. They give token and proof in both old and young. They are leading principles and conspicuous features. To have right thoughts and judgments concerning them is of prime importance and of lasting benefit.

In what respects is the patient in spirit better than the proud in spirit?

For one thing, patience is more suitable to our nature and circumstances than pride.

The man who refuses to be patient should, of course, be prepared to allow that others are not expected to be patient with him; for why should he exact from them what he refuses to accord? But full well we know this would never do. Who is without his imperfections? Who is raised above mistakes? Who has not to complain within himself of errors into which he has fallen and failings by which he is ensnared? Can we dispense at all with mutual forbearance? Must we not own the indispensableness of mutual explanation and forgiveness? It is related of Prince Bismarck that when asked to write a few lines in the album of Count Erzenburg he found that two distinguished Frenchmen had done so before him. The first was M. Guizot, who had written—"I have learned in my long life two rules of prudence: To forgive much—never to forget." The second was M. Thiers, who had penned—"A little forgetting would not detract from the sincerity of the forgiveness." To these Prince Bismarck added—"As for me, I have learned to forget much and to ask to be forgiven more." We must all allow that this is a just sentiment, and, to beings so subject to continual infirmities, most suitable and appropriate. "To err is human," and if we were to remember the words, "He that is without sin let him first cast a stone," perhaps more patience and forbearance might be found to prevail. Especially is this disposition appropriate to us in regard to God. How partial and imperfect is all our knowledge of the Divine perfections and ways! How little can we comprehend the greatness of the Eternal! What incompetent judges are we either of His truth or His dealings! When we find men ready to question the verities of revelation; when we see them cavilling and objecting, throwing doubt on this and showing surprise at that, have we not reason to say, patience and

acquiescence would be better? Who can judge of all the requirements of the case but God? Who has a right to reserve secret things to Himself, if not God? To wait for further disclosures is the patience that is suited to us, well assured that sufficient guidance has been given till that time, and at last we shall be satisfied when we "see light in His light," both as to His truth and His providences.

But again, patience is better than pride, because it is stronger. It requires no exertion of power to give way to the irritation and self-will of our hearts. We do not need any effort or study to do this. Unhappily, it is too natural, too familiar a thing. But it does require power to hush down the tumult of our nature, to check the rising of bitterness, to hold back the stinging word and exasperating retort. Napoleon Bonaparte was often no model of patience, but there was one occasion when the forbearance which is one of its marks was pleasingly exemplified. When he lived in Ajaccio the priests and aristocrats were his bitter enemies. One day he saw a priest level a musket at him. He bent himself, and the ball whizzed over his head into a wall behind. When afterwards Bonaparte had attained the rank of general, he met that priest on the Place du Diamant. The man turned to one side. Napoleon saw him, stepped up, and gave him his hand, reminding him good-humouredly of old times. It is interesting, among far different incidents recorded about that celebrated man, to find that there were times when he could forgive injuries and banish the purpose of revenge.

There is strength in gentleness not always credited to it, but which is of surpassing excellence. How often has passion raged and wrongs been inflicted, and yet the object of all has shown no resentment. The victim has meekly borne and quietly suffered, and let the waves of violence break themselves upon its non-resistance. It is a sight that angels might admire, and we think they must. A spectacle of superiority and nobleness is presented as by some storm-beaten but immovable rock.

Is there not also another view of its strength? Does not the witnessing of patience often convince those who show a contrary spirit of their fault and mistake? Does not conscience quietly arise within them to reason and reprove? Are not the self-remonstrances of retirement often mighty for the other side, and do not feelings of relenting at what has been ungenerous or unjust steal into the soul? Submission has often gained the victory when opposition has failed. Silence has often been more eloquent and persuasive than speech. In the highest and noblest relation we are called to "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." "Continue instant in prayer," writes the apostle. Is it not to this patience and continuance that God looks? Does it not show character, attest true desire, and betoken a spirit of faith and sincerity? It is commended in the parables of our Lord. It is celebrated in the experiences of Jacob and David. It is upheld by the prophet Jeremiah as if it were the admiration of Heaven

itself. "Who is this that engageth his heart to approach unto Me? saith the Lord."

But further, patience is better than pride, because more likely to secure human happiness.

Pride, so apt to be offended, exposed at so many points to the adversary, is liable to fill the heart with fretfulness, and lays up a store of grudges that drown pleasant and cheerful reflections. Let it be known, too, that pride and impatience reign in any character, and there will be found those who will make it sport to excite the failings so readily aroused. How much rest, on the other hand, does patience ensure! Self-restrained, it seeks the "soft answer" to turn away wrath. Unperturbed by the little stings that so anger many, it is sheltered in its quietness from the rude attacks that others suffer. Peace makes her home with endurance, and, dwelling together untroubled by the vexations that haunt the world, sweet antepasts of future fruition are often enjoyed.

Perhaps there is no more striking illustration of the evil and wretchedness of pride than that of Haman. He could not tolerate that Mordecai should not make him obeisance. He cherished the passive demeanour of the sturdy old Jew as a grievous personal affront. He allowed it to darken his heart, to rob his prosperity of all its sweetness, to excite his basest passions; and his wounded arrogance worked on till one of the most cruel plots that malice could invent was projected and set in train. God mercifully averted the mischief designed, and, crushed by the recoil of his own pride, he presents an example to every age of the inward misery and bitter fruits of a haughty and malignant nature.

In meek submission to the divine demands, let us also recognise, comes the "peace that passeth understanding." When Naaman gave way to his petulance on hearing the word of the prophet, he turned and left him in a rage. Great would have been his loss and punishment had this spirit been allowed to continue. The leprosy, that had disfigured and distressed, would have clung to him for ever. But he listens to the voice of his adviser. Better thoughts succeed, and obeying, he was healed and blessed. And is it not true that when, in our self-righteousness, we resist God's will, and refuse penitence, faith, and surrender, the curse of our sins still blights us, and the heart is involuntarily filled with restless and painful thoughts? But go, obey. Believe and be saved. Wash and be clean; and peace with God shall overspread the spirit, that shall have the witness and earnest of a Higher. Try it for the soul's health. "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble," and a heaven on earth of blessing will be found in the words, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

But, chiefest of all, patience is more God-like than pride.

What was it but this that was exhibited by the Omnipotent, when, in view of the deep rebellion of our world, He pitied and spared?

What was there but forbearance towards the children of Israel, when, notwithstanding their endless provocations, they were not cut off from before Him? So strongly did Moses feel this, that he might well say, "Let my Lord, I pray thee, go among us; for it is a stiff-necked people," by which he implied, "Thou art more patient than I." What was it but enduring long-suffering that, after the roll of ages, at last fulfilled and did not withdraw the promise, and sent forth Christ to be a deliverer from our woe? When we think of the extension and accumulation of iniquity among the nations, we may well marvel that mercy was not stayed, and judgment hastened. There is a striking picture by one of our artists, of which there are many engravings, representing a ship, dismasted, rudderless, storm-swept, and bereft, tossing and driven under an angry sky upon a chaotic sea. It is called "The Abandoned." Even so, we have sometimes thought, it might have been with our earth. In some conspicuous time of our human history, it might have been smitten, scathed, and left as a wrecked and blackened thing to preach to other stars the fearfulness of disobedience. But patience spared, and a covenant-keeping God was faithful. And what was it but the same spirit the "Strong Son of God" showed throughout the vicissitudes of His life, and the tragedy of His death? When they took Him at Capernaum to the brow of the hill to cast Him down, did He utter upon them any imprecation? When they took up stones to vent upon Him their murderous malice, did He flash lightnings from His eyes to destroy them? When they taunted and reviled and derided Him, did He bid the "Angel of the Lord chase them"? When they smote Him and mocked and set Him at nought before Herod, did He bid the earth open and consign them to its darkness, "both living and in His wrath"? When Pilate turned on his heel, saying, "What is truth?" and showed all the changes of his miserable vacillation, did He anticipate the solemnity of the Judgment-day, and blanch the cheek of the guilty procurator by His frown? When they cast Him on the cross and drove the nails through hands and feet, and then lifted Him up to be a spectacle of shame and weakness before that sea of upturned faces, and in the presence of those jibes and curses, did indignation gain the mastery? Did He utter a malediction and stop a passing cloud on its course that He might step forth upon it and be borne far from the race that had rejected and dishonoured Him? Nay, but listen! In the ignorance of their sin, and the sinfulness of their ignorance, He breathes the prayer, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." Here was one who was in the form of God, bearing uncomplainingly the contradiction of sinners against Himself, and, in the submission of His "great humility," becoming "obedient even to the death of the cross." Behold the divinity of patience! He has left us an example, and crowned every other reflection on the greatness of this quality by its embodiment in Himself. "Better is the patient in spirit than the proud." High as the heavens above the earth; for-

in its grace, beauty, and perfection, it is the characteristic and excellence of God.

We learn the lesson of our theme when we reflect that not always is the first impulse the best; not always the one that is most pleasing at the time the wisest and the safest to follow. A spirit chastened and quieted, held back from the violences natural to us, and restrained under the government of wisdom and love, is the noblest and most desirable amid the experiences of life. "Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Let us know ourselves, correct false views, confirm right convictions. Gently towards man, humbly before God, let us cultivate patience. Let others misunderstand if they will. Let them talk of tame and colourless character if they like. Time, events, the verdict of the Highest consciences and hearts, are on our side. Seeking the spirit of Grace, let the impressions of the bright examples whom imagination may summon before us, and whose light shines in history, influence and mould our nature. In a right spirit the ills of time will then be borne, and the rest of the future be anticipated. We shall enjoy a token of discipleship in the "kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ," and "not be slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

ONLY A YOUTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SAVIOUR FOR CHILDREN."

"And Saul said to David, Thou art notable to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth. And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock: and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God. David said moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine. And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be with thee."—1 SAMUEL xvii. 33—37.

THE history of David the shepherd-boy, and what he did when he was "but a youth," is a charming story with many valuable lessons for the young. It is very wonderful; but it is all true. Hence it deserves to be told over and over again. And, indeed, it is one of those stories of which children are seldom weary. We have only read a little of it to-day, but there is a great deal in it for us to think of.

Some of you are fancying the lion and what he did; or, you would like to hear at once about the poor little lamb which David rescued from the great ugly bear. Let us, however, begin at the beginning.

or we may miss something which should be noticed. Besides, you would not pass by "a king" to look at a "bear," would you? And Saul was "a king." Perhaps you have seen a picture of him. He was tall, and, as you may suppose, the finest-looking man in all Israel. He was, too, the first king that the people ever had.

David was only a ruddy-faced country lad, just fresh from the sheep-fold, when he stood in the royal presence. But young as he was Saul talked with him about one of the most powerful and troublesome neighbours that a king ever had: "This Philistine." You know who he was: Goliath of Gath. You know, too, that he was a giant. Did you ever see a giant? Perhaps you have seen a very big man, but you never saw one so big as this. He was more than eleven feet high, and he had brass armour from head to foot. The staff of his spear, too, was like a weaver's beam; and the head of it was of such enormous weight that none but a giant could have used it. Judging from the picture which is given of him in the Bible he would have frightened all the children away. He would only have needed to show himself, roll his big eyes, lift up his spear, and give one angry growl, and every boy would have run home to his mother. There was not, indeed, a soldier in the king's army that dare face him. He had many times challenged any one of them to go and fight with him; but none of them had ventured to do so. The sight of him was enough. "All the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid."

And that which the giant could so easily do, and had often done, he was doing again when the stripling of Bethlehem came on a hasty visit to his soldier-brothers; and, to the surprise of everybody, showed a readiness to accept his challenge. "And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine." The king tried to dissuade him, and said, "Thou art not able to go . . . thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth." David, however, felt that he was able, and that he must go; and wishing to obtain permission of his royal master, he narrated what had happened at home while he kept his father's sheep. That, one day, as they were quietly feeding, there came a huge bear out of the wood, and seized a little innocent lamb; and that, instead of running away, he hasted after the shaggy monster and smote him, and slew him. That at another time, as it was growing dark, a lion from his thicket came crouching near the flock, and was speedily making off with a poor bleating lamb in his dreadful jaws; when, instead of being afraid, "he went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth." And that, having killed the lion and the bear, he was not at all afraid of the giant. No: "This uncircumcised Philistine," he said, "shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God."

Well, this is very strange; is it not? We should have supposed that the lion or the bear would have killed David; but no: David

slew them both. How was this? Let us listen to what he says: "The Lord delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear." Then he did not do it in his own strength; but by Divine help. And that is why he was not at all afraid of Goliath of Gath, although he looked as terrible as a lion; and was, if possible, more cruel than a bear. Nothing could shake David's confidence in the God of Israel. Hence he said to the king: "The Lord that delivered me . . . He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." And Saul, instead of saying, as he had done before, "Thou art but a youth; thou art not able to go and fight with him," said, "Go, and the Lord be with thee,"

I daresay you know the end of the story better than the beginning or the middle of it. David did go. The Lord was with him. And, instead of the giant killing David, David slew the giant.

Now all this cannot fail to interest young people; there are some common mistakes against which it should warn them; and many necessary truths which it is intended to teach them. First of all, this ancient story is meant to correct some common errors. Do not suppose that "old enough" is always "know enough." You might think so from what some people say. They tell you that you cannot do this or that. And, if you ask the reason why, it is said, "You are not old enough." Thus Saul talked to David: "Thou art but a youth: thou art not able." As though if he had only been older he would have been able. Now that was a mistake. David had three brothers older than himself, soldiers, too, but not one of them knew how to meet the giant. Thousands in the army of Israel were still older, but none of them could accept Goliath's challenge. They were "old enough" and yet they did not know what to do. But David did. Though "but a youth" he knew more than any of them. He had learnt the secret of true strength. He knew how to rely upon an unseen arm. He trusted in God. Hence he could face the dreadful man of Gath.

And thus may you resist one who is more terrible than was "this Philistine." If it is said, "Thou art but a youth; thou art not able"; do not believe it. David triumphed while older people were dismayed. Perhaps you are not so old as he was when he slew the giant. No matter. It is what you know of God and of His goodness that will enable you to withstand evil. It is not age but grace that is needed. "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Then you will be able to serve God and resist the Devil.

Again: do not suppose that "know enough" is always "wise enough." Education does not ensure success. People often talk as though it did. When Saul described Goliath as "a man of war from his youth," it was like saying to David, "This man's knowledge of the art of war makes him so superior to you that he is sure to conquer." But did he? No. He had all the advantages of early train-

ing on his side, but he himself was on the wrong side. Perhaps he knew enough of ordinary warfare ; but he had not the skill which was now required to win the victory.

You may easily learn from the story wherein he lacked wisdom. It says that, "When the Philistine looked about and saw David, he disdained him"; that is, he despised his enemy. Now no wise man would do that. It has been the secret of many an unlooked-for defeat. Then you may read what this angry man said to David: "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field." Thus he boasted beforehand of what he would do. That, again, was very foolish. It prepared the way for a dreadful downfall. It has often done so. Beware of such mistakes. Do not be angry,—do not despise others,—do not boast, although you feel sure of success. Perhaps you know more than another, but do not behave to him like a little Goliath of Gath, or everybody will begin to see that, though you "know enough," you are not "wise enough." Besides, the youth whom you disdain—like David, the self-taught shepherd-boy, with the fear of God in his heart—may use wisely what little he knows, and thus surpass you, astonish everybody, and win the prize. Again, do not believe that "big enough" is always "strong enough." Bulk is not strength; it is a mistake to suppose that it is. Fancy now the lion or the bear; either of them was bigger than David, but he overcame them both. And then, "this Philistine," what a size he was! Why, he was two or three times bigger than David, but David slew him; he did so by his superior strength. Was, then, little David stronger than big Goliath? Yes. How was that? He had not so much muscle in his arms; but he had more thought in his mind, more feeling in his heart, more will and determination in his soul, more trust in God. These things made him stronger than the giant. So he obtained the victory. People may have fancied that Goliath was stronger, as he was so much bigger, than David; but they soon found out that it was not so. The slender youth had more strength than they could see. The giant felt it when his thick skull was broken and he fell to the ground a dying man.

Again, do not fancy that "loud enough" is always "bold enough." Beware of mistaking "noise" for "courage." You need not fear a dog that barks so much when you are at a distance; he will run away as you get nearer. If he does not, well, pick up a stone; you need not throw it, he will take the hint. David, however, had to face a lion, and a bear, and a giant. Now, when one is said to be "as bold as a lion," it is a grand distinction; but, from Livingstone's interesting story, it would seem that even "a lion" may be a bit of a coward sometimes. A fire at night will keep him off, and, though he makes such a noise that the traveller cannot sleep, he has not the courage to come near. The one that David slew would, I dare say, make a great roaring; but before he could do anything else

he was stunned—he received his death-blow from the brave stripling's staff.

Then, you may fancy the horrid bear, his sly look, his long shambling strides; he was just like a coward. He could growl as he clawed the little helpless lamb; but, ere he had made off with it, David "caught" him, "and smote him, and slew him."

You have read, too, what Goliath said to David, and, as you may suppose, he talked very loud, and made a great noise, as he threatened what he would do. But a little stone from the young shepherd's sling silenced him for ever.

So a dog may bark, a lion may roar, a bear may growl, and a great big burly fellow may boast, but do not forget that "noise" is not "courage"; "loud enough" is not always "bold enough."

Once more: Do not conclude that "strong enough" is always "right enough." People ask, Have we the power to do this or that? And, if they have, they often begin to use it without considering whether it is right or wrong to do so. They forget that "might" is not always "right."

You have been thinking of the lion and the bear, and you know that they must have been more powerful than a shepherd-boy. Each of them came and took a lamb out of the flock. Who was to hinder them? They had might on their side. David, however, felt that it was not "right." He had, too, a tender feeling for the defenceless; and, like a brave youth, as he was, he fought for the weak against the strong, for "right" against "might." God was on his side. Hence he delivered the lamb, and he slew the lion and the bear.

Then, what a powerful man was "this Philistine." You have fancied his great limbs covered with brass armour, and his spear, the head of which was so heavy, and you know that the men of Israel felt that he was a mighty man with whom they could not contend. David saw the giant, and heard him defying "the armies of the living God"; and though he could not but see that he had "might" he felt that he had not "right" on his side; and, stripling though he was, he went forth to meet him, and to fight for "right" against "might." The Lord was with him. Hence "right" became "might." David slew the Philistine, delivered Israel, and glorified God.

Secondly, the story of David is intended to teach some plain truths. Let me mention a few of these. And:

1. The best preparation for another and a better situation is to do our duty in the one we have. Think of David's first place. He was his father's servant, and kept the sheep. Some boys would have despised such an occupation; and, wishing for something else, they would have become indolent, careless, and of very little use. It was not so, however, with the son of Jesse. He was watchful, diligent, and faithful. The sheep had never a better shepherd than he was. He looked well after the young of the flock and delivered them from

beasts of prey. Thus he qualified himself for more distinguished service. What he did when working for his father prepared him for the great battle which he had to fight as soon as he left home.

Perhaps you are a youth at home. Then, be a good servant to your father. Or, perhaps you are in your first place; and, I daresay you would like a better situation. Well, do what is right now. Be patient, obedient, and faithful in your present calling. That will prepare you for more important duties in the future. You know One who has said: "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." Thus the shepherd-boy became a successful soldier and a great king. Thus, too, a shoe-black, or an errand-boy, has become the master of an establishment in which he once did faithfully and well, such humble but needful work.

2. The most valuable help in any occupation is the blessing of God. There can be no real success without it. Some young people forget this. But David did not. He remembered that, when as a shepherd boy he slew both the lion and the bear, and saved the young of the flock, that it was not in his own strength that he did it, but by God's help. And he told the king so. And that he knew that God would still help him in the still more difficult and dangerous duties which he had to perform. The thought of serving the king would have elated some young men; and they would have felt, perhaps, that having a powerful prince for their friend, they were sure to succeed. David, however, looked to the Lord to prosper him, and said: "He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

A little while ago I heard one young man telling another of an influential gentleman who had promised him an appointment. He seemed very proud of it, and talked as though his fortune were already made. It is quite natural, I suppose, for a youth to think much of one who is able and willing to find him a good situation; but let him remember that it is only by the blessing of God that he can keep it and succeed in it.

3. The secret of true courage is trust in God and in what He can and will do for us. Read again what David said: "The Lord that delivered me He will deliver me." He did not trust in the helmet of brass nor in the coat of mail which the king offered him; but in "the living God." Goliath trusted in the size of his body; and in the strength of his own arm; and in the armour of brass in which he was encased from head to foot. These were the things which gave him so much confidence. But it was all in vain. Not so David's faith. It strengthened his heart, and made him "of good courage," and secured for him the victory. It did this, not only on the memorable day when as a youth he had to face the giant, but when as a man and a king his enemies compassed him about. Hence he was not dismayed, but could say: "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident." Hence, too, he

could sing again and again his song of triumph: "Some trust in chariots; and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God. They are brought down and fallen; but we are risen and stand upright." Let every youth learn here the secret of true courage; it is not self-confidence, but "trust in God."

4. The man who continues to fight against God will become more and more like the beasts that perish. You have fancied Goliath of Gath, and you know what a brutish man he was; his fierce passions made him more like a roaring lion or an angry bear than anything else. He raged at the men of Israel, and "defied the armies of the living God." David, who had had to fight with a lion and a bear, said, "This uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them." He was already like them in passion and power, but he was about to "be as one of them" in weakness and death.

Let me say to you, young people, beware of angry passions. To give way to them is to sin against God. They degrade and ruin all whom they master. Perhaps you know a man who, like a bear, is ready to growl at anybody. The love of God is not in his heart. There is nothing noble, gentle, or beautiful about him; he is every day becoming more like him whom David compared to the wild beasts. His neighbours are afraid of him, the children run out of his way; you all feel that he is a dreadful man. But, shall I tell you when a youth is in danger of resembling him? When he is ill-tempered; when he is in a rage with his companions; when he defies his parents; when he says, "I shall do as I like, and, I don't care for anybody." At such times he is sinning; he is fighting against God. He who continues to do so will become "more brutish than any man."

5. The youth who has God on his side can face the greatest enemy he has. He need not run away; but go to meet him. Hence, "Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be with thee."

Perhaps you are to be sent to another school or a new situation; and you are wondering how you will get on. The Bible says: "Go, and the Lord be with thee." You are not to forget One who is stronger than all the giants that can come to scare you from the path of duty. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

I suppose you would like me to tell you of some of the giants with whom you will have to fight—their names, and where they come from. Well, some of them will come out of your own heart; and, but for God's help, these would soon be your ruin. One of them who is called Doubtful is a dreadful giant. If his victim is going to do one thing he takes a savage delight in driving him to another; and ere he can begin with that he hurries him back again, scolding him all the while for wasting his time. Thus he causes so much hesitation that, although his poor slave is kept hard at work, nothing is done. Then, there is another; his name is Fear. Sometimes he gets slyly behind a wall or a hedge; and, sometimes, in a lonely lane, when the

leaves are beginning to fall, he comes down from one of the trees. If he catches anybody he makes them tremble from head to foot, although there is really no need for them to be afraid. There is one, however, that is still worse because he puts himself into such horrible shapes. Good Bunyan called him "Giant Despair." He is enough to frighten people out of their wits. He has been known to growl like a bear at a poor boy who has found his lesson very difficult or his work too hard. Instead of helping him he has tried to drive him away from it, saying: "You cannot do it; there is no help for you; you may as well give it up at once." Now, is it possible for one who is "but a youth" to overcome these ugly giants? It is. I'll tell you one thing about them. They are like your own shadow in this: if you try to run away from them, they will be at your heels; but if you turn round, and by God's help go against them, they will run away from you as fast as they can. When one of them stands threateningly in your path, and sends you a challenge, "let not your heart fail because of him"; "Go, and the Lord be with thee."

Besides these big old giants there are some that are younger; but they grow very fast, and, unless you vanquish them, they will soon be strong enough to crush you. I dare say you have seen some of them. There is Giant Hastytemper; you must beware of him. He is so swift that he often overtakes people before they know where they are; his words flash like lightning and roar like thunder while he threatens to tear you to pieces. What can you do? Take up a cold stone called "Patience," and, putting it into the sling of "Good Resolution," fling it with all your might at the hot-headed giant, and down he will come. Then there is Giant Discontent. He is a sulky monster. He is always on the look out, too, for something that does not belong to him; take care that he does not get you in his claws, for you had better be devoured by a lion or a bear than be tormented by him all your days. If ever you see his scowling face, here is a stone for your sling, fling it at him with all the strength you have, and it will give him his death-blow: "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Another against whom I should like to warn you to-day, is Giant Dontcare. Sometimes he is to be seen hanging down his head, and with his hands in his pockets. If people speak to him, all he says is, "Don't care"; so that everybody knows his name. When once he gets hold of a youth he gives him a dreadful shaking; he shakes all common sense out of his head, and all good feeling out of his heart. O, he is a powerful giant! He has ruined thousands of young people. When you see his face or hear his voice show him at once that you *do* care, by fighting against him. "Go, and the Lord be with thee."

There are other great enemies that we have no time to mention

now; but of this we are quite sure:—the youth who has God for his helper is certain to triumph over all the giants that can come against him, “For the battle is the Lord’s.” Hence he can sing as David did, “The Lord is on my side; I will not fear . . . Thou hast thrust sore at me that I might fall; but the Lord helped me. The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation.”

LIGHT UPON AN OLD GERMAN HYMN.

FOUR months after his conversion, John Wesley, who had received very considerable help from the Moravians, visited Hernhut. “At length,” says he, “God has given me the desire of my heart. I am with a church whose conversation is in heaven, in whom is the mind that was all in Christ, and who walk as He walked. . . . Here I would gladly have spent my life, but my Master calling me to labour in other parts of His vineyard, I was constrained to take my leave of this happy place.”

During his brief stay amongst the German brethren he was more than ever impressed with the beauty, sublimity, and spirituality of their hymns. Upon his return to England he translated hymns from Rothe, Deszler, Lange, Angelus, Nitschman, Freylinghausen, Ters-teegen, and Gerhardt. The Christian literature of Germany served to convince Wesley that the times of trial through which the Germanic tribes had passed could not altogether silence them. The Bohemian brethren kept up the strains of melody until the time when the land rang with the free and powerful Lutheran songs.

He found that it was in accordance with the genius of those races to sing away their sorrows, or at all events to try and do so. Hence, though for well-nigh one hundred years cruelty, famine, disease, and war, had carried off nearly one half of Germany’s population, yet we find the land was richer than all other lands in hymns of praise to the great Creator.

Wesley, aware of this, brought some of the most precious hymns in his portmanteau, and amongst the number is the one commencing with the line, “Commit thou all thy griefs,” &c.

Gerhardt was born in Saxony, in the year 1606. His parents gave him the name of “Paul,” having, it is said, a presentiment that he was destined to render very distinguished service in the church. His boyhood was spent in eventful times. He witnessed the horrors of the Thirty Years’ War.

During those years he composed a few hymns, but being too poor to publish them, they were kept in manuscript until about 1666.

He became a pastor of a small church about the year 1651. In 1653 he seems to have written a number of hymns for the special

use of his congregation. Toplady gives us a translation of one of these:—

“ Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come Thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.”

Having laboured diligently in this village for six years, he was promoted to the St. Nicholas Church in Berlin.

At that time the city was all astir through the political changes that were taking place; nevertheless, the people were more deeply interested in the great religious movement with which Gerhardt had become closely connected. Thousands of people flocked to hear his powerful sermons and “Divine hymns.”

The Elector of Brandenburg had undertaken to admonish him, and also to advise him to be mindful to keep within such limits as he defined, and threatened to banish him should he refuse to do so.

Gerhardt returned a message to the Elector, stating that though it would be hard to leave his home, his people, his country, and his living, yet he must assert his liberty to preach what he found to be in the Word of God—that, and nothing more.

Domestic sorrows fell upon him; he was bereaved of child after child. To add to the rest of his domestic trials, his wife became extremely weak. When in this state, the Elector declared that he could not consent to his remaining in Berlin any longer.

It was during the winter season that he was banished from the city. His faithful flock wept like children as their beloved pastor, accompanied by a young and delicate wife and two children, left the city. After a day's travel they arrived at an inn, standing upon the outskirts of a dense forest. Here they resolved to rest for the night.

After a little refreshment the children were sent to rest. The pastor and his wife, turning to the Word of God, Ps. xxxvii. 5 and 6, they read, “Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass. And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.” “I feel sure,” said he, “that the Lord will provide.” He then went forth from the inn to pray aloud in the midst of the snows and frosts of the winter's night. “Now,” thought he, “is the time to trust my God. Yes, though banished from house and home, and I do not know where to take my wife on the morrow, yet God sees me in this dark wood.” As he paced to and fro, gazing upon the stars of the firmament, his trust in God became very firm. Meditating upon the words of the psalm, and thinking of the sorrows of his young wife, he resolved to write something upon “Trust in Providence.”

Returning to the inn he found her overwhelmed in sorrow; and without delay pencilled the words—

“ Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.”

Under the inspiration of these lines she wiped away her tears and became as trustful in God as her husband. After committing their cause into the hands of their faithful God, they retired to rest.

Scarcely had they fallen asleep when a loud knock was heard at the door. The landlord, upon opening it, saw a messenger on horse-back, who inquired whether one Paul Gerhardt had passed that way. "Yes," said the landlord, "he is in my house." "Let me see him instantly," said the stranger. At once the banished pastor was called and introduced to him. After some preliminary inquiries Madame Gerhardt made her appearance. Hereupon the messenger declared that he had been sent by Duke Christian of Meresburg in search of an exiled minister named Paul Gerhardt; and inquired, "Do you know anything of him?" This question excited her fears as to the result, but her husband, strong in confidence, said, "Yes; I am he."

The messenger handed him a large letter, and desired him to read it. He broke the seal and read aloud: "Come into my country, Paul Gerhardt, and you shall have church, people, house, home and livelihood, and liberty to preach the Gospel as your heart may prompt you." Turning to his wife, he said, with tears of joy, "See how God provides for those who trust Him."

It is on record, however, that during his last days the pastor was dependent upon the alms of his friends. Though deprived of the privilege of regularly preaching the Gospel, he continued to bear a clear testimony as time and opportunity permitted.

During the last ten years of his life, he composed a large number of hymns, thirty of which are very fragrant. To this day Gerhardt is spoken of as the "people's poet." He was also the people's preacher.

In one of his most popular hymns, he asks the question—

" My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe ?

and answers his question thus—

Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all Thy glory show.

Too much to Thee I cannot give ;
Too much I cannot do for Thee ;
Let all Thy love, and all Thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be.

The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O may I learn from Thee, my God ;
And love, with softest pity joined,
For those that trample on Thy blood ! "

These words were written in Berlin about the year 1659, when the Elector of Brandenburg, and those who were associated with him, were steadfastly minded to crush the rising Protestant movement in

Brandenburg. The words of the hymn accord with his famous saying when in 1666 he was deposed from his spiritual office. "This is only a small Berlin affliction; but I am also willing and ready to seal with my blood the evangelical truth, and like my namesake, St. Paul, to offer my neck to the sword."

Of all the hymns he composed, "Commit thou all thy griefs," is the most widely known.

Several verses in the original are illustrative of the event to which we have already alluded: as are also the following—

"Give to the winds thy fears:
Hope, and be undismayed,
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

"Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time so shall this night,
Soon end in joyous day."

When he had proceeded thus far, the grief of the wife became so heavy that she was in an agony of trouble. Her husband's words seemed to make her grief more bitter than before, and the words of Jacob, "All these things are against me," appropriately expressed her experience and condition. So he went on to write—

"Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fears depart,
Bid every care be gone.

"What though thou rulest not?
Yet earth and heaven and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

"Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command,
So shalt thou wondering own His way,
How wise, how strong His hand.

"Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear."

Then we are brought to hear the conclusion of the whole matter—

"Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee;
O lift Thou up the sinking hand.
Confirm the feeble knee!

"Let us in life and death
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care."

When we read the account of Gerhardt's last illness, and especially

his touching dying charge to his only son, we were reminded of the above lines, and of his famous prayer—

“ In suffering be Thy love my peace :
 In weakness be Thy love my power :
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death as life be Thou my guide,
 And save me, Who for me hast died.”

The old man died in the year 1676, in his seventieth year. In the church at Lübben, visitors are shown an old portrait of this popular hymn-writer, and underneath is the sentence in Latin, “A divine sifted in Satan’s sieve.”

In his preface to Gerhardt’s *Spiritual Songs* (1855), Wackernagel says, Gerhardt may be regarded as the last and the most perfect of those poets who were grounded in the ecclesiastico-confessional faith, and with him the line of strict ecclesiastical poets closes. He may also be regarded as beginning the line of those in whose songs praise and adoration of the revealed God recede before the expression of the feelings that master the soul in contemplating its relation to God, revealing Himself to it as its salvation. The true view is, that Gerhardt stood in the forefront of his age, and united in himself, in the most lively manner, both tendencies. H. S.

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

SACERDOTALISM IN CEYLON.

THE “spicy breezes” have brought us some highly flavoured intelligence from Ceylon’s isle respecting the doings of an Anglican cleric, who, according to the *Ceylon Observer*, bears the name of “Father Duthy.” It appears that Mr. H. H. Cameron, assistant Government agent at Kalutura, was betrothed to Miss Macleod, daughter of the late Dr. Norman Macleod, well-known to the world, as a preacher and author, and as the editor of *Good Words*, and to the Court, as one of her Majesty’s chaplains for Scotland. Mr. Cameron applied to a certain “Father” Duthy, who is described as an Anglican “priest,” to celebrate the marriage. “Father” Duthy, unless he is wholly misrepresented by the *Ceylon Observer*, declined to unite Mr. Cameron and Miss Macleod in the bonds of wedlock. The young lady was the daughter of a heretic and schismatic, perhaps herself a heretic and a schismatic. So the betrothed pair were obliged to make a journey of twenty-six miles in search of a clergyman possessing common sense and ordinary Christian charity.

North of the Tweed, where Dr. Norman Macleod's name is "a household word," this piece of news has made considerable flutter, and probably not a few in England think more seriously of the matter on account of the position occupied by the bride's late father as chaplain to the Queen in Scotland; but the obvious moral of the story is, that young ladies and gentlemen of nonconformist parentage when they marry, whether in Ceylon or in Great Britain, should seek the services of ministers of their own denomination, or at least of those whose sympathies are more in harmony with their own antecedents than the High Church clergy. We believe that Dr. Copleston and his clergy have inflicted far greater injury on their countrymen in Ceylon than that which is represented by the pitiful and paltry bigotry of the gentleman with the papistical *sobriquet*.

MORAL RESULTS OF SCHOOL BOARD WORK.

Sir Charles Reed, the Chairman of the London School Board, in his address to his colleagues on the 1st of October last, after giving the details of the work of the Board during the last nine years, made the following important statement on the diminution of juvenile crime :—

"We are providing for a large number of children of the class from which the ranks of crime are generally recruited; and it is significant of the salutary effect of our work, not only that prison returns show a decrease of juvenile offenders, but that it has been stated by the Inspector of Reformatories and Industrial Schools that 'of late years it certainly has not answered to educate for crime as a profession.' In other words, the Fagin of the present day does not find it worth his while to bring up young pickpockets, as, before they become remunerative, the School Board deprives him of their services. Last year we sent 840 children to Industrial Schools, and of the whole number sent from the beginning, there remained in them at Christmas last 3,188. Of those who had been placed out or apprenticed 83 per cent. of the boys and 79 per cent. of the girls were reported as doing well.

"The beneficial effects of our work spread far beyond this special class. A gentleman who is devoted to promoting the welfare of the poor in one of our Northern districts assured me the other day that he was justified from his experience in saying that 'wherever a Board School was set down, a transformation in the habits of the people soon followed; the child's face was polished until the parents grew ashamed of their own; habits of order and cleanliness were formed, and in many other ways the little ones became a channel of civilizing influence to hitherto inaccessible courts and lanes;' and he expressed his opinion, from personal observation, that the work of the Board was doing more to elevate the masses of the people than all other benevolent agencies put together."

DECLINE OF SOLID LITERATURE.

There are not half as many second-hand book shops in London as there were twenty years ago. We make this statement on the authority of one of the principal bibliopoles of the metropolis, and when we ask for an explanation of the fact we are referred to the multiplication of newspapers, but especially to the decline of the love of reading as the chief cause. Many tons weight of standard English books are exported to the United States, where a remarkably active demand has sprung up for books which are a drug in the English market.

We fear that our informant is correct, and that the present generation of our countrymen is not distinguished by the solidity of its research, or the depth of its acquaintance with our literature. The highly seasoned works of fiction which have been multiplied to a prodigious extent have in a considerable degree vitiated the public taste. Excessive addiction to athletic competitions is also chargeable with this process of deterioration. If the use of reading be to aid us in thinking, although in the words of an old sage, "Providence does not seem to have formed any very considerable number of our species for an extensive exercise of this higher faculty," the leaders of men in every department of human life must be those who have diligently employed this faculty of the soul.

If we possessed any intellectual Nilometer that could test the depth of the Pierian waters, we fear that the present literary aspect of the age would not indicate the next generation as a thoughtful race.

 ENGLISH POLITICS.

Lord Mayor's Day has usually been regarded as occupying the same position in the Earl of Beaconsfield's strategical arrangements as the *jour-de-l'an* held in those of the late Emperor of the French. Not only all England, but all Europe, watched with outstretched ears for some fresh revelation of the foreign policy of the administration, and at home public curiosity was raised to a high pitch in anticipation of the announcement of the time when the General Election will take place. Neither home-born nor foreign curiosity received any gratification, however, from the astute and reticent premier. A rhetorical manifestation of the power of language to conceal thought, was all that rewarded the attention of the Guildhall guests. A choice collection of epithets could be made from the language in which the gentlemen of the Press have given utterance to the public disappointment. They have searched their *florilegia* in vain to discover the authorship of *Imperium et Libertas*, not inaptly claimed as the motto of her Majesty's present ministry—and they have made merry of the averment that the activity of the trade in chemicals is a favourable indication of returning prosperity.

The recent municipal elections have indicated a rising feeling of dissatisfaction with Tory rule, and in public meetings throughout the country similar tendencies are unmistakably prevalent. Repeated meetings of the Cabinet in Council have been followed by appearances of coercing the Porte into reformatory action in Asia Minor. At present they are only appearances—and the voice of the European Powers will in all probability condemn any direct interference of British authority in that quarter. The financial status of the present ministry is notoriously bad, and the harassing process of increasing assessments for income and property tax is one of the shortest and most certain modes of aggravating popular discontent. The resort to State prosecutions in Ireland is another circumstance which will expedite the finale of the present administration. Not a few are longing for the *exceunt omnes*.

REVIEWS.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

THERE is no publishing Society which has such a splendid connection as the Sunday School Union. It is gratifying, therefore, to find that this department of its important operations is receiving the attention which it deserves.

The happily-named periodical, *KIND WORDS*, in cloth gilt, 4s. 6d., is one of the most successful of the juvenile serials; and in its preparation literary experts and artists vie with each other for the suffrages of the schoolroom and the fireside.—The *CHILD'S OWN MAGAZINE*, cloth gilt, 2s., is marvellously adapted to the infantile faculties in its letter-press contents, and bewitching in its illustrations.

The *CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS* of the Sunday School Union

are far too numerous to receive notice in detail from us; they represent all the seasons and many of the flowers, in the most perfect style of colour-printing, and present a large choice to the purchaser from nearly a dozen different packets, some containing a dozen and others six specimens at sixpence and a shilling per packet, but all far in advance both from the artistic and the economic point of view of similar productions of the press.

BARTON FERRIS: a Tale of Village Life and Work, by Benj. Clarke, price 3s. 6d., is an excellent story, in which fidelity to principle and conscientious conviction is illustrated in a pleasing style.—*YOUNG HEADS ON OLD SHOULDERS*, price 2s. 6d., by Ascott R. Hope, is a collection of stories by an adept in the rare art of amusing the young folks to their own advantage.—*MY COUSIN AND I*, by the authoress of "The Gate's Ajar" (price 2s.), although it has no reference to

the piano in heaven, will be found a most agreeable and useful story, and the popularity of its authoress will ensure it the attention of those who are on the look-out for presents and prizes.—**THE VACANT CHAIR**, and **TREGARVON: a Tale of the Cornish Coast**, are capital shilling books.—**THE POCKET-BOOK** and the educational appliances of the Union are as excellent as usual.

We reserve our last, but certainly not least, commendation for **THE NEW SERIES OF THREEPENNY BOOKS**, twelve in number, in a fancy box, price three shillings and sixpence. None of the numerous products of the season intended for the young excel this, either in elegance, cheapness, or utility.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

IN addition to the long list of books which we noticed in our last month's issue, we have still a considerable parcel from 56, Paternoster Row, calling for our attention and that of our readers.

THE LEISURE HOUR and **SUNDAY AT HOME**, cloth gilt, 8s. 6d. each, are as full of profitable and interesting reading as ever they have been; and by the constant freshness and variety of their contents testify to the care bestowed upon them. We rather wonder that in the *Leisure Hour* so well-known a name as that of the late Dr. Colyer, of Peckham, should half-a-dozen times be given as "Collier." This is a misnomer which will probably invalidate the anecdote in connection with which it occurs, in the estimation of some future historian, notwithstanding its authentication by the learned editor.—**THE POCKET BOOKS** and **ALMANACKS**, published by the Tract Society, are, as usual, full of valuable information, and exceedingly cheap.—**MY SCHOOLFELLOW**, **VAL BOWNSER**,

cloth gilt, 3s. 6d., is an admirable story of school life, which the boys will thoroughly appreciate.—**OLD ANTHONY'S SECRET, AND OTHER STORIES**, by Miss Doudney, with illustrations, price 2s. 6d., will be welcomed by the numerous readers of this lady's writings.—**BIBLE PICTURE STORIES**, 2s., contain eighty-four brightly-coloured pictures of Bible subjects, with the portions of Scripture which they illustrate.—**FROG ALLEY, AND WHAT CAME OUT OF IT**, price 1s., of which it is enough to say that it is Mrs. Prosser's.—**UPS AND DOWNS**, and **THE BOUNDARY TREE**, are excellent shilling books, and so is **THE STORY OF A GERANIUM**, for sixpence.—**THE PRECIOUS PROMISES**, a set of eight handsome cards, with Scripture texts, 1s. per packet, is another of the floral treasures issued by the society. We greatly regret that the pressure on our space prevents a more extended notice of these publications. We should like to have said much more of them all, but especially about the *Leisure Hour* and *Sunday at Home*.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON

Have sent us "**ALL TRUE**," by Dr. Macaulay, editor of the *Leisure Hour*, &c. (price five shillings), a fine collection of stories of Peril and Adventure, Wonders of Nature and Providence, and Incidents of Christian History and Biography, intended as a Sunday book for the young. It is full of attractive reading, judiciously blended with Scripture truth. Thoughtful young people will appreciate it and the thoughtless may be won by it.

We regret that this month we have only time and space to mention the following from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, which shall come under review next month. **THE**

OLD TESTAMENT, A LIVING BOOK FOR ALL AGES, by Dr. Austin Phelps, of Andover, U.S. (price five shillings). DIVINE FOOTPRINTS IN THE FIELD OF REVELATION, by W. Griffiths, M.A. (price seven shillings and sixpence). HOMILIES ON CHRISTIAN WORK, by Dr. Stanford (price three shillings and sixpence). ECCE CHRISTIANUS (price seven shillings and sixpence).

THE PATRIARCHS. By the Rev. W. Hanna, D.D., and the Rev. Canon Norris, B.D. With Coloured Map. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

THE papers comprised in this volume originally appeared in the *Bible Educator*, and are re-issued after a careful revision. They deserve in their new form a cordial welcome, and should win their way into a still wider circle than that to which they are already known. As a brief, popular, and scholarly discussion of the great personages and events of an age which often seems as shadowy as it is remote, the book will take a high rank. The principal incidents in the lives of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; of Joseph and Moses, are narrated in a style which is at once terse and graceful. Illustrations are freely drawn from the records and monuments of secular history, questions of chronology and archæology are succinctly discussed, and advantage has throughout been taken of the researches of Ewald, Brugsch, Stanley, Wilkinson, &c. Dr. Hanna's fine descriptive powers are greatly aided by his visit to the Holy Land. We find in these pages traces of the deep, earnest, and unconventional thoughtfulness which so greatly charmed the readers of his *Life of Christ*. He contributes the articles on Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Canon Norris writes on Joseph and Moses, and does so with

a full mastery of all the questions connected with Egyptology. He believes the Pharaoh of Joseph's time to have been one of the shepherd kings, and the Pharaoh of the Exodus to have been Thothmes II. His criticisms, both on the history and the chronology, are acute and suggestive.

THE HOMILETIC QUARTERLY, Vol. III. London: R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon Street. 1879.

PUBLICATIONS of this class are, as a rule, intended for such as have need of milk and not of strong meat, and those who, by reason of use, have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil, do not greatly care for them. They are apt to foster habits of weak and indolent thought, to destroy robust and manly self-reliance, and to beget a feeling of dependence on outward helps, which is as detrimental to effective preaching as it is mean and dishonourable. But as we have more than once had occasion to remark, the *Homiletic Quarterly* is no collection of pulpit platitudes. It is free from the weak sentimentalities and meaningless conventionalisms by which such publications are often disfigured. It is a really high-class publication, and numbers among its contributors many of the foremost scholars of the day—e.g., Godet, Pressensé, and Luthardt; Dr. Angus, Dr. Reynolds, Dr. Gloag, Dr. Bruce, and Dr. Lindsay Alexander. There is a lively and instructive clerical symposium on religious fellowship; instructive for more reasons than one. Mr. Hammond's paper confirms an opinion we have long had that the greatest barrier to the unity of evangelical Christendom is to be found in the Established Church of England. It is deplorable to see such

narrowness in so good and able a man. The chapters on Biblical Exposition are admirable. Professor A. B. Bruce's essays on the Parables of our Lord will form, when completed, one of the most valuable treatises in our language. Very good, also, are the sections on Zechariah's visions, the sin against the Holy Ghost, St. Paul's thorn in the flesh, and the duration of future punishment. May we suggest to the editor that he might with advantage reduce the number of sermonic outlines by fully one half. This department is overdone, and such a reduction as we have suggested would commend the *Quarterly* to the best and most intelligent readers.

THOMAS CHALMERS. A Biographical Study. By James Dodds. Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Co. 1879.

ALTHOUGH no mention is made of the fact on the title-page, this volume is a reprint, and not a work issued for the first time. We are glad, however, to see this proof of its success. It is a vigorous, lively, and eloquent book, not, perhaps, always so discriminate in its judgment as it might be, but full of high and generous enthusiasm. For a detailed view of the life of Dr. Chalmers we must still have recourse to the classic volumes of Dr. Hanna, but for those innumerable readers who have not the time to go through so large and exhaustive a work, Mr. Dodds' study may be confidently commended. He gives us a very fair view of the greatest ecclesiastical statesman and the most eloquent pulpit orator that Scotland has ever known. His occasional hero-worship is a fault that few will condemn. In the presence of a man like Chalmers, few of us could have

kept clear of it. We are, however, sorry to read on p. 113 that Robert Hall's remark to the effect that Chalmers moved on hinges, not on wheels, betrayed an under-current of jealousy. A more egregious mistake Mr. Dodds could not have committed. Hall's remark was a reply in private conversation to an opinion expressed by an eminent Presbyterian minister. Mr. Dodds acknowledges that the estimate it gave of Chalmers was true, and that, so far as it was true, Chalmers was superior to Hall! Of the relative merits of these illustrious men we need not speak; but to charge Hall with jealousy for the expression of an opinion, acknowledged to be just, uttered under the circumstances we have named, is certainly absurd. Those who knew Hall well, assure us that he was incapable of such a feeling, especially towards one whom he so profoundly revered as Dr. Chalmers.

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD. By Robert Mitchell, Pastor of the E. U. Church, Manchester. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1879.

THIS work is one of the "Evangelical Union Doctrinal Series," and its theological standpoint is, therefore, somewhat different from our own. The members of the church of which Dr. Morrison, of Glasgow, is the most able and distinguished minister, have adopted articles of belief in reference to the atonement of Christ and the work of the Holy Spirit, which we are unable to endorse, and in this essay on so vital a theme as the Divine fatherhood, we come across statements which do not entirely accord with our views of the teaching of Scripture. But the work is written in an excellent spirit, with great thoughtfulness,

with an entire absence of dogmatism and bigotry, and in a bright, cheerful style. Very much of it we most cordially endorse. Its defence of the personality of God in opposition to the creed of agnostics and materialists is powerfully reasoned, and the practical bearings of the great fact, so firmly established and so beautifully illustrated, are ably pointed out. After all, how near to one another are all evangelical Christians. The points in which we agree with Mr. Mitchell are surely greater and more momentous by far than those in which we differ from him.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETTER, & GALPIN.
HAPPY DAYS, the *Little Folks* Annual for 1880, is a prodigy of cheapness, full of entertainment, and richly illustrated, for sixpence. The *Quiver* volume for 1879 is the ideal of a family magazine. The first part of the *Quiver*, published under new arrangement as a monthly, has also reached us. It is all that could be desired. We are glad to find several ministers of our own denomination amongst its contributors.

MESSRS. OLIPHANT & Co., of
Edinburgh,

Have sent us THE YOUNG CARPENTERS OF FREIBERG: a Story of the Thirty Years' War, translated from the German, which is sure to ingratiate intelligent young people, not only on account of its fidelity to historical occurrences, but because of the deep interest of the narrative. —THE SIEGE OF VIENNA, also translated from the German, is particularly valuable at the present time, both for its faithful representation of the Ottoman power, when it was at the zenith of its prosperity, and for the account which it gives of the

Austrian resistance of the Moslems in the sixteenth century.—ADVENTURES IN WESTERN AFRICA, by Rev. H. S. Yates; PHIL'S COMPANION, an Irish Story, by Mr. Richardson; SUNNYSIDE SCHOOL, by Lettice Lee; JOHN SMITH and other stories, by Geraldine Butt, are the recent additions to Messrs. Oliphant's catalogue. We advise all who are in search of treasures for the juvenile library to write for Messrs. Oliphant's catalogue. Their works are always well charged with moral teaching and savoured with Gospel truth.

MORNING STARS: or Names of Christ for His Little Ones. By Frances R. Havergal. London: Nisbet & Co. Price Ninepence.

THIS is the late Miss Havergal's legacy for Christian children. It contains thirty-one excellent addresses on as many names of the Saviour. It is an interesting and novel feature of the work that the chapters of Scripture referred to are given, but the verses are left vacant to be supplied by the youthful reader's pen.

THE INCA'S TREASURE. By Jessie Young. London: Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey.

A STORY adapted from the German of Franz Hoffmann, in which the characters are emigrants to Peru—some of whom, under the infatuation of covetousness, come to the commission of a great crime and a miserable end. The recital is well managed, and has fibre sufficient for a much more lengthened narration.

THE HERALD OF MERCY: a Monthly Messenger for Humble Homes. London: Morgan & Scott, Paternoster Buildings. Price One Shilling.

THIS is the yearly volume of an un-

pretending periodical originated by the late Duncan Matheson. It is full of plain Gospel teaching, and excellent for cottage distribution.

OUR OWN MAGAZINE, from the same publishers, is a monthly magazine for children, issued by the Children's Special Service Mission.

THE BOYHOOD OF MARTIN LUTHER.
By Henry Mayhew. London:
Gall & Inglis, 25, Paternoster
Square.

A DRAMATIZED memoir in which a great deal of historic truth is ingeniously mingled with incidents which may have occurred, but very probably did not. The book is, however, decidedly captivating, though

we can hardly give our consent to such a treatment of the lives of the great.

JOHN PEARCE, THE COLPORTEUR.
London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

WE have read this story with a great deal of gratification. It is written with an admirable purpose, and in an effective style. It affords convincing evidence of the extraordinary opportunities of usefulness which present themselves to Christian colporteurs in our rural districts, and suggests a mode of Christian philanthropy which makes a small demand upon the purses of the wealthy in comparison with the benefits to be accomplished.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Bowdon, near Manchester, October 21.
Peterchurch, Herefordshire, October 12.
Saffron Walden, October 22.
Shoreditch Tabernacle, November 11.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Eales, Rev. G. (Leicester), Dewsbury.
Morris, Rev. M. (Spennymoor), Monkwearmouth.
Rose, Rev. J. (Syria), Sunningdale.
Scriven, Rev. W. (Stalham, Norfolk), Brondesbury, London.

RECOGNITIONS.

John Street, Bedford Row, Rev. T. Harley, October 28.
St. Helier's, Jersey, Rev. F. Johnson, October 27.
Thorpe-le-Soken, Rev. E. H. Hadler, October 27.

RESIGNATIONS.

Brown, Rev. G. A., Lincoln.
Matthew, Rev. J., Wokingham.
Page, Rev. W., Calne.
Turner, Rev. J., Parson's Hill, Woolwich.

DEATHS.

Cutcliffe, Rev. W., late of Brayford, Devon, October 20, aged 73.
Landels, Rev. J., of Genoa, Italy, November 2, aged 28.

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